







THE
FOURTH
READER
FOR THE USE
OF
SCHOOLS.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

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THE COMPREHENSIVE READERS,

BY S. G. GOODRICH,

CONSIST OF THE FOLLOWING :

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P R E F A C E .

THIS Reader, the *fourth* and last of the series, is intended for the more advanced classes in our schools. It is particularly designed as a sequel to the Third Reader, but as it may be convenient to use it independently of the other volumes, it has been the endeavor of the author to make it suitable to such a purpose.

In preparing it, the views expressed in the preceding works, have been adhered to. It is the idea of the author, that, in reading, a lesson should be to the pupil as a grist in the mill,—it should be thoroughly understood and digested. And, moreover, this should be done in respect to every reading lesson, so that the habit of reading with a full comprehension of everything read, should be established.

The common notion, therefore, that reading books are only to be run over as matters of sound, without respect to sense, is repudiated. Reading is regarded as having for its chief object the gaining or communicating of ideas, and, as essential to its attainment, a complete understanding of what is read is esteemed indispensable. A selection of lessons for such a purpose, must obviously be adapted to the tastes and capacities of youth, in order to rouse their curiosity and thus bring their minds into active exercise; and the mode of using these must be essentially different from what has too often been practised.

In respect to the selections for this volume, the author has sought to keep the preceding maxims steadily in view. He has also endeavored not only to give extensive variety, and specimens from most of the great masters of our language, but he has attempted to make the work subserve the interests of morality, religion, and good manners.

The Rules for Readers and Speakers, and the Suggestions to Teachers, will point out the mode in which the author believes a reading book should be used. It may seem at first blush, that too much work is here laid out for teacher and pupil; but it is believed, that, if the time of the former permits his adoption of the plan suggested, the latter will by no means object to it, at least after he has conquered the first difficulties. On the contrary, a strong confidence is entertained, that the pupil will find his interest quickened by the fruits he will reap, lesson by lesson, in pursuing this system. It will, of course, lie with the teacher to judge of the cases in which the rules and suggestions offered, should be passed over, and such cases will doubtless occur. In many schools, where the number of scholars is disproportioned to the ability of the instructor, the latter may not be able to follow out the suggestions; and, in some other cases, the inadequate capacity of the pupils may make it a point of discretion to omit the etymological exercises. Indeed, this whole matter must be considered as submitted to the judgment of the instructor; and therefore the author has given the rules the name of *hints*, and the plan of study, that of *suggestions*. In this light alone he wishes them to be regarded.

P R E F A C E .

In preparing the work the author has used a liberty accorded in such cases,—that of modifying the passages taken from other authors, to suit his purpose. He has chosen among the wilderness of flowers, rather with reference to quality than a great name. He has particularly endeavored to make an amusing and instructive volume, and pieces which would especially exercise the art of elocution have had a preference. In supplying the vacancies which abundant research still left, recourse has been had to original compositions.

The author is bound to acknowledge his obligations to teachers, who have aided him by their valuable suggestions; and it is proper for him to say, that, in the Hints to Readers and Speakers, he has derived many ideas from Dr. Porter's Analysis, Hall's Reader's Guide, and Kirkham's Elocution. In the Etymological Exercises, he has availed himself of the elaborate and complete work of Oswald.

As it respects the general plan of these works, the author lays little claim to originality. The idea of prefacing the lessons by a series of Rules, adopted in the Third Reader, and in this also, was introduced by Murray, long since, and has been acted upon by others. The application of these rules, as practised in the last two volumes of this series, is believed to be peculiar, and it is hoped may be useful. The following of the reading lessons with spelling lessons derived from the reading matter, has been long practised and is here adopted. The pointing out of inaccurate pronunciation, and the questions for examination, as to the sense and meaning of the lessons, are common and obvious means of instruction. The Etymological Exercises in this volume are a new application of what has been before the public for several years. The plan of requiring pupils to *study* reading lessons, and one which is deemed very important, appears to have been in successful practice in Europe for a considerable period. The objects of this have been stated to be, to render the acquiring of the art of Reading more easy and agreeable to the pupil; to make the particular knowledge contained in the lessons available to him; and, by a careful analysis of each sentence, to give him a thorough acquaintance with our language. These objects are too important to be overlooked, and the author has sought to ensure their attainment.

But, while the author thus resigns all claims to invention, he hopes he has been able to select and combine in this series, to which the publishers have given the title of *Comprehensive*, the best aids and helps that have been devised for this species of schoolbook; while, in accomplishing his task, he believes he has copied nothing from the various manuals in common use in our schools.

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HINTS TO READERS AND SPEAKERS.

¶ The following hints embrace nearly the same topics as the rules prefixed to "the Third Reader :" they are designed to enforce those rules upon the attention of the pupil, in a manner adapted to his more advanced progress. It is obvious, however, that their utility must depend chiefly upon their application by the teacher, in the course of tuition.

1. The first requisite in reading or speaking to others, is a clear and distinct articulation.

Articulation is the uttering of syllables or words. In reading or speaking to others, you aim at producing a certain effect upon the minds of your hearers. In order to accomplish this, you must induce them to listen and become interested in what you say. But auditors will never listen with interest, unless they can hear what is said without effort.

To make persons hear easily, it is less necessary to speak loud, than to utter each word clearly and roundly. Every one who has been in the habit of speaking to deaf persons, knows, that the surest way to make them hear is, not to vociferate, but to speak slowly and distinctly.

Good articulation, then, is an essential requisite in reading or speaking to others. It has been said to be to the ear, what good print or a fair handwriting is to the eye. It is a pleasure to read these, as it is a revolting task to read bad and blurred print, or a nearly illegible handwriting. In the same way, we hear a good speaker with pleasure, while we are disgusted with a mumbling or a *mouthing* one. A certain writer says, "In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over ; nor precipitated syllable over syllable ; nor, as it were, melted together in a mass of confusion. They should be neither abridged nor prolonged ; nor swallowed nor forced ; they should not be trailed nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."

The importance of a distinct articulation in a speaker, may be illustrated by what Cicero tells us of the ancient Romans. "The whole theatre was in an uproar," says he, "if one of the speakers happened to put in one syllable too many or too few."

2. Study accuracy of pronunciation.

Walker's Dictionary is the common standard of pronunciation in England, and perhaps in this country ; but, as a guide to American speakers, Worcester may be safely recommended. It is desirable, that every person learning the art of reading, as the means of using his mother tongue with the best effect, should habitually keep a Dictionary at his side, as well for pronunciation as definition. It is especially important, that the pupil establish the habit of attention to pronuncia-

tion, so that he may correct such vulgarisms as he may have adopted, and avoid others which he might catch from those around him. In the *Third Reader*, I have pointed out, lesson by lesson, the words that occur which are often pronounced improperly. In order more effectually to warn the pupil against errors of this kind, I will enumerate certain classes of faults to which he is exposed, and, in his reading of the subsequent lessons, I invite his frequent reference to this list.

The letter *a*, occurring in the first syllable, is often omitted or imperfectly sounded. Thus ascribe is pronounced '*scribe*' ; allure, '*lure*' ; adorn, '*dorn*'.

The same fault is much more common with the vowel *e* ; prepare is pronounced *pr'pare* ; preserve, *pr'serve* ; exist, '*xist*' ; eclectic, '*lectic*' ; depart, *d'part* ; deliver, *d'liver* ; ensnare, '*nsnare*' ; traveller, *trav'ller* ; every, *ev'ry* ; several, *sev'ral*.

In some words, instead of having its proper sound, *e* is read like *u* in suppose. Thus belief, is read *bul-ief* ; severe, *suv-ere* ; certain, *sutt'n* ; before, *buf-ore* ; behold, *buh-old*. So with the vowel *i*. Impure is pronounced '*mpure*' ; imprison, '*mprison*' ; incautious, '*ncautious*'. So with the vowel *o*. Correct, *c'rect* ; collapse, *c'lapse* ; occur, '*cur*' ; omnipotent, '*mnipotent*'.

But the most common fault with *o* in the first syllable, is to sound it as *u*. Compress is pronounced *cumpress* ; congeal, *cungeal* ; monopoly, *munopoly* ; convey, *cunvey* ; propitious, *prupitious* ; concur, *cuncur* ; compare, *cumpare*.

So as to the vowel *u* : Unveiled is pronounced '*nreiled*' ; suppose, *s'pose* ; suspend, *s'pend* ; surrender, *s'render*, &c. It is often pronounced as *o*. Undo is called *ondo* ; untie, *ontie*, &c.

The following terminations are very often pronounced badly. *Less* is pronounced *liss*. Hapless, *hapliss* ; sleepless, *sleepliss*, &c. *En* is sometimes pronounced *in*, and sometimes the *e* is entirely left out. Thus woollen, *woollin* or *wool'n* ; deafen, *deafin* or *deaf'n*. So with *ed*. Folded, *foldid*.

Ness is pronounced *niss*. Dampness, *dampniss*. Able and *ible* are pronounced *uble*. Eatable, *eatuble* ; vendible, *venduble*.

Al is read without *a*. Parental, *parent'l* ; musical, *music'l* ; metal, *met'l* ; capital, *capit'l* ; rebel, *reb'l* ; chapel, *chap'l*.

Ent is pronounced *unt* ; a very common and vulgar fault ; moment, *momunt* ; prudent, *prudunt* ; confidence, *confidunce* ; silent, *silunt* ; anthem, *anthum* ; dependent, *dependunt*.

Ing is pronounced *in*. It is very common to say for singing, *singin* ; for eating, *eatin* ; being, *bein* ; flying, *flyin* ; dancing, *dancin* ; resting, *restin*.

Ow and *o* are pronounced *er*. Window, *winder* ; tobacco, *tobacc-er* ; fellow, *feller* ; widow, *widder* ; follow, *foller* ; motto, *motter*.

Ance, *ency* are pronounced *unce*, *uncy*. Acquaintance, *acquain-tunce* ; abhorrence, *abhorrnace* ; confidence, *confidunce* ; assistance, *ass-sistence*.

Ive is pronounced long instead of short, like *i* in *try*, instead of like *i* in *rvet*. Thus native is made *native* ; missive, *missive*.

El is pronounced without the *e*. Novel, *nov'l* ; model, *mod'l* ; vessel, *vess'l* ; gravel, *grav'l* ; level, *lev'l*.

Ain is pronounced without the *ai*. Fountain, *fount'n*, &c.

On is pronounced without the *o*. Lotion, *losh'n*, &c.

Ine is pronounced with *i* as in *vine*, instead of *i* as in *pin*: *engine*, &c.; *r* at the end of a word is often pronounced like *w*. *War*, *waw*, &c. On the other hand, it is often put in where it ought not to be. *Law*, *lor*; *draw*, *draw-r*; *idea*, *idea-r*.

H after *w* is often omitted. *What*, *wat*; *when*, *wen*; *whale*, *wale*; *wheel*, *weel*; *whisper*, *wisper*; *white*, *wite*; *wheat*, *weat*.

Ern in the middle of a word is changed to *u*. *Government*, *govu-ment*.

The pupil should be careful not to make his pronunciation affected, by carrying this observance of the orthography too far, so as to trespass upon the settled usage of our language. Even, we pronounce *ep'n*; *open*, *op'n*; *heaven*, *heav'n*; but in some parts of the country they say, *ep-un*, *op-un*, *heav-un*, which is wrong, &c.

☞ The habit of remarking these errors of pronunciation, is one of the surest methods of avoiding them.

3. Pay careful attention to the tone of your voice.

The importance of this suggestion can hardly be overrated. Sight is the most active of the senses, but the ear is the most common and ready instrument of exciting emotion. It is on this principle, that music acquires its power over us; a shriek or groan excites more immediate and deep interest than any spectacle whatever. The dying struggles of a fish move us but slightly, while the piteous bleating of a lamb reaches the heart at once. It is so even with animals; the cry of distress from any one of them seems to rouse the attention of all others, even of different kinds, while they look with indifference upon the dying agonies of one of their own race.

The reader or speaker, then, addresses himself to an organ which is a powerful instrument for moving the heart. The tone of his voice thus becomes a subject of the utmost importance. If it is disagreeable, harsh, nasal, whining, or in any other way offensive, it causes aversion in the listener, while the object is to win his attention. Nor is it enough merely to avoid a disagreeable tone. The speaker should so manage and modulate his voice as to excite feelings consonant to the sentiment addressed to his hearers; — in other words, the tones of the voice should be so modulated as to suit the thought, passion, or feeling conveyed in the words he utters.

The common modifications of the voice in speaking are four, the *monotone*, the *rising inflection*, the *falling inflection*, and the *circumflex*.

4. The monotone is to be used in passages of dignity, where the strain of sentiment is uniform.

MONOTONE is a sameness of sound, and in this application means a uniformity of voice. If you will read the following passage, from Milton, in this manner, you will see that it suits the subject, and imparts dignity to the verse.

“ High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind;
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Shows on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.”

5. The rising inflection may be noticed in the direct interrogative.

An inflection is a bending of the voice from a higher to a lower, or from a lower to a higher, key. When you ask the question, *Who made this pen?* you will observe that there is a rising of the voice at the end of the sentence. So in the following: Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? Is it not wrong to slander another? Is it better to steal a man's purse than to steal his fair fame? Can this little bird sing?

6. The falling inflection is perceived in answering a question.

Suppose you answer one of the preceding questions; you will observe that the voice falls to a lower key at the end of the sentence, as, I made the pen. It is wrong to slander another. This little bird can sing.

7. The circumflex is an union of the rising and falling inflections.

This is chiefly used where the language is designed to express doubt or irony. Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear *Whitefield* preach. This was spoken in such a manner as to imply, that he would give himself no trouble to hear any other preacher. In order to do this, it was necessary to use the double inflection in speaking the word *Whitefield*, first bending the voice downward and then upward, upon that word. This mode of speaking implied a sneer at other preachers. If you ask a physician about your friend who is dangerously ill, and receive for an answer, *He is better*, you will understand his answer according to the manner in which the word *better* is spoken. If there is no bending of the voice in the expression of that word, the answer is decidedly favorable; but if the voice bends first downward upon the first part of the word, and upward upon the last, you understand the physician to express doubt, as if he were to say, *He is better, but still dangerously ill.*

8. Upon these inflections of the voice, much of the spirit and efficacy of speaking, depends.

It is hardly possible to give any rules which may teach the art of modulating the voice with skill and propriety. It is best acquired by observing good speakers, and seeking the society of well-educated people. It is important for the pupil, however, to have his attention drawn to the subject, and these rules are laid down with that view. At first, the pupil may hardly be able to distinguish these several modifications of the voice, but a little observation will enable him to trace them in others, and at last, in himself. To make what has been said more distinctly understood, the following examples are offered,

Example in which the monotone is to be used.

"Seen through yon time-worn arch, the parting sun
Rests like a weary hunter on the brow
Of the far western hills,— and there lingering,
To mark the silent flight of his last arrow
Through the liquid air."

Examples, in which the rising and falling inflections are to be used, the first in the question, and the latter in the answer.

What would content you? Talent? No! Enterprise? No! Courage? No! Reputation? No! Virtue? No!

Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The Gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The Gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The Gospel offers you the aid of heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

9. Beware of false modulation, monotony, and mannerism.

A raising or lowering of the voice improperly, is to be avoided, because either would mar the sense. Monotony deprives speaking of its spirit and interest. If the painter were to use but one color, his art would be entirely deprived of its power. In music, a constant drawling out of the same note would be intolerable. It is the same with reading or speaking. You must vary the voice according to the sentiment; but be careful not to run into the opposite extreme, a merely mechanical modulation, which may be called mannerism. This arises from thinking wholly or mainly of the enunciation of the words, without feeling or appreciating the ideas they convey. Keep in mind, therefore, that the thoughts and sentiments are what you wish to transfer to the breasts of your listeners, and the voice the vehicle by which they are to be conveyed.

10. Be careful of the pitch of your voice.

The pitch of voice has relation to that high or low note which prevails in a spoken discourse. It is obvious, that, if this is too high, when the speaker has occasion to raise the pitch, his voice will become squeaking or will break; if too low, it will become disagreeable or inaudible. The proper pitch to adopt in reading or speaking, is that between the *upper and lower*, called the *middle* pitch. It is that which we adopt in earnest conversation.

It may be remarked, that low tones are the most solemn, and high ones the most animated. But the former are the least penetrating. When, therefore, you are speaking to a large audience, it may be necessary to raise the pitch of your voice in order to be heard. Regard must be always had, in speaking, to the circumstances in which you are placed. It is a safe rule, always to proportion your voice to the extent of the room and the number of your audience, so that each person may hear without effort.

11. Be attentive to the transitions of the voice.

This rule requires attention in altering the voice, as the sentiment of what you are uttering, changes; and this change must be sudden or gradual, according to the sense.

12. Be careful to accent your words properly.

Accent is the stress laid upon a particular part of a word; as in *Boston*, the accent is upon the first syllable.

13. Be attentive to emphasis.

Emphasis is the stress laid upon certain words in a sentence. Its use is to press certain ideas forcibly upon the mind. It was formerly the custom to print many emphatic words in italic, but this is generally abandoned. The rules which govern emphasis are not arbitrary, they depend upon feeling, and must be left to the taste of the speaker. If you read or speak naturally, with a lively interest in what you utter, your emphasis will be correct. Children, in the ardor of their sports, are good models in this respect.

14. Be careful of your pauses.

The common grammatical pauses are denoted by the comma, semicolon, colon, period, &c. The common rule in respect to these is, to pause at the comma as long as to say one; at a semicolon, as long as to count one, two; at a colon, as long as to count one, two, three, &c.

This rule, however, is not inflexible, for the taste of the reader will sometimes point out the propriety of shorter or longer pauses. There are cases, indeed, in which, for rhetorical effect, the speaker will make much longer pauses than the common rule prescribes.

15. Make a proper distinction between narrative and representation.

There is a great difference between telling what was said by a man, and introducing that man to speak for himself. If you were to say, that "Jesus inquired of Simon, son of Jonas, whether he loved him," it would be narrative; but if you say that "Jesus said, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?'" it is representation. When, therefore, you represent another as speaking, you must alter your voice so that it may be adapted to the character. This rule applies also in reading dialogue or dramatic pieces. When you represent, or speak for, the several characters, you must speak in a tone and manner suited to each.

16. Poetry must be read with a careful attention to punctuation, and with due regard to measure and rhyme.

The voice, too, must be adapted in its tone to the delicacy and elevation of sentiment, of which poetry is usually the vehicle. Empha-

sis and accent, too, must be carefully regarded, in reading poetry, with a view clearly to exhibit the sense.

17. Be attentive to action.

Rhetorical action includes attitude, gesture, and expression of face. These are important to the speaker. His attitude should be easy, natural, and graceful; his gestures free, but expressive; his countenance should be adapted to the sentiment of what he utters. The latter applies also to the reader. It would be ridiculous to read a gay and lively piece with a long and solemn countenance, or a solemn piece with smiles upon the face. But the reader has occasion to make few or no gestures; he should, however, stand in an easy posture, with his breast thrown forward, so as to give free play to his lungs.

18. Make yourself master of the sense of everything you read.

The object of silent reading is to acquire ideas; of oral reading, to communicate them to others. If you pass a sentence without understanding it, in silent or oral reading, you miss the very object of reading in the first case, and in the latter have little chance of communicating well to others, the sense of that which you do not yourself comprehend. It is important to establish the inflexible, persevering habit, of mastering everything you read.

19. Study into the precise meaning of words.

It is well for a learner to make it a fixed principle, never to pass a word without knowing its meaning; and for this reason, he should always keep a Dictionary at hand.

But there is a simple and easy etymological analysis of words, tending to unfold their force and signification, which may be carried to a considerable extent by those who have no acquaintance with the several languages of which our English language is compounded. It may not be convenient for all teachers to introduce these exercises into their schools; but, for the advantage of those who may be able to use them, I will insert a brief list of such exercises as I allude to. Oswald's "Etymological Dictionary" will enable the reader to pursue these studies thoroughly.

In the first place it must be perceived, that a large portion of our words are compounded of words which are called *roots*, and other words called *prefixes* or *affixes*. The root contains the main sense of the word, and the prefix or affix is used to modify its signification. Thus the word *deject* is composed of the root *ject*, from the Latin *jacio*, to *throw*, to *cast*, and the prefix *de*, which signifies *down*; together, the compound word *deject* signifies to cast down. This is the literal sense, though the word is applied metaphorically to the mind. *Duckling* consists of the root *duck* and *ling*, the latter affix being from the Saxon, and signifying young or little; the word *duckling*, therefore, signifies a *young duck*. So *gosling* signifies a *young goose*; *birdling* a *young or little bird*, &c. In the first place, I propose to give a list of

the principal *prefixes*, which are small words *prefixed* to roots; then a list of *affixes*, which are *appended* to roots; and then a few of the *roots* most extensively used. My design is rather to suggest inquiry into this subject, than to give the means of pursuing it thoroughly. If a pupil will get interested in it, he will pursue it with eagerness.

The utility of such a study, as is here proposed, may be inferred from the fact, that the understanding of a single prefix or affix may unlock the meaning of hundreds of other words; the understanding of a single root will also explain many words. The small vocabulary of roots hereafter given, furnishes the basis of several thousand words in our language.

PREFIXES.

A, signifies *on, in, to, or at*: as, *afoot'*, *on foot*; *abed'*, *in bed*; *afield'*, *to the field*; *afar*, *at a great distance*.

AB, signifies *from or away*: as, *abbreviate*, to make short *from*; *absolve'*, to loose *from*.

AB, signifies *from or away*: as, *abstain'*, to hold *from*.

AD, and the *forms* it assumes, signifies *to*: as, *adhere'*, to stick *to*.

AC, for **AD**, signifies *to*: as, *accede'*, for *adcede'*, to yield *to*, to come *to*, to agree or *assent*.

AF, for **AD**, signifies *to*: as, *affix'*, for *adfix'*, to fix *to*.

AT, for **AD**, signifies *to*: as, *attract'*, for *adtract'*, to draw *to*; *attest'*, to bear witness *to*.

ANTE, signifies *before*: as, *antece'dent*, going *before*.

ANTI, signifies *opposite to, against*: as, *antichris'tian*, *opposite to Christianity*; *antarc'tic*, *against, or opposite to, the north, (southern.)*

BE, signifies *to make*: as, *be calm'*, *to make calm*; *besoul'*, *to make foul*; *bedeck'*, to deck.

CIRCUM, signifies *about or round*: as, *circumvent'*, to come *round about*, (*to cheat*.)

CON (CUM), and the *shapes* it takes,—*co, cog, col, com, cor*, signifies *together or with*: as, *concussi'on*, a shaking *together*; *conform'*, to comply *with*.

CO, for **CON**, signifies *together or with*: as, *cooper'ate*, for *con-op'erate*, to work *with or together*.

COL, for **CON**, signifies *together or with*: as, *collect'*, for *conlect'*, to gather *together*.

COM, for **CON**, signifies *together or with*: as, *commo'tion*, for *conmo'tion*, a moving *together*; *compassi'on*, for *conpassi'on*, suffering or feeling *with (another)*.

COR, for **CON**, signifies *together or with*: as, *corrob'orate*, for *conrob'orate*, to make strong *together*; *correl'ative*, for *conrel'ative*, relative *with*.

CONTRA, signifies *against*: as, *contradict'*, to say or speak *against*.

COUNTER, for **CONTRA**, signifies *against*: as, *counterbal'ance*, to balance *against*.

DE, signifies *down or from*: as, *deject'*, to cast *down*; *depart'*, to part or *go from*.

DIS, signifies *take from, away, off, or out; not*, implying *privation, negation, or undoing*: as, *disarm'*, to *take arms from*; *disor'der*, to *take away*

order ; *discov'er*, to *take off* the cover ; *disinter'*, to *take out* of the earth or grave ; *disbelieve'*, *not to believe*.

DR, for **DIS**, signifies *asunder* : as, *disperse'*, to scatter *asunder*.

EN-EM, signifies *in*, *into*, or *on* : *to make* : as, *encamp'*, to form *into* a camp ; *enthron'e'*, to place *on* a throne ; *ena'ble*, *to make able*.

EM, for **EN**, signifies *to make* : as *embel'lish*, *to make beautiful* ; *empow'er*, *to give power to*.

EX, signifies *out*, *out of* : as, *exclude'*, to *shut out* ; *extend*, to *stretch out*.

E, contracted for **EX**, signifies *out*, *out of* : as, *emit'*, to *send out* ; *educe'*, to *bring out*.

ETRA, signifies *beyond* : as, *extraor'dinary*, *beyond ordinary*.

FORE, signifies *before* : as, *forerun'ner*, one who runs *before* ; *foresee'*, to *see before*.

HYPER signifies *above*, *over* or *beyond* : as, *hypercrit'ic*, a critic exact over or *beyond* (use or reason.)

HYPO, signifies *under* : as, *hypoth'esis*, a placing *under*, (a system formed under some principle not proved.)

IM, for **IN**, (Saxon,) signifies *to make* : as, *imbit'ter*, *to make bitter* ; *impov'erish*, *to make poor*.

IN, (Latin,) and the forms it assumes, — *il*, *im*, *ir*, before a *verb*, signifies *in* or *into*, *on* or *upon* : as *inject'*, to throw *in* or *into* ; *inoc'ulate*, to make an *eye on* or *upon*.

IL, for **IN**, signifies *in* or *on* : as, *illu'minate*, to make or put *light in*, (to enlighten.)

IM, for **IN**, signifies *in* or *into*, *on* or *upon* : as, *import'*, to carry *in* or *into* ; *impose'*, to place *on* or *upon*.

IR, for **IN**, signifies *in* or *on* : as, *irra'diate*, to make rays *on* or *upon*, (to illuminate.)

IN, and the forms it assumes, — *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, before an *adjective*, signifies *not*, implying *negation*, *privation*, or *want* : as *in'finite*, *not finite*, (or *without bounds*.)

IG, for **IN**, signifies *not* : as, *igno'ble*, *not noble*.

IL, for **IN**, signifies *not* : as, *ille'gal*, *not legal*.

IM, for **IN**, signifies *not*, implying *negation*, *privation*, or *want* : as, *im-mor'tal*, *not mortal*, (or *not liable to death*.)

IR, for **IN**, signifies *not* : as, *irrat'i'onal*, *not rational*.

INTER, signifies *between* or *among* : as, *interpose'*, to place *between* ; *in-termix'*, to mix *among* or *between*.

INTRO, signifies *within* : as, *introduce'*, to lead or bring *within*.

JUXTA, signifies *near to* : as, *juxtapositi'on*, the being placed *near to* (any thing).

MIS, signifies *ill*, *error*, or *defect*, marking an *ill*, *false*, or *wrong* sense: as, *miscon'duct*, *ill conduct* ; *misbelie'ver*, one who holds a *false religion*, or believes *wrongly* ; *misapply'*, to apply to a *wrong purpose*.

OB, and the *shapes* it takes, — *oc*, *of*, *op*, signifies *in the way*, *against*, *out* : as, *object'*, to cast *in the way*, or *against* ; *ob'solete*, grown *out* (of use).

OUT, signifies *beyond*, denoting *excess* or *superiority* : as, *outlive'*, to live *beyond*.

OVER, signifies *above* or *over*, *too high* or *much*, implying *eminence* or *superiority*, *more than enough* : as, *overflow'*, to flow *over* or *above* ; *overcharge'*, to charge *too high* or *too much*.

PARA, signifies *side by side*, *beside*, *near to*, *like* or *similar* : as, *par'able*, a putting a thing *side by side*, or *beside* another, (to make a *comparison* or *similitude*, or *likening* spiritual things to temporal or external objects.)

PER, signifies *through*, or *thoroughly* : as, *pervade'*, to go *through* ; *peren'nial* (lasting), *through* the year ; *perfec't*, *thoroughly done*.

POST, signifies *after* : as, *post'script*, a thing written *after*.

PRE (PRÆ), signifies *before* : as, *predict'* to say or tell *before* ; *prefix'*, to fix *before* ; *precur'sor*, one who runs *before*.

PRETER (PRÆTER), signifies *beyond* or *past* : as, *preternat'ural*, *beyond* the course of nature ; *pre'terite*, *past*.

PRO, signifies *for*, *forward*, *forth*, or *out* : as, *prox'y* (for *procurement*), an agent *for* another (or one who acts *for* another) ; *proceed'*, to go *forward* ; *provoke'*, to call *forth* ; *proclaim'*, to cry *out*.

RE, signifies *back* or *again*, *anew* : as, *recall'*, to call *back* ; *rean'imate* to life *again* ; *remorse'*, a biting *back* ; *redeem'*, to buy *back* (by paying a price) ; *recommence'*, to begin *anew*.

RETRO, signifies *backwards* : as, *ret'rograde*, going *backwards* step by step.

SE, signifies *aside*, *apart*, or *without* : as, *secede'*, to go *aside* or *apart* ; *seduce'*, to lead *aside*.

SINE, signifies *without* : as, *sincere'*, *without wax* or mixture (honest) ; *sim'ple*, *without* a fold.

SUB, and the forms it assumes,—*suc*, *suf*, *sug*, *sup*, signifies *under* or *after*, implying a *subordinate degree* : as, *subscribe'*, to write *under* ; *sub'sequent*, following *under* or *after* ; *subbea'dle*, *under beadle*.

SUC, for **SUB**, signifies *under*, *up* : as, *succeed'*, to go or come *under* or *after* (also to prosper) ; *suc'cour*, to run *up* (to help.)

SUF, for **SUB**, signifies *under* : as, *insuf'ferable*, that cannot be borne *under* or *with*.

SUP, for **SUB**, signifies *under*, *up* : as, *suppress'*, to press *under* ; *sup-port'*, to bear *up*.

SUBTER, signifies *under* or *beneath* : as, *sub'tersuge*, a flying *under* or *beneath*, (a shift.)

SUPER, signifies *above* or *over*, *more than enough* : as, *superadd'*, to add *over* or *above* ; *supervi'sor*, one who looks *over* (an *overseer*) ; *super'fluous*, flowing *more than enough*, (unnecessary.)

SUR, signifies *above*, *over*, *upon* : as, *surmount'*, to rise *above* ; *survive'*, to live *above* or *after*.

TRANS, signifies *across*, *over*, or *beyond*, *through*, *change from one place to another* : as, *transgress'*, to go *over* or *beyond* ; *transpa'rent*, appearing *through* (clear) ; *transform'*, to change the form.

ULTRA, signifies *beyond* : as, *ultramontane*, *beyond* the mountain.

UN, before a *verb*, signifies *to take off*, *deprive of*, implying *undoing* or *destroying* : as, *undress'*, to take off clothes ; *uncrown'*, to deprive of a crown.

UN, before an *adjective*, signifies *not*, implying *negation* or *privation* : as, *una'ble*, *not able* ; *unblem'ished*, *not blemished*, or *free from reproach*.

UNDER, signifies *beneath* or *under*, denoting *subordination* or *inferiority* : as, *un'der-clerk*, *beneath*, or *subordinate to*, the principal clerk.

WITH, signifies *from* or *against* : as, *withdraw'*, to draw *from*.

AFFIXES.

AC, signifies *of* or *belonging to* : as, *demoniac*, *belonging to the devil*.

ANCE, denotes *being*, or *state of being*, or (simply), ‘*ing*’ : as *vig'ilance*, *state of being* vigilant, or watching ; *sub'stance*, standing *under*, or *state of being* substantial.

ANT, denotes *one who*, or *the person that* : as, *assist'ant*, *one who*, or *the person that assists* ; *va'grant*, *one who wanders*.

ANT, signifies *being*, or ‘*ing*’ : as, *abun'dant*, *abound'ing* ; *dor'mant*, *sleeping* ; *pleas'ant*, *plea'sing*.

ARD, denotes *one who* : as, *drunk'ard*, *one who is drunken*.

HINTS TO READERS AND SPEAKERS. 17

ARY, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, em'issary, *one who is sent out (secretly)*; vo'tary, *one devoted, or the person that is devoted (to any thing)*.

ARY, denotes *the place where, or the thing that* : as, li'brary, *the place where books are kept*; aviary, *the place where birds are kept, (or the thing that keeps birds in.)*

ARY, signifies *belonging, relating, or pertaining to, befitting* : as, arbor'ary, *belonging to trees*; liter'ary, *relating to literature or letters*; parliamen'tary, *pertaining to parliament*.

ATE, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, grad'uate, *one who obtains a degree (at college)*; ad'veocate, *one who, or the person that pleads (the cause of another)*.

ATE, denotes *having, being* : as, inan'imate, *having no life*; affec'tionate, *having affection*; ad'equate, *being equal to*; sit'u ate, *being placed (on)*.

ATE, denotes *to make, to give, to put, or to take* : as, ren'ovate, *to make new again*; frus'trate, *to make vain*; an'imate, *to give life*; invig'o rate, *to put vigor in or into*; exon'erate, *to take the burden from or out*.

EE, denotes *one who* : as, absentee', *one who is absent*; patentee', *one who has a patent*.

EER, signifies *one who, or the person that* : as, mountaineer', *one who dwells on or amid mountains, (a Highlander.)*

ENCE, denotes *being or state of being, or 'ing'* : as, abhor'rence, *state of being abhorrent, or abhorring*; adhe'rence, *sticking to, or state of being adherent*.

ENT, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, depo'nen t, *one who puts or lays down (evidence)*; pa'tient, *one who, or the person that suffers*.

ER, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, ba'ker, *one who bakes*; vis'iter, *one who, or the person that visits*; wid'ower, *one who, or the person that has lost his wife*.

FUL, denotes *full of* : as, hope'ful, *full of hope*; aw'ful, *full of awe*; plen'tiful, *full of plenty*.

FY, denotes *to make* : as, mag'nify, *to make great*; sanctify, *to make holy*; pu'rify, *to make pure*.

HOOD, denotes *the state of* : as, boy'hood, *the state of a boy*.

IC, denotes *of, belonging, relating, or pertaining to* : as, academ'ic, *of or belonging to an academy*; angel'ic, *relating to angels*; ocean'ic, *pertaining to the ocean*.

ILE, denotes *belonging to, may or can be, easily* : as, pu'erile, *belonging to a boy*; flex'ile, *that may or can be bent, or easily bent*.

INE, denotes *of or belonging to* : as, ma'rine, *of or belonging to the sea*; ea-nine, *belonging to dogs*; fem'inine, *of or belonging to the female*.

ION, denotes *act of, state of being, or 'ing'* : as, contribu'tion, *the act of contributing or giving together*; collis'ion, *the act of striking together*; subordina'tion, *state of being subordinate or inferior*; dissolu'tion, *a dissolving (a loosing asunder)*; cohe'sion, *a sticking together*; commo'tion, *a moving together, (a tumult.)*

ISH, denotes *belonging to, like or resembling, little of or somewhat* : as, Eng'lish, *belonging to England*; child'ish, *like or resembling a child*; green'ish, *little of or somewhat green*.

ISM, (*Gr.*) denotes *state of being, an idiom, or doctrine of* : as, par'allelism, *state of being parallel*; Lat'inism, *a Latin idiom*; Cal'verinism, *doctrine of Calvin*.

IST, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, bot'anist, *one who studies botany or plants*; the'orist, *one who, or the person that theorizes or speculates*; oculist, *one who cures eyes*.

ITE, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, Le'vite, *one who is descended from Levi* ; fa'vorite, *one who, or the person that is favored*.

IVE, denotes *having power, that can, or 'ing,' implying power, ability, or activity* : as, persua'sive, *having power to persuade* ; correc'tive, *that can correct* ; progres'sive, *going forward*.

IZE, — **I**SE, denotes *to make, to give* : as, civ'ilize, *to make civil* ; fer'tilize, *to make fruitful* ; char'acterize, *to give a character* ; au'thorize, *to give authority*.

LESS, denotes *without, having no, or wanting* ; as, art'less, *without art* ; fath'erless, *without a father* ; help'less, *having no power, or wanting power*,

LIKE, denotes *like or resembling* : as, man'like, *like or resembling man*.

LING, (sometimes LIN,) denotes *little, young* : gos'ling, *a young goose*.

L-LY (contraction for LIKE), postfixed to nouns, denotes *like or resembling* ; as, broth'erly, *like or resembling a brother* ; earth'ly, *like or resembling earth* ; win'terly, *like winter*.

MENT, denotes *being or state of being, act of, the thing that* : as, abase'ment, *being abased, or state of being abased* ; conceal'ment, *act of concealing* ; refresh'ment, *the thing that refreshes*.

NESS, denotes *a being or state of being, or quality of being* : as, bar'renness, *a being barren* ; bles'sedness, *state of being blessed* ; soft'ness, *the quality of being soft*.

OR, denotes *one who, or the person that* : as, doc'tor, *one who or the person that is learned* ; interces'sor, *one who intercedes or goes between*.

ORY, denotes *of, belonging, relating or pertaining to, 'ing'* : as, pref'atory, *of or belonging to a preface* ; pis'catory, *relating to fish* ; consol'atory, *pertaining to consolation (tending to give comfort)* ; ad'ulatory, *flattering*.

OSE, denotes *full of* : as, operose', *full of labor* ; verbose', *full of words*.

OUS, denotes *full of, having, consisting of, of or belonging to, given to, 'ing'* : as, dan'gerous, *full of danger* ; pop'ulous, *full of people* ; longim'anus, *having long hands* ; cartilag'inous, *consisting of gristles* ; bil'ious, *consisting of bile* ; co-eta'neous, *of the same age* ; conten'tious, *given to contention* ; lanig'rous, *bearing wool* ; graminiv'orous, *eating grass*.

RY, denotes *a being, the art of, the place where, or property of* : as, bra'very, *a being brave* ; eas'uistry, *the art or science of a casuist* ; nur'sery, *the place where young children or trees are reared*.

SHIP, denotes *office of, state of* : as, rec'torship, *office of a rector* ; copart'nership, *state of having equal shares*.

SOME, denotes *somewhat, full of* : as, glad'some, *somewhat glad* ; frolicsome, *full of frolics or pranks*.

TUDE, or UDE, denotes *being or state of being* : as mul'titude, *being many* ; solic'itude, *state of being anxious*.

TY, denotes *being or state of being* : as, brev'ity, *a being short or concise* ; lax'ity, *a being loose* ; nov'elty, *state of being new (or unknown before)* ; probab'ility, *state of being probable*.

URE, denotes *the thing, state, power, or art of* : as, scrip'ture, *the thing written* ; crea'ture, *the thing created* ; leg'islature, *the power that makes laws* ; ag'riculture, *the art of cultivating fields*.

WARD, denotes *in the direction of, or, looking toward* : as, down'ward, *in the direction of, or looking down* ; in'ward, *looking toward the inside*.

Y, denotes *the being, state of being, or 'ing'* : as, har'mony, *the being harmonious* ; jeal'ousy, *the being jealous, or state of being jealous* ; con'stancy, *a standing together, or state of being constant*.

Y, denotes *full of, covered with, made of* : as, knot'ty, *full of knots* ; flow'ery, *full of, or covered with flowers* ; horn'y, *made of horn*.

ROOTS.

ANIM-US, *the mind, or thinking principle*: as, *unanim'ity*, the being of one mind, or oneness of mind.

ASTR-ON, *a star*: as, *astron'omy*, the laws or science of the stars; *as'ter-isk*, *as'terism*, *as'tral*.

AVANT, *before, forward*: as, *vancourier*, one who runs before; *avant-guard*, *vanguard'*, *advance'*.

BEAU, *a man of dress*, — **BELLE**, *a woman of dress*; hence, *fair, beautiful*: as, *beaut'y*, a being fair or beautiful; *embellish*, to make beautiful; *beau*, *beau'ish*, *beau-monde*, *beau'ty*.

BENE, *good, well*: as, *benevolent*, willing, good.

BINI, *two by two*: **BIS**, *twice, two*: as, *bi'ped*, *two-footed*, (animals.)

CÆD-O, *cæsum, to cut, to kill*: as, *incisi'on*, a cutting in; *homicide*, killing a man, or one who kills a man; *su'icide*, killing one's self.

CANO, *cantum, to sing*: as, *canticle*, a little song.

CAPI-O, *captum, to take, to take in or up, to hold or contain*: as, *cap'tive*, one taken (in war); *capac'i'ty*, the power of taking in or containing; *excep'tion*, a taking out; *percep'tible*, that may be taken up or in thoroughly, or observed; *anticipate*, to take up before; *participate*, to take a part in.

CARO, { *flesh*: as, *incar'nate*, having put on flesh; *carniv'orous*, eating.

CARNIS, { *ing flesh*.
CED-O, *cessum, to go, to give up, to yield*: as, *antece'dent*, going before; *interces'sor*, one who goes between (a mediator); *accede'*, to give up to, to come to; *proceed'*, to go forward; *recede'*, to go back.

CIT-O, *cico, to move or stir, to call, to cite, to rouse or stir up*: as, *excite'*, to call out, to rouse; *resus'citate*, to call up again, to stir up anew.

CIV-IS, *a citizen, a free man or woman of a city or town*: as, *civil*, belonging to a citizen (*polite*); *civil'ity*, a being civil, or manners of *citizens*.

CLAUD-O, *clausum, to shut, to close*: as, *conclu'sion*, a shutting together (the close or end); *exclude'*, to shut out; *include'*, to shut in.

COR, CORD-IS, *the heart*: as, *con'cord*, hearts together, union of hearts (agreement); *dis'cord*, hearts asunder, (disagreement.)

CORPUS, *a body*: as, *cor'poral*, belonging to the body; *corpo'real*, having a body; *corps*, a body of soldiers; *corpse*, a dead body.

CRED-O, *creditum, to believe, to trust*: as, *cred'ible*, worthy of credit or may be believed; *cred'u'lous*, apt to believe; *cred'it*, belief of or trust; (honor; good opinion.)

CRIT-ES, *to separate, to discriminate, to judge, a judge, one who decides*: as, *crit'ic*, one skilled in judging (of literature); *hypoc'risy*, an assuming a fictitious character, a feigning or dissembling (in morality or religion).

CURA, *care, concern, charge, a cure*: as, *si'ncure*, (an office which has revenue,) without employment, or care; *cu'rate*, one who has the cure or charge (of souls under another.)

CURR-O, *cursum, to run*: as, *incur*, to run in; *excur'sion*, a running out; *precur'sor*, one who runs before; *recur'rence*, a running back; *suc'cour*, to run up (to help); *con'course*, a running together.

CUTI-O, *cussum, to shake*: as, *discuss'*, to shake asunder (to examine); *concuss'i'on*, a shaking together.

DIC-O, *dictum, to speak, to say*: as *benedic'tion*, a saying good (a blessing); *interdict'*, to say between (to forbid); *preach'*, to speak publicly (upon sacred subjects); *predict'*, to say before, (to foretell.)

DO, *datum, to give*: as, *add*, to give to; *do'nor*, one who gives; *editi'on*, a giving out (publication of a book); *da'tive*, (the case of nouns, denoting the person to whom,) any thing is given.

DUBI-US, doubtful : as, *indubitable*, that cannot be doubted ; *indubious*, not doubtful.

DUC-O, ductum, to bring, to lead : as, *deduct'*, to bring down ; *induce'*, to bring in ; *productive*, bringing forward ; *seduce'*, to lead aside ; *conducive*, leading together ; *ductile*, that may be bent or drawn out into length.

EQU-US, even, equal ; just, right : as, *equanimity*, evenness or equality of mind ; *equilibrium*, equality of weight ; *equinox*, equal day and night ; *equivalent*, equal in value ; *equitable*, what is equal, just ; *inadquate*, not equal to ; *iniquitous*, not equal, unjust, (wicked.)

ERR-O, to wander ; to mistake : as, *aberration*, the act of wandering (from the right or known way) ; *erroneous*, wandering, mistaken.

FACI-O, factum, to make, to do, to cause, to give : as, *benefactor*, one who does good ; *malefactor*, one who does evil ; *manufacture*, the thing made by the hand ; *fact*, a thing done (deed) ; *effect'*, the thing made out ; *effective*, having the power to produce effects ; *effectual*, belonging to, or productive of, effects ; *perfect*, thoroughly done ; *beneficent*, doing good ; *artificial*, made by art (opposite to natural) ; *horribilic*, causing horror ; *prolific*, making or producing young (*fruitful*) ; *fat*, let it be done (a decree) ; *certify*, to make sure ; *fortify*, to make strong ; *testify*, to make or bear witness ; *vivify*, to give life.

FEND-O, fensum, to keep off, to strike : as, *defend'*, to keep off, to preserve ; *offend'*, to strike against.

FER-O, to carry, bear, or suffer, to bring : as, *circumference*, (the line,) carrying round ; *suffer*, to bear under ; *soniferous*, giving or bringing sound ; *infer*, to bring on (to draw from) ; *fertile*, fit to bear, or proper for bearing, (*fruitful*.)

FID-ES, faith, credit, trust : as, *confide'*, to trust together or in (to trust) ; *difidient*, not trusting ; *infidel*, one who does not believe or credit (an unbeliever) ; *perfidy*, faith gone through (want or breach of faith) ; *affiance*, affiancer.

FIN-IS, the end ; a bound or limit : as, *finite*, having limits or bounds ; *infinite*, having no bounds or limits ; *final*, relating to the end ; *confine*, a common boundary ; *confine'*, to put ends together, (to bound, to limit, to shut up.)

FIRM-US, stable, firm, strong : as, *firmament*, the thing made firm or stable (the sky or heavens) ; *infirm*, not strong (weak) ; *confirm*, to strengthen together, (to establish, or settle, to put past doubt by new evidence.)

FLU-O, fluxum, to flow : as, *affluent*, flowing to ; *flux*, a flow ; *reflux*, a flowing back ; *influence*, a flowing in or upon ; *superfluous*, flowing above, or more than enough, (unnecessary.)

FORM-A, form or shape, a figure : as, *deform'*, to spoil the form (to make ugly) ; *formal*, belonging to form ; *reform'*, to form again or anew ; *transform'*, to change the form.

FORT-IS, strong, valiant : as, *comfort*, to make strong together (to make glad) ; *fortify*, to make strong.

FRANG-O, fractum, to break : as, *infrangible*, that cannot be broken ; *fraction*, the act of breaking, a broken part ; *fragile*, or *frail*, easily broken, (weak.)

FUND-O, fusum, to pour, to melt : as, *confound*, to pour together (to mix, to perplex, to amaze) ; *fusible*, that may be melted ; *refund'*, to pour back, (to pay back what is received.)

GE, the earth : as, *geography*, a description of the earth or world ; *geology*, the doctrine of the earth ; *geponics*, the science of cultivating the ground ; *geotic*, belonging to the earth.

GENUS, a race or descent ; a family, a kind or sort : as, *degenerate*, to

fall from the virtue of *ancestors*, or from its *kind*; *gen'der*, *sex or kind*; *gen'eral*, belonging to a whole tribe (*common or usual*); *gen'eralize*, to reduce to a *genus*; *gen'rous*, of noble birth or mind (*liberal*); *ge'nial*, tending to propagation or cheerfulness (*natural*); *gen'uine*, of one's own production, (*not spurious or vitiated, real.*)

GER-O, *gestum*, to bear or carry, to bring: as, *bellig'erent*, carrying on war; *viceger'ent*, one who carries on or rules for another (*a lieutenant*); *suggest'*, to bring under (*to hint, to intimate*); *ingest'*, to throw into the stomach.

GRADI-OR, *gressus*, to go step by step: as, *degrade'*, to go or bring a step down (*to place lower*); *aggres's*, to go to (*to assault or begin the quarrel*); *grad'uate*, to go step by step, or mark with degrees (*to dignify with, or take an academical degree*); *transgress'*, to pass over or beyond (*to violate or break*); *progres'sive*, going forward.

GRAND-IS, great, lofty: as, *ag'grandize*, to make great; *grand*, great, splendid; *grandiloquous*, using lofty words.

GRAPH-O, to trace lines, to write, to describe: as, *anemog'rphy*, a description of the wind; *au'tograph*, the handwriting of any one (*the original, — the opposite of ap'ograph, a copy*); *bibliog'rphy*, the description of books or literary history; *brachyg'rphy*, short-hand writing; *hi'rogram* or *hierog'rphy*, holy writing; *hydrog'rphy*, the description of water; *lithog'rphy*, writing upon stone; *orthog'rphy*, correct writing of words; *polyg'rphy*, writing in many unusual ways; *graph'ic*, well described or delineated, or relating to engraving.

GRATI-A, favor, gratitude, thankfulness: as, *gra'cious*, full of favor (*kind, becoming*); *grat'ify*, to make grateful (*to indulge, to please*); *gra'tis*, freely, (for nothing.)

HAB-EO, *habitus*, to have, to hold: as, *cohab'it*, to dwell or live together (as husband and wife); *exhib'it*, to hold out; *inhab'itable*, that may be dwelt in; *prohib'it*, to hold forward, (*to forbid, to hinder or debar*.)

JAC-IO, *jactum*, to throw, to cast, or to dart: as, *eject'*, to throw out; *injec't*, to throw in; *object'*, to cast against; *ob'ject*, something cast in the way; *ejac'ulate*, to throw, shoot, or dart out; *subjunctive*, throwing or placing under, or relating to the subject.

JJUDIC-O, *judicatum*, to give sentence, to judge: as, *ju'dicatory*, distributing justice, or a court of justice; *judici'al*, relating to a judge or legal justice; *prej'udice*, judgment formed beforehand, without examination.

JUNG-O, *junctum*, to join: as, *ad' junct*, something joined or united to (though not essentially); *conjunction*, a joining or connecting together; *enjoin'*, or *injoin'*, to make to join (*to direct, to order*); *subjunctive*, joined under, or added to.

LEG-O, *lectum*, to gather, to read, to choose: as, *collect'*, to gather together; *el'igible*, that may be gathered out, or fit to be chosen; *elec'tion*, the act of choosing or gathering out; *lec'ture*, the thing read (a discourse); *neglect'*, not to gather (to omit by carelessness); *prolegom'ena*, introductory observations.

LEX, a law or rule: as, *ille'gal*, not lawful; *law'yer*, one who professes or is skilled in law; *legisla'tion*, the act of giving laws; *leg'islator*, one who makes laws; *legit'imate*, legal, genuine, born in marriage.

LIBER, free: as, *lib'erate*, to free or set free; *deliv'er*, to set free, (to save, to give up; to speak.)

LOG-OS, reason, a word, a speech, a discourse, science, or knowledge: as, *anthol'ogy*, a collection of flowers or poems; *apolog'y*, defence, excuse; *asthe-nol'ogy*, a discourse on weakness; *di'logue*, a discourse between two (or more); *entomol'ogy*, a discourse on insects; *log'ic*, the art of reasoning.

LOQU-OR, locutus, *to speak* : as, *al'loquy*, a *speaking to*, (address) ; *col-loquy*, a *speaking together* (talk) ; *el'oquence*, a *speaking out*, (the power of speaking with fluency and elegance) ; *loqua'cious*, full of *talk or tongue* ; *ob-loquy*, a *speaking against*, (blame.)

LUMEN, *light* : as, *illume'*, *illumine*, or *illu'minate*, *to shine on*, or *put light in* ; *lu'minary*, a body or thing that gives *light*.

LUSTR-UM, *a survey made every four years* ; *a purifying sacrifice* : as, *il-lus'trate*, *to brighten with light or honor*, (to explain or elucidate.)

MALE, *malus, evil, ill* : as, *dis'mal*, an *evil day, sorrowful* ; *malefac'tor*, one who does *evil* ; *malev'olent*, *willing evil*.

MAND-O, mandatum, *to commit, to command or bid* : as, *command'*, *to bid, to govern* ; *man'date*, a *command or charge* ; *demand'*, *to ask for with authority*.

MAN-US, *the hand* : as, *eman'cipate*, *to take out by the hand* (to set free from servitude) ; *man'acle*, a chain for the *hand* ; *man'iple*, a *handful*, a small band of soldiers ; *manufac'ture*, the thing or work done by the *hand* ; *man'ucript*, the thing written with the *hand* ; *manu'brium*, a *handle*.

MEMOR, *mindful, keeping in mind* : as, *mem'orable*, *worthy of memory, or of being kept in mind*.

MEND-A, *a blemish* ; *a mistake* : as, *amend'*, or *emend'*, *to take out the blemishes or faults, (to correct.)*

MENSUR-A, *measure* : as, *commen'surate*, *measured with or together; immense*, *not measurable, (unlimited, infinite.)*

MINU-O, minutum, *to lessen* : as, *dimin'ish*, *to make or grow less* ; *mi'nor*, the *less, — petty, little* ; *minute'*, *small, slender* ; *minutiæ*, the *smaller particulars*.

MITT-O, missum, *to send* : as, *admit' to send to (to allow)* ; *demit'*, *to send down (to depress)* ; *dismiss'*, *to send asunder or away* ; *omit'*, *to leave out, to pass over, to neglect* ; *remit'*, *to send back* ; *inamis'sible*, *not to be lost* ; *transmit'tible*, *that may be sent beyond, or from place to place*.

MONE-O, monitum, *to put in mind, to warn* : as, *admon'ish*, *to warn of faults* ; *mon'u'ment*, anything that *puts or keeps in mind, a tomb*.

MON-O-S, *one, alone, solitary* : as, *mon'achal*, pertaining to *monks* or a *monastic life* ; *mon'ad*, an indivisible thing ; *mon'arch*, the government of a *single person* ; *mon'astery*, a house of religious *retirement* ; *mon'ody*, a poem sung by *one* ; *monop'athy*, *solitary* feeling or suffering.

MOVE-O, motum, *to move* : as, *commo'tion*, a *moving together, a tumult* ; *immov'able*, *that cannot be moved* ; *promote' to move forward, to advance*.

MULT-US, *many* : as, *mul'tifid*, *many-cleft* ; *multiloc'ular*, *having many cells* ; *multip'arous*, *producing many at a birth* ; *mul'tiped*, *an insect with many feet*.

MUNUS, *a gift or present* ; *an office* ; *a part, a portion* : as, *commu'nicate*, *to give a share with, to impart* ; *mu'nerary*, *relating to a gift* ; *munis'cent*, *making a gift, — liberal in giving or bestowing* ; *immu'nty*, *freedom or exemption, privilege*.

MUT-O, mutatum, *to change* : as, *commute'*, *to change with, or to put one thing in the place of another* ; *mu'table*, *subject to change*.

NON, *not* : as, *non'age*, *not age, — under 21*, *minority* ; *non-conta'gious*, *not contagious* ; *nonsense*, *no sense* ; *nonpareil'*, *no equal*.

NUMER-US, *a number* : as, *innu'merable*, that cannot be numbered ; *enu'merate*, *to number out, to count or tell* ; *supernu'merary*, *one above number*.

OMN-IS, *all, every* : as, *omnip'erous*, *all-bearing* ; *omnip'otence*, *all or almighty power* ; *omnis'cient*, *all-knowing or seeing*.

OPER-A, *work, labor* : as, *oper'ate*, *to act, to exert power or strength, to work* ; *opus'cule*, *a small work*.

ORDO, *order, rank, arrangement* : as, extraord'inary, beyond the common order ; inord'inate, not according to order or rule ; ordain', to set apart for an office ; to appoint.

OR-O, oratum, *to speak, to beg* : as, adore', to pay divine worship or honor to ; inex'orable, that cannot be moved by entreaty or prayer ; oral, of the mouth.

PAR, *equal, like, meet, match to* : as, par'ity, a being equal, like state or degree ; com'parable, that may be compared, or being of equal regard ; com-peer', an equal, a companion, an associate.

PARS, *a part, a share, a portion* : as, par'tial, of a part or party, biassed to one party ; partake, to take a part, portion, or share of ; partic'ipate, to take or have a share in common with others ; partic'ular, pertaining to a single person or thing, special ; impart', to give, to grant.

PATER, *a father* : as, pat'rimony, a right or estate inherited from one's father or ancestors ; pa'triot, a lover of his country.

PAX, *peace* : as, pac'ify, to make peace, to appease, to quiet ; appease', to make quiet, to calm ; pacif'ic, peace-making, mild, gentle ; also, an ocean.

PELL-O, pulsum, *to drive, to strike* : as, compel', to drive together, or urge with force ; dispel', to drive asunder, to disperse ; expul'sion, the act of driving out ; repel'lent, driving back.

PEND-EO, pensum, *to hang* : as, depend'ent, hanging down, subject to the power of, at the disposal of ; pen'sile, hanging, suspended.

PHIL-OS, *a lover* : as, philan'thropist, a lover of mankind ; philos'ophy, the love of wisdom ; Theophilus, a lover of God.

PLAC-EO, *to please* : as, pleas'ant, pleasing ; placid, quiet, gentle, serene, calm.

PLAN-US, *plain, smooth, level* ; evident, clear : as, explain', to make plain or clear, to expound ; complane', or com'planate, to make level.

PLAUD-O, plausum, *to make a noise by clapping the hands, to praise* : as, displode', to discharge or burst with a violent noise : plaus'ible, that may be praised.

PLEN-US, *full* : as, plenipoten'tiary, one who is invested with full power to transact any business ; ple'nary, full, entire ; replen'ish, to fill again, to fill.

PLIC-O, plicatum, *to fold, to knit* : as, apply, to fold or lay to, to use, to put, to betake ; com'plicate, to fold and twist together, to entangle ; ex'plicate, to unfold, to explain ; display', to unfold, to open, to show ; com'plex, embracing two or more things.

PLOR-O, ploratum, *to cry out, to wail, to weep* : as, deplore', to bewail, to mourn.

POL-IS, *a city, a town* : as, Constant'inople, the city of Constantine ; cosmop'olite, a citizen of the world ; polite' polished or elegant in manners, well-bred ; pol'ish, to make smooth and glossy, to refine ; pol'itics, the science of government.

POLY, *many* : as, pol'y chord, having many chords ; polyg'ammy, the having many wives or husbands at the same time ; pol'ygon, a figure of many angles and sides ; pol'ygram, a figure of many lines ; polymorph'ous having many forms ; polyon'omy, many names ; polyph'ylloous, many-leaved.

PON-O, positum, *to put or place* : as, ap'posite, placing to, fit ; compose', to place or set together ; depose', to put or lay down ; dispose', to set or put apart, to place or distribute ; expose', to put out or lay open ; impose' to place, or lay on, to cheat ; oppose', to put or set against ; postpone', to put after or off ; to delay' ; com'post (put together or mixed), manure.

POPUL-US, *the people* : as, popu'lous, full of people ; pop'ular, belonging to, or beloved by the people ; pub'lic, belonging to a whole people, open ; depop'ulate or dispe'ople, to strip of people or inhabitants.

PORT-O, portatum, *to carry, or bear, to import or betoken*: as, *comport', to bear with or carry together, to suit or accord*; *deport'ment, carriage, behavior, conduct; export', to carry out; report', to bear or carry, back; import', to carry in, to mean, to imply*.

Poss-E, *to be able*: as, *impos'sible, that cannot be; im'potent, wanting power; po'tentate, a person of power, a prince or king; posses'sor, one who possesses or occupies*.

PRIM-US, *first*: as, *pri'mary, of the first; prin'ciple, the first of anything, the cause or origin, element; pris'tine, or prim'i'tive, first, ancient; prime'val, of the first age*.

PUNG-O, punctum, *to point or prick*: as, *compunction, a pricking, a prick'ing of heart; expunge', to blot out,—as with a pen, to efface; pun'gent, prickling, acrid, sharp; poi'gnant, sharp, piercing, keen*.

REG-O, rectum, *to rule or govern*: as, *correct', to make right, or set right, to amend; rec'tor, a governor; rect'angle, a figure of four right angles; rec'tify, to make right; re'gion, a district under one ruler, a country; re'gal, belonging to a king; rex, a king*.

RUPT-UM, *to break, to burst*: as, *abrupt', broken off or short, craggy, a sudden breaking off; disrupt'ion, a rending or bursting asunder; erupt'ion, a violent breaking or bursting out or forth; irrup'tion, a bursting in*.

SATIS, *enough, sufficient*: as, *sate, sa'tiate, to fill, to glut; sat'isfy, to give enough, to content; sat'urate, impregnating to the full*.

SCHOL-A, *school*: as, *schol'astic, pertaining to a scholar, to a school or schools*.

SCI-O, *to know*: as, *conscien'tious, obeying the dictates of conscience; con'scious, knowing one's self; omnis'cience, knowledge of all things*.

SCRIB-O, scriptum, *to write*: as, *ascibe', to write or impute to, to attribute; circumscribe', to write round, to limit or bound; describe', to write down, to delineate; inscribe', to write or to address to; transcribe', to copy*.

SEMI, *half*: as, *sem'itone, half a tone*.

SERV-IO, servitium, *to be a slave, to serve, to obey*: as, *deserve', to merit; serv'ile, belonging to slavery*.

SIGN-UM, *a mark or sign, a seal*: as, *assign', to allot, to appoint; con-sign', to give, to deliver; design', to delineate, to plan, to intend; resign', to give up or back*.

SIMIL-IS, *like*: as, *assim'ilate, to make like to; dissim'ilar, not like or similar; sim'ilar, like, resembling*.

SIST-O, *to set, to stop, to stand*: as, *assist, to stand up to, to help; consist', to stand together; desist', to stop, to forbear; exist', to stand out, to be, to live, to remain*.

SOL-US, *alone, single, forlorn, desert*: as, *sol'itary, living alone: sol'itude, loneliness, a desert*.

SOLV-O, solutum, *to loose, to melt, to free, to pay*: as, *ab'solitary, absolv'ing; dis'soluble, that may be dissolved or melted; solve, to loosen, to explain, to remove*.

SOPH-IA, *wisdom, knowledge, learning*: as, *theos'ophy, divine wisdom*.

SORS, *lot, sort, kind*: as, *assort, to distribute into sorts, kinds, or classes*.

SPECI-O, *to see, to look*: as, *as'pect, to look to, look, view; despise' to look down with contempt; expect', to look for; inspect', to look on or into; respect', to look back with deference, to regard*.

ST-O, statum, *to stand; to set*: as, *arrest', to obstruct to seize; con'stan-cy, a standing firm; constit'ute, to set, to fix, to form; ob'stacle, a thing standing in the way; sta'ble, firm, solid, sure; sta'tue, an image; stat'ute, a law; understand', to know, to comprehend fully*.

STRU-O, structum, *to build*: as, *destroy', to pull down; instruct', to teach, to direct; misinstruct', to instruct amiss; obstruct', to block up, to impede*.

SUM-O, sumptum, *to take* : as, assume', to take to or upon one ; consume', to take up, to destroy, to waste ; resume' to take back, to begin again.

TEMPUS, time : as, cōtem'porary, living at the same time ; tem'porize, to comply with, or yield to the time ; tense, time.

TEN-EO, tentum, *to hold* : as, abstain' to hold from ; appertain', or pertain', to belong ; contain', to hold ; contin'ue, to abide, to last ; detain, to hold from ; obtain', to get, to gain ; retain', to hold or keep back ; ten'able, that may be held.

TERMIN-US, a limit or boundary, end or period : as, determ'ine, to end, to fix on ; exterm'inate, to root out, to destroy utterly : term'inate, to bound, to end.

TEST-IS, a witness : as, attest', to bear witness to ; contest', to dispute ; detest', to thrust away, to abhor ; test'ify, to bear witness.

TORT-UM, to twist, to writhe : as, contort', to twist together ; detort', to twist, to pervert ; intort' to twist, to wind.

TRAH-O, tractum, *to draw* : as, attract', to draw to ; contract', to draw together ; extract', to draw out ; subtract', to draw under or from.

TRIBUT-UM, to give : as, attrib'ute, to give to ; contribute, to give with or together ; distrib'ute, to give in parts.

UN-US, one alone ; the same : as, disunite', to separate, to part ; unan'i-mous, of one mind ; u'nion, a making one ; u'nison, one sound ; u'nit, one ; unite', to make into one ; u'nity, the being one.

UT-OR, usus, *to use* : as, abuse', ill use, reviling words ; disuse', to cease to use ; inutil'ity, uselessness.

VERT-O, versum, *to turn* : as, divert', to turn aside ; introvert', to turn inwards ; obvert', to turn towards ; ret'rovert', to turn backward ; revert', to turn or draw back ; versify, to make verses.

VER-US, true : as, verac'ity, the truth of the speaker ; ver'ity, the truth of a statement or proposition.

VID-EO, visum, *to see* : as, revise', to review ; vis'age, the face, the look ; vis'ible, that can be seen ; vis'it, to go to see ; vis'u'al, belonging to the sight.

VIDU-O, to part, to deprive of : as, avoid', to shun ; divide', to separate, to part in pieces or portions ; divis'ible, that may be divided or separated.

VINC-O, victim, *to conquer, to overcome, to subdue* : as, invinc'ible, not to be conquered or overcome ; vanquish, to conquer, to subdue in battle.

VIV-O, victim, *to live* : as, revive', to live again ; survive', to outlive ; viv'ify, viv'ificate, to give life.

VOC-O, vocatum, *to call* : as, convoke', to call together ; evoke', to call out or forth ; invoke', to call on, to implore ; vo'cable, a word.

PLAN OF EXERCISES SUGGESTED TO TEACHERS.

Lesson 1. Let the pupil spell and define the principal words in every lesson. If there are any words in the lesson customarily pronounced wrong, direct his attention to them. The following instances occur in this lesson. People often say *wite* for *white* ; *ranging* for *rainging* ; *furce* for *feerse*. Follow these directions in respect to each lesson. See Rule 2, and the examples.

General Questions on this lesson, for the pupil. What is taught by this lesson ? What is meant by *West*, in verse 5 ? Can savages read ? What benefit would come to them from learning to read ? Explain the meaning of verse 12.

Questions on the Rules, for the pupil. How ought poetry to be read ? See Rule 16. What of accent and emphasis in reading poetry ?

Etymological Exercise. Ask the pupil, What is the meaning of a prefix ? An affix ? A root ? See pages 13 and 14. What prefix is in the word *disgrace*, lesson 1, verse 2 ? What is the meaning of the prefix *dis* ? see page 14. What affix in *boundless*, verse 5 ? What is the meaning of the

affix less; see page 18. What root in the word *inference*, verse 11? What prefix in the same word? What is the meaning of the root *ferum*? see *fer-o*, page 20. What is the meaning of the prefix *in*? see page 22. Let the pupil tell the prefixes and affixes of the following words, with the meanings of each: *invite, declare, impart, reveal, increase, study, freely, blissful*. The prefixes will be found alphabetically arranged, beginning at page 14; the affixes at page 16.

Lesson 2. It is unnecessary to repeat the direction to require the pupil to spell and define the principal words; or to point out words apt to be erroneously pronounced, as these rules are to apply to all the lessons.

General Questions on lesson 2. Is this story a fable? What is a fable? What does this fable teach? Can animals really talk? Why are they represented as talking, and thinking, and reasoning, in fables?

Questions on the Rules. In each lesson let the pupil's attention be directed to some one of the rules, beginning at page 7. Let him read the lesson with a special regard to the rule selected; and let him be required to repeat it. For example, in this lesson, ask him what is the first requisite in reading or speaking? What is articulation? How can you illustrate the importance of good articulation? See Rule 1.

Etymological Exercise. Let the pupil tell the prefixes and affixes in the following words, with their meanings; *lively, inculcate, eloquently, cruelty, relate, sharply, admit, foolish, gayety, perpetual, delude*. Let the pupil tell the roots in the following words, with their meanings; *illustrated, eloquently, admit*.

Lesson 3. Attend to spelling, definitions, and pronunciation, as directed, in all cases.

General Questions. Where is Connecticut River? When was the war of the Revolution? What was a tory in the Revolution? What does this lesson teach? *Ans.* That a man who had adopted opinions that we condemn, may still be honest and entitled to our sincere respect.

Questions on the Rules. What can you say of pronunciation? See Rule 2. In this case, the pupil is to read the story told by Mr. B. as he is supposed to have told it himself. It is a case in which Rule 15 applies. Therefore ask the pupil the following questions: What is the distinction between narrative and representation? See Rule 15. How should you read the story of the twins, told by Mr. B?

Etymological Exercise. Tell the prefixes, affixes, and roots, with their meanings, in the following words: *represented, firmness, advancing, admitted, confined, regain, fruitless, attempt, permitted, assist, discharge, liberty*.

Lesson 4. General Question. What is the general idea of this poem?

Question on the Rule. How should tender poetry be read? Rule 16. *Etymological Exercise.* Tell the prefixes, affixes, and roots, with their meanings in the following words: *piteous, helpless, bitterness, verdant, heavenward, peaceful*.

Lesson 5. What does this fable teach? Point the pupil's attention to rules 3 and 15, and ask suitable questions respecting them. *Etymological Exercise:* *delightful, forbear, extent, content, mischievous, advantage, commune, dangerous, harmless, remember*.

Lesson 6. Where is the river Ohio? The Mississippi? Direct attention to Rule 9, and ask questions, so as to see that the pupil understands it fully. *Etymological Exercise:* *devious, determine, afford, direction, beset, adventure*.

Lesson 7. What is taught by this lesson? Attend to Rule 14, tell what it is, &c. &c. *Etymological Exercise:* *lonely, quickly, fairly, greedy*.

Lesson 8. Where is Egypt? What is a Pacha? Who were the Mamelukes? Attend to Rule 13, tell what it is, &c. *Etymological Exercise:* *powerful, troublesome, concussion, fearful, breathless, renewed, fortunate, remnant*.

Lesson 9. When was Rubens born? Where? What was he? Where is Madrid? What is a monk? A prior? Rules 18, 15, and 11. *Etymological Exercise*: *residence, represented, excited, favorite, deserve, inscribe, remembrance, conjure, reveal, entreaty, mission, return, compel, await, fruitless, resist, dismiss, withheld, object, overcome*. N. B. It will be remarked, that in many cases, as in *mission, resist, excited, dismiss, &c.*, the word consists of both a prefix or affix and root, and sometimes of all the three.

Lesson 10. What does this lesson teach? Observe Rule 12. *Etymological Exercise*: *complacency, confidence*. (N. B. These words are each compounded of a prefix, an affix, and a root;) *remember, musical, (al means, belonging to.)*

Lesson 11. General idea of this poem? Observe Rule 16. Why is it necessary to be careful of the tone of your voice? See Rule 3. What are the four common modifications of the voice? What is a monotone? When is it to be used? What is the rising inflexion? When is it to be used? What is the falling inflexion? When is it to be used? What is the circumflex inflexion? When is it to be used? See Rules 4, 5, 6, 7. How is a knowledge of a proper use of these inflexions to be acquired? See Rule 8. *Etymological Exercise*: *beauteous, reckless, dreamless, perchance, midnight, aweful, relief*.

Lesson 12. General idea of this narrative. This story being pathetic, in what tone of voice should it be read? Rule 3. *Etymological Exercise*: *bustling, (ing means with,) accidental, inscribed, wildness, barbarous, blameless, assistance, infirm, homeward, repose, described, pious, missed*.

Lesson 13. It is not necessary for the author to add further questions as to the general sense and meaning of the lessons. It is desirable that the teacher, in all cases, should ascertain by questions, whether the pupil understands what he has read. He should be able to tell where places mentioned are, who persons mentioned are, what general inference, or sentiment, or idea, is to be drawn from the lesson, &c. The teacher should adapt his questions to the pupil, with a view to excite reflection, and induce him to set the machinery of the mind at work upon the subject. If it is found that anything in the lesson is beyond the pupil's understanding, it should be explained to him.—Direct the pupil's attention to Rule 19, and ask the following questions. Why should a pupil have a Dictionary by him? What fixed principle or rule should a pupil observe? What is a root? A prefix? An affix? What is the use of knowing prefixes, affixes, and roots? *Etymological Exercise*: *undeniable, dislike, premonitory, interruption, capricious, naturalist, painful, extraordinary, mistake, obituary, favorite, exorbitant, discharge*.

Lesson 14. Observe Rule 9. *Etymological Exercise*: *tuneful, unknown, clearly, boundless*.

Lesson 15. Observe Rule 12. *Etymological Exercise*: *perfection, deserve, different, disliked, deceitful, defence*.

Lesson 16. Observe Rules 15 and 9. The teacher will please bear in mind, that in all cases it will be well to ask the pupil questions so as to see if he fully understands the rule referred to, can tell what it is, and give the reason why it is important. *Etymological Exercise*: *understand, contradiction, explain, guidance, useless, enforce, apparent, overcome, spiritual, research, clearly, enable, disappointment*.

Lesson 17. Observe Rules 16, 13, and 12. *Etymological Exercise*: *boundless, o'erthrown, balmy*.

Lesson 18. Rules 5, 6, 7, and 8. *Etymological Exercise*: *toward, deposit, remember, persuade, lively, advocate, produce, discharged, eliciting, preceding, possession, interposed, resumed*.

Lesson 19. Rules 18, 17, and 9. *Etymological Exercise*: *foppish, perforce, benighted, airy, buoyant, leafy, tuneful, concord, prolong, rapturous*.

Lesson 20. Rules 1 and 2. *Etymological Exercise* : extraordinary, repose, returned, rocky, departure, innote, recognise, juvenile, numerous, affect, untoward, continue, restless, subsist, betake, painful.

Lesson 21. Rules 9 and 11. *Etymological Exercise* : intensely, poetical, succeeded, donor, guidance, withdrew.

Lesson 22. Rule 15. *Etymological Exercise* : describe, assisted, desirous, different, appearance, continue, regained.

Lesson 23. Rules 16 and 4. *Etymological Exercise* : boundless, stillness, awful, mighty, grizzly.

Lesson 24. Rules 12 and 13. *Etymological Exercise* : tenant, nonsense, discontent, possession, fulfil, assigned, unfitted.

Lesson 25. Rules 12 and 13. *Etymological Exercise* : advantage, mis-doubteth, ignoble, inconstancy, destruction, doubtful, fabulous.

Lesson 26. Rule 4. *Etymological Exercise* : overhanging, distant.

Lesson 27. Rules 4 and 5. *Etymological Exercise* : similar, importance, unsheltered, perform, preparation.

Lesson 28. Rules 10 and 11. *Etymological Exercise* : beautiful, chilly, temperate, triumphant, evergreens, inspiration, equinox.

Lesson 29. Rules 16 and 4. *Etymological Exercise* : eternity, mighty, soundless, sonorous.

Lesson 30. Rule 3. *Etymological Exercise* : mirthful, unearthly, midnight, finally, forever.

Lesson 31. Rule 14. *Etymological Exercise* : desolate, brilliant, preceding, isolated, objects, restless, extraordinary, fanciful, impressive.

Lesson 32. Rule 1. *Etymological Exercise* : pristine, excited, irregular, dependent, dissembler, comparatively.

Lesson 33. Rule 10 and 15. *Etymological Exercise* : constructed, succeeds, excites, enjoy.

Lesson 34. Rule 9. *Etymological Exercise* : designed, interrupt, uneasy, discouraging, subject, useful, disturb.

Lesson 35. Rule 16. *Etymological Exercise* : o'erhead, lonely.

Lesson 36. Rule 18. *Etymological Exercise* : immense, detach, luxurious, surpass, important, discover, mutable, aspirations, advance.

Lesson 37. Rules 15 and 17. *Etymological Exercise* : deserve, produce, useful, productive, mistake.

Lesson 38. Rule 3. *Etymological Exercise* : excited, importance, committed, confounded, return.

Lesson 39. Rules 15, 11, 12. *Etymological Exercise* : riotous, mighty, worthy, compassion.

¶ It cannot be necessary to extend these suggestions. The author has only to add, that he recommends the observation of the following system :

1. Let the pupil be required to spell and define the principal words.
2. Let words often pronounced wrong, be pointed out to the pupil as they occur, and let him be frequently required to read over with attention the faults in pronunciation collected under Rule 2.

3. Let the pupil be required to tell where places mentioned are, and who persons mentioned are ; and also to tell the general drift of the lesson, so as to show that he clearly understands it.

4. Let him be required to make an analysis of the compound words, in the manner pointed out in the preceding etymological exercises. Let this be extended or contracted, to suit the capacity of the pupil.

5. In studying and reading a lesson, let some one or more of the rules be kept particularly in mind by the pupil ; and let him be required to repeat the rule, and assign the reason for it.

¶ Let these five things be done in respect to each lesson.

THE FOURTH READER.

LESSON I. *Petition to the Reader.*

1. COME, youthful reader, lend a listening ear,
And the petition of these pages hear !
For, though a book, methinks 't is no offence
To speak to thee as if with soul and sense.
2. One word allow, thy favor to invite
For these light leaves, unsullied now and white.
Wouldst thou possess a fair and comely face ?
Then do not mark my visage with disgrace !
3. Let no dog's ears on these square corners be,
No greasy thumb-marks make me blush for thee :
No inky spot, no idle scrawl, declare,
That book and reader need a master's care.
4. This said, I fain would win thy listening heart,
Some deeper, better meaning to impart.
Come, let thy fancy stray awhile with me,
In search of knowledge ranging far and free !
5. The West we seek, where boundless prairies lie ;
'T is spread before us, bright to fancy's eye !
Here roams the savage ; let us each draw near,
To mark his aspect and his voice to hear.
6. How wild and fierce the warrior's kindled eye !
How shrill his war-whoop, piercing to the sky !
His home, — the wigwam, — oh how sad the scene !
His wife a slave, — his children all unclean !
7. No school is there, — no church with lofty spire,
Pointing to heaven, and hallowing man's desire.
No holy prayer goes up to Mercy's throne ;
No soothing hymn, no gentle love is known.

8. Fierce, selfish passions reign, — and all declares,
 The untutored savage rough as wrestling bears.
 And why is this? Go search in every nook,
 Thou canst not find among them all a book!
9. Oh, could they read, how soon 't would change their plan,
 And the wild Indian turn to Christian man!
 How soon the darkness from his mind would fly,
 And the bright sun of knowledge light his sky!
10. Books would reveal the God that dwells above,
 Unfold man's duty, — justice, truth, and love:
 Would teach the blissful toil and arts of peace,
 Life's snares to shun, life's pleasures to increase.
11. Come now, fair reader, our light journey o'er,
 One word of inference, and I say no more.
 Knowledge is power, and books that knowledge hold,
 But you must delve for knowledge as for gold.
12. All that is good, — 't is Heaven's wise decree, —
 We win by toil, and all to this is free.
 Study these pages, be thy friend and mine, —
 And all my gathered stores are freely thine.

LESSON II. *The Fox and Elephant.*

1. I AM sorry to say that a great many people listen with more pleasure to a lively tale, that is full of cunning, wit, and scandal, than to a wise discourse, which teaches truth and inculcates virtue. This may be illustrated by the fable of the elephant and fox.
2. These two animals fell into dispute, as to which had the greatest powers of persuasion; and, as they could not settle the matter themselves, it was agreed to call an assembly of the beasts and let them decide it. These were accordingly summoned; and, when the tiger, porcupine, dog, ox, panther, goat, and the rest of the quadruped family had all taken their places, the elephant began his oration.
3. He discoursed very eloquently upon the beauty of

truth, justice, and mercy, and set forth the enormity of falsehood, cunning, selfishness, and cruelty. A few of the wiser beasts listened with interest and approbation; but the leopard, tiger, porcupine, and a large majority of the audience, yawned, and showed that they thought it a very stupid piece of business.

4. But, when the fox began to tell his cunning knaveries, they pricked up their ears, and listened with a lively interest. As he went on to relate his various adventures, how he had robbed hen-roosts, and plundered geese and ducks from the poultry-yard, and how, by various cunning artifices, he had escaped detection, they manifested the greatest delight. So the fox proceeded, sneering at the elephant and all others who loved justice, truth, and mercy, and recommended to his listeners to follow the pleasures of thievery and plunder. As he closed his discourse, there was a loud burst of applause, and, on counting the votes, the majority was found to be in favor of the fox.

5. The assembly broke up, and some months passed away, when, as the elephant was quietly browsing in the woods one day, he heard a piteous moan at a little distance. Proceeding to the place from which the sound came, he there found the orator fox, caught in a trap, with both his hinder legs broken, and sadly mangled.

6. "So," said the fox, sharply, though he was nearly exhausted with pain, "you have come to jeer at me, in my hour of trouble." "Surely not," said the elephant. "I would relieve your pain if I could, but your legs are broken, and there is no relief for you but death."

7. "True," said the fox, mournfully, "and I now admit the foolish policy of those principles I have avowed, and the practice which resulted from them. I have lived a gay life, though even my gayety has been sadly shadowed by perpetual fear of what has now come upon me. Had I been satisfied with an honest life and innocent pleasures, I had not thus come to a miserable end. Knavery, artifice, and cunning, may be very good topics with which to delude those who are inclined to be vicious, but they furnish miserable rules to live and die by."

LESSON III. *The Twins.*

1. IN the autumn of 1826, I had occasion to visit the town of N—, beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River. My business led me to the house of B—, a lawyer of threescore and ten, who was now resting from the labors, and enjoying the fruits, of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings.

2. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful. Pray, Sir, what is the subject of it?"

3. "It is a mother and her twins," said he; "the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it." I turned my eye upon B—; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," said he, "and I will tell it." We accordingly sat down, and he gave me the following narrative.

4. "During the war of the Revolution, there resided, in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to the king.

5. "Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalists swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a Tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

6. "The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the Revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the Tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman.

7. "He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty; gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken with other prisoners of war by the victorious Stark.

8. "He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The gaol in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. 'Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison through which you can escape.'

9. "To their astonishment, he utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of king George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

10. "The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place, where the court was sitting, was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, that it would save some expense if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot. 'And suppose,' said the sheriff, 'that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?'

11. "'I had thought,' said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.' 'I do know you, indeed,' said the sheriff, 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your own way. Go! and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S—.' The farmer departed, and, at the appointed time, he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

12. "I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling

the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity.

13. "It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such interest in a client,—I pleaded for him as I would have pleaded for my own life,—I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty, than by the compassionate promptings of humanity.

14. "Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon if he asked for it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God, and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action which I should repeat, were I placed again in similar circumstances.'

15. "'No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges and tell them, that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them.' It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

16. "In returning to my house, I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which has just attracted your attention.

17. "He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture,' said I; 'is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?' 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and, save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs.'

18. "'Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture,

'tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?' My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me, that, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions; I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison, where my client was confined.

19. "I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room.

20. "In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first upon the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment. His name was fairly written at the bottom! The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty."

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LESSON IV. *The Wounded Robin.*

1. WHY, pretty robin, why so late
Prolong thy lingering stay?
Why, with thy little whistling mate,
Art thou not far away?
2. Away beneath some sunny sky,
Where winter ne'er is known;
Where flowers, that never seem to die,
Down sloping hills are strown?
3. Thou shiverest in the bitter gale,
And hast a piteous air;
And thy lone plaint doth seem a tale
Of sorrow and of care
4. Say, is thy frame with hunger snaken,
Or hast thou lost thy way?
Or art thou sick, and, here forsaken,
Despairing dost thou stay?

5. Alas, I see thy little wing
 Is broken, and thou canst not fly ;
 And here, poor, trembling, helpless thing
 Thou waitest but to die.
6. Nay, little flutterer, do not fear .
 I 'll take thee to my breast,
 I 'll bear thee home, thy heart I 'll cheer,
 And thou shalt be at rest.
7. And oh, when sorrow through my heart
 With bitterness is sent,
 May some kind friend relieve the smart,
 And give me back content.
8. And in that sad and gloomy hour,
 When the spirit's wing is broken,
 And disappointment's wintry shower
 Hath left no verdant token,
9. To bloom with happy hopes of spring, —
 Then may some angel come,
 And bear me on a heavenward wing,
 To a sweet and peaceful home.

LESSON V. *The Violet and the Nightshade; a Fable.*

1. A MODEST little violet once grew by the side of a flaunting nightshade. This latter flower was in full bloom, and, proud of its splendor, could not forbear looking down with contempt upon its humble neighbor; at the same time, it spoke as follows:

2. "Pray, what are you doing down there, my poor neighbor Violet? It seems to me, that you must have a dull time of it, living such an humble life as you do. It is quite different with me. Do you observe my proud leaves, and splendid b'ossoms? It is really delightful to possess such rare beauty, and to be conscious of the power to extort admiration from all we meet. How hard it must be to dwell in obscurity, and be treated with indifference or scorn!"

3. "Nay, neighbor Nightshade," said the violet in reply, "do not trouble yourself on my account. However humble my lot may be, I am at least content. Though I have not your splendor, and cannot expect to dazzle the eyes of anybody, still I have the power by my perfume to afford gratification to those who are fond of simple pleasures; and, if I can do no great good, I am also incapable of doing harm. You are, doubtless, very splendid; but I am told, that you have a mischievous disposition, and poison those who come within your reach. If, therefore, I cannot imitate your magnificence, I have at least the advantage of being innocent."

4. While the two flowers thus communed with each other, a mother with her two children chanced to be passing by. The children both noticed the nightshade, and were about to pluck its blossoms, when the lady told them to beware. "That flower," said she, "though beautiful to the sight, is a deadly poison. Remember, my children, that what is beautiful to view, is often dangerous to the touch. Do you see that little violet, modestly crouching at the side of the gorgeous nightshade? To my mind, it is much the more pleasing of the two; for it is not only very pretty, but it has a sweet breath, and is perfectly harmless."

5. "Let this little scene be a lesson to you. When you see any one who is either rich or beautiful, and who is yet unkind, ungenerous, or wicked, remember the deadly nightshade. When you see one who is innocent, pure, and true, though humble and poor, remember the fragrant, but unpretending violet."

LESSON VI. *An Escape.*

1. It was the afternoon of an autumn day, and my journey led me over a range of low, broken hills, that skirt the southern border of the Ohio, not far from its junction with the Mississippi. The path was narrow, and but little travelled, and wound with a devious course amid open prairies, knolls covered with dwarf trees, and glades of thick forest.

2. I had pursued my way for several hours, without seeing a human being, or observing a human habitation. But

I did not regret their absence, for solitude often feeds the mind better than society. I left my horse to choose his way and determine his pace; and, musing on things far and near, as they came pouring through my imagination, I proceeded on my journey.

3. It was at a late hour, and with a feeling of some surprise, that I at length observed a thunder-cloud spread over the western sky, and already shooting down its lightning upon the tops of the distant hills. Its grey masses were whirling in the heavens, as if agitated by the breath of a hurricane; and the mist that streamed down from its lower edge declared that it was full of rain. It was idle for me to turn back, with the expectation of finding any other shelter than what the forest might afford; I therefore pushed on, in the hope of reaching some hut or house, before the tempest should burst upon me.

4. I had scarcely taken this resolution, when a bolt of lightning fell upon a tall tree, at no great distance, at the same time ploughing a deep furrow in its trunk, and scattering the kindled fragments around in every direction. There was a momentary pause, and then a rush of wind that made the firmest oak of the forest tremble like a reed. This was succeeded by a second and third sweep of the gale, when a tall chestnut tree, by the side of my path, was beset by the tempest. It wrestled with the wind for a moment, like a giant, but suddenly it was torn from its place, and thrown over exactly in the direction where I chanced at the moment to be.

5. I heard the sound, and saw the falling tree; and, believing that I must inevitably be crushed, felt that momentary stupor which often attends the first discovery of instant peril. But the instinct of my horse was not thus paralyzed. He, too, saw the descending mass, and with a bound, placed himself and me out of danger. But the branches, as they fell, grazed his back, and his tail had well nigh shared the fate of that which once adorned Tam O'Shanter's mare.

6. This, however, was the only adventure we met with; for I soon arrived at a small inn, and there sheltered myself and horse from the torrent, which began shortly after to pour down from the cloud.

LESSON VII. *The Greedy Fox; a Fable.*

1. On a winter's night,
When the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey ;
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their lonely way.
2. Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray ;
But at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn by the way.
3. On a roost there sat
Some chickens, as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners ;
So the prowlers found
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners !
4. They both went in
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed ;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.
5. The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all ;
For as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked, that the hole was sma...
6. And the cunning elf
He said to himself,

" If I eat too much, it 's plain,
 As the hole is small,
 I shall stick in the wall,
 And never get out again."

7. Thus matters went on
 Till the night was gone,
 And the farmer came out with a pole ;
 The foxes both flew,
 And one went through,
 But the greedy one stuck in the hole !

8. In the hole he stuck,
 So full was his pluck
 Of the chickens he had been eating ;
 He could not get out
 Or turn about,
 And there he was killed by beating.

9. Thus the fox, you see,
 So greedy was he,
 Lost his life for a single dinner.
 Now I hope that you
 May believe it true,
 And never be such a sinner !

LESSON VIII. *The Last of the Mamelukes.*

1. THE Mamelukes were a powerful body of soldiers, that had long been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt. A few years since, the Pacha, or chief of that country, finding them troublesome and dangerous to his power, determined to destroy them. Accordingly, they were invited to a feast in a citadel, the place being surrounded by the Pacha's garrison, except on one side, where there was a deep precipice.

2. They came, according to custom, superbly mounted on the finest horses, and in their richest costume. At a signal given by the Pacha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame

and iron, and men and horses were at once weltering in their blood.

3. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the citadel, and were destroyed in the abyss below. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion both horses and riders were stunned ; they trembled for an instant, like equestrian riders shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning ; they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to Ell Azish, the other darted up the mountains. The pursuers divided, one half following each.

4. It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death ! The steeds of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, or sped along the edges of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times, hearing the tramp of the pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length, not to rise again.

5. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity : instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy.

6. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed Ell Azish, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and, in time, became the Governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later date, I had the pleasure to see him,—the last and only remnant of that redoubtable corps, which, thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the chosen men of Napoleon's army.

LESSON. IX. *Rubens and the Spanish Monk.*

Rubens was a very celebrated painter, born at Cologne, in 1577.

1. ONE day, during his residence in Spain, Rubens made an excursion in the environs of Madrid, accompanied

by several of his pupils. He entered a convent, where he observed, with no small degree of surprise, in the choir of the chapel, a picture which bore evidence of having been executed by an artist of sublime genius. The picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, showed them the picture, and they all shared the admiration which the master-piece excited in their master.

2. "Who painted this picture?" inquired Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"The name of the artist was inscribed at the bottom of the picture," observed Van Tulden, "but it has been carefully effaced."

3. Rubens sent for the old prior of the convent, and requested that he would tell him the name of the artist.

"The painter is no longer of this world," answered the monk.

"What!" exclaimed Rubens, "dead! and unknown! His name deserves to be immortal. It would have obliterated the remembrance of mine, — and yet," added he, with pardonable vanity, "I am Peter Paul Rubens."

4. At these words the pale countenance of the prior became flushed and animated. His eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Rubens a look which betrayed a stronger feeling than curiosity. But this excitement was merely momentary. The monk cast down his eyes, crossed on his bosom the arms which he had raised to heaven by an impulse of enthusiasm, and repeated:

"The artist is no longer of this world."

5. "Tell me his name, father," exclaimed Rubens; "tell me his name, I conjure you, that I may repeat it throughout the world, and give to him the glory which is his due!" And Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Van Nuel, and Van Tulden, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated that he would tell them the name of the painter.

6. The monk trembled, and his lips convulsively quivered, as if ready to reveal the secret. Then, making a solemn motion with his hand, he said:

"Hear me! you misunderstand what I said. I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer of this world, but I did not mean that he was dead."

"Does he then live? Oh! tell us where we may find him!"

"He has renounced the world, and retired to a cloister. He is a monk."

7. "A monk, father! a monk! Oh! tell me then in what convent he is, for he must quit it. When Heaven has marked a man with the stamp of genius, that man should not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must fulfil it. Tell me the cloister in which he is hidden. I will draw him from his retirement, and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse, I will procure an order from our holy father, the Pope, to make him return to the world, and exercise his talent. The Pope, father, is a kind friend to me, and he will listen to me."

8. "I will neither tell you his name nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

"But the Pope will compel you to do so," exclaimed Rubens, impatiently.

9. "Hear me," said the monk, "hear me in the name of Heaven. Can you imagine that this man, before he quitted the world,—before he renounced fortune and fame,—did not struggle painfully against that resolution? Can you believe anything short of the most cruel deception and bitter sorrow could have brought him to the conviction that all here below is mere vanity? Leave him, then, to die in the asylum to which he has fled from the world and despair. Besides, all your efforts would be fruitless. He would triumphantly resist every temptation. God would not refuse him his aid! God, who in his mercy, has called him to himself, will not dismiss him from his presence."

10. "But, father, he has renounced immortality!"

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity!"

Saying this, the monk drew his cowl over his forehead and changed the conversation, so as to prevent Rubens from further urging his plea.

11. The celebrated Flemish artist left the convent accompanied by his brilliant train of pupils, and they all returned to Madrid, lost in conjectures respecting the painter whose name had been so obstinately withheld from them.

12. The prior, who was himself the painter of the picture, returned to his lonely cell, knelt down on the straw mat which served as his bed, and offered up a fervent prayer

to Heaven. He then collected together his pencils, his colors, and a small easel, and threw them into a river which flowed beneath the window of his cell. He gazed for some moments in profound melancholy on the stream, which soon drifted these objects from his sight. When they had disappeared, he once more knelt down to pray on his straw mat, and before his wooden crucifix. How powerful must have been the struggle in this man's breast, to overcome the love of fame, and the strong temptation of worldly ambition !

LESSON X. *The Jay and the Owl; a Fable.*

1. A CONCEITED jay once paid a visit to an owl, that was sitting among some sheaves of wheat in a barn. As soon as he had entered and made a few observations upon the weather, the jay went on to tell the owl of the many compliments that had been paid him by the various birds in the neighborhood.

2. One had praised his plumage, another his voice, and another his wit. Having told this with great self-complacency, all the time smirking, and flirting his tail, with an air of vanity, he added,—"And now, my dear owl, pray tell me sincerely what *you* think of me; for I know you are a true friend, and I place more confidence in your opinion, than in that of all the rest of the world."

3. "Shall I tell you the truth, or pay you a compliment?" said the owl.

4. "Oh! the truth, of course," said the jay, "I love the truth, and hate flattery."

5. "Well, then," said the owl, gravely, "in my humble judgment, your dress is gaudy without taste; your song, rather noisy than musical; and your wit, mere impertinence."

6. The jay, sadly crest-fallen, jerked himself out of the barn; and the owl wisely remarked, that conceited persons usually pretend to hate flattery and love frankness, but in doing this they are ever fishing for compliments, and always resent the truth as an insult. Let all young people remember this story.

LESSON XI. *The Midnight Mail.*

1. 'T is midnight, — all is peace profound !
But lo ! upon the murmuring ground
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
 Of distant wheels is heard !
They come, — they pause a moment, — when
Their charge resigned, they start, and then
Are gone, and all is hushed again,
 As not a leaf had stirred.
2. Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child, to be thy stay
In life's decline, — or sisters, they
 Who shared thine infant glee ?
A brother on a foreign shore,
Whose breast thy chosen token bore ?
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
 A wide, tumultuous sea ?
3. If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright or boding seal,
 On every trembling thread,
That strings thy heart, till morn appears
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
 As line on line is read.
4. Perhaps thy treasure 's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
 Upon his distant grave !
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped, — nor death restore
 Thy son from out the waves !
5. Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,
Thy blooming bride perchance has filled
 Her corner of the tomb,

May be, the home where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
In midnight's awful gloom !

6. And while, alternate o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief, —
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup, which thou hast sent for me,
I know 't is good, prepared by thee,
Though filled with joy or grief!
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LESSON XII. *The Widow and her Son.*

1. I APPROACHED the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased. "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last reliques of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

2. Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most writhing. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

3. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman, who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation.—"Nay, now,—nay now,—don't take it so sorely to heart." But the mother

could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

4. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

5. I could see no more,—my heart swelled into my throat,—my eyes filled with tears,—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

6. It was some time before I left the place. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

7. The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

8. But unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

9. Time passed on, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaci-

ed and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw his mother and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering ; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye,— “Oh my dear, dear mother ! don’t you know your son ? your poor boy George ?”

10. It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad ; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of childhood. The rest of the story is soon told,— for the young man lingered but a few weeks, and death came to his relief.

11. The next Sunday after the funeral I have described, I was at the village church ; when to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty ; a black ribband or so,— a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs, that grief which passes show.

12. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

13. I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and, before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

LESSON XIII. *Anecdotes of Birds.*

1. THAT birds, like our more sedentary and domestic quadrupeds, are capable of exhibiting attachment to those who feed and attend them, is undeniable. Deprived of other society, some of our more intelligent species, particularly the thrushes, soon learn to seek out the company of their friends or protectors of the human species.

2. The brown thrush and mocking-bird, become, in this way, extremely familiar, cheerful, and capriciously playful; the former, in particular, courts the attention of his master, follows his steps, complains when neglected, flies to him when suffered to be at large, and sings and reposes gratefully perched on his hand; in short, by all his actions, he appears capable of real and affectionate attachment; and is jealous of every rival, particularly any other bird, which he persecutes from his presence with unceasing hatred.

3. His petulant dislike to particular objects of less moment is also displayed by various tones and gestures, which soon become sufficiently intelligible to those who are near him, as well as his tones of gratulation and satisfaction. His language of fear and surprise could never be mistaken; and an imitation of his gutteral, low *tsherr! tsherr!* on these occasions, answers as a premonitory warning when any danger awaits him from the sly approach of cat or squirrel.

4. As I have now descended, as I may say, to the actual biography of one of these birds, which I raised and kept uncaged for some time, I may also add, that beside a playful turn for mischief and interruption, in which he would sometimes snatch off the paper on which I was writing, he had a good degree of curiosity, and was much surprised one day by a large springing beetle, which I had caught and placed in a tumbler.

5. On all such occasions, his looks of capricious surprise were very amusing; he cautiously approached the glass, with fanning and closing wings, and in an under tone confessed his surprise at the address and jumping motions of the huge insect. At length he became bolder, and perceiving that it had relation to his ordinary prey of beetles, he, with some hesitation, ventured to snatch at the prisoner, between temerity and playfulness. But when really alarmed or of-

fended, he instantly flew to his loftiest perch, forbid all friendly approaches, and for some time kept up his low and angry *tsherr*.

6. A late naturalist, the venerable William Bartram, was also much amused by the intelligence displayed by one of this species, and relates, that being fond of hard crumbs of bread, he found, when they grated his throat, a very rational remedy by soaking them in his vessel of water; he likewise, by experience, discovered, that the painful prick of the wasps, on which he fed, could be obviated by extracting their stings.

7. But it would be too tedious and minute to follow out these glimmerings of intelligence, which exist as well in birds as in our most sagacious quadrupeds. The remarkable talent of a parrot, for imitating the tones of the human voice, has long been familiar. The most extraordinary and well authenticated account of the actions of one of the common ash-colored species, is that of a bird which Colonel O'Kelley bought for a hundred guineas at Bristol.

8. This individual not only repeated a great number of sentences, but *answered* many questions, and was able to whistle a variety of tunes. While thus engaged, it beat time with all the appearance of science, and possessed a judgment or ear so accurate, that, if by chance it mistook a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake was made, correct itself, and, still beating regular time, go again through the whole with perfect exactness.

9. So celebrated was this bird, that an obituary notice of its death appeared in the "General Evening Post," for the 9th of October, 1802. In this account, it is added, that besides her great musical faculties, she could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching rationality. She was, at the time of her decease, supposed to be more than thirty years of age. The Colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas a year for the bird, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of her; but, out of tenderness for his favorite, he constantly refused the offer.

10. The story related by Goldsmith, of a parrot belonging to King Henry the Seventh, is very amusing, and possibly true. It was kept in a room in the palace of Westminster, overlooking the Thames, and had naturally enough learned

a store of boatmen's phrases. One day, sporting somewhat incautiously, Poll fell into the river, but had rationality enough, it appears, to make a profitable use of the words she had learned, and accordingly vociferated, "A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!" This welcome sound, reaching the ears of a waterman, he brought assistance to the parrot, and delivered it to the king, with a request to be paid the round sum so readily promised by the bird; but his Majesty, dissatisfied with the exorbitant demand, agreed, at any rate, to give him what the bird should now award; in answer to which reference, Poll shrewdly cried, "Give the knave a groat."

11. The story given by Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," though approaching closely to rationality, and apparently improbable, may not be a greater effort than could have been accomplished by Colonel O'Kelly's bird. This parrot had attracted the attention of Prince Maurice, the Governor of Brazil, who had a curiosity to witness its powers.

12. The bird was introduced into the room, where sat the Prince, in company with several Dutchmen. On viewing them, the parrot exclaimed, in Portuguese, "What a company of white men are here." Pointing to the Prince, they asked, "Who is that man?" to which the parrot replied, "Some general or other." The Prince now asked, "From what place do you come?" the answer was, "From Margnan." "To whom do you belong?" It answered, "To a Portuguese." "What do you do there?" To which the parrot replied, "I look after chickens." The Prince, now laughing, exclaimed, "You look after chickens!" To which Poll pertinently answered, "Yes, I; and I know well enough how to do it;" clucking at the same instant in the manner of a calling brood-hen.

13. The docility of birds in catching sounds, depends, of course, upon the perfection of their voice and hearing, assisted also by no inconsiderable power of memory. The imitative actions of passiveness in some small birds, such as goldfinches, linnets, and canaries, are, however, quite as curious as their expression of sounds. A Sieur Roman exhibited in England some of these birds, one of which simulated death, and was held up by the tail or claw, without showing any active signs of life. A second balanced itself

upon its head, with its claws in the air. A third imitated a milkmaid going to market, with pails on its shoulders. A fourth mimicked a Venetian girl, looking out of a window. A fifth acted the soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel. A sixth was a cannonier, with a cap on its head, a fire-lock on its shoulder, and, with a match in its claw, it discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if wounded ; was wheeled, in a little barrow, as it were, to the hospital ; after which, it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of windmill, and the last bird stood amidst a discharge of small fire-works, without showing any signs of fear.

14. A similar exhibition, in which twenty-four canary birds were the actors, was also shown in London in 1820, by a Frenchman, named Dujon ; one of these suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down, as if dead, was put into a little wheelbarrow, and conveyed away by one of its comrades.

LESSON XIV. *To a Wild Violet, in March,*

1. My pretty flower, how cam'st thou here ?
Around thee all is sad and sere,—
The brown leaves tell of winter's breath,
And all but thou of doom and death.

2. The naked forest shivering sighs,—
On yonder hill the snow-wreath lies,
And all is bleak ; then say, sweet flower,
How cam'st thou here in such an hour ?

3. No tree unfolds its timid bud,
Chill pours the hill-side's lurid flood,
The tuneless forest all is dumb ;
How then, fair violet, didst thou come ?

4. Spring hath not scattered yet her flowers,
But lingers still in southern bowers ;
No gardener's art hath cherished thee,—
For wild and lone thou springest free.

5. Thou springest here to man unknown,
Waked into life by God alone !
Sweet flower, thou tellest well thy birth,—
Thou cam'st from Heaven, though soiled in earth.
6. Thou tell'st of Him whose boundless power
Speaks into birth a world or flower ;
And dost a God as clearly prove,
As all the orbs in Heaven that move.
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LESSON XV. *The Chameleon and Porcupine; a Fable.*

1. A CHAMELEON once met a porcupine, and complained, that he had taken great pains to make friends with everybody, but, strange to say, he had entirely failed, and now he could not be sure that he had a sincere friend in the world.

2. "And by what means," said the porcupine, "have you sought to make friends?" "By flattery," said the chameleon. "I have adapted myself to all I met; humored the follies and the foibles of every one. In order to make people believe that I liked them, I have imitated their manners, as if I considered them models of perfection. So far have I gone in this, that it has become a habit with me, and now my very skin takes the hue and complexion of the thing that happens to be nearest. Yet all this has been in vain, for everybody calls me a turn-coat, and I am generally considered selfish, hypocritical, and base."

3. "And no doubt you deserve all this," said the porcupine. "I have taken a different course, but I must confess that I have as few friends as you. I adopted the rule to resent every injury, nay, every encroachment upon my dignity. I would allow no one even to touch me, without sticking into him one or more of my sharp quills. I determined to take care of number one; and the result has been, that, while I have vindicated my rights, I have created a universal dislike. I am called Old Touch-me-not, and, if I am not as much despised, I am even more disliked, than you, Sir Chameleon."

4. An owl, who was sitting by and heard this conversation, putting his head a little on one side, remarked as follows:

"Your experience ought to teach two valuable lessons. One is, that the world looks upon the flatterer with contempt and aversion, because he seeks to secure some selfish object by making dupes of others; and the other is, that he, who respects every little trespass upon his rights and feelings, is sure to be shunned and dreaded by all who are acquainted with his disposition.

5. "You, Sir Chameleon, ought to know by this time, that honest candor is far better than deceitful flattery. And you, Neighbor Porcupine, ought never to forget, that good-humor is a better defence than an armory of poisoned quills."

LESSON XVI. *The Bible; a Familiar Dialogue.*

"My dear papa," said Mary, one morning, as they were retiring from the breakfast table, "Charles has asked me a question, which I think I can answer, but I am not sure that I quite understand it; and so I told him I would ask you to explain the difficulty."

Papa. That is quite right, my child; you should always try yourself first; and then, if you find the subject above your comprehension, apply for the assistance of those who are older or better informed than yourself. But let Charles state his difficulty.

Charles. I was reading the tenth chapter of Proverbs, papa, and I could not understand how two of the verses could both be true. I know both are true, because both are in the Bible; but I could not help thinking there was some contradiction in the two verses I mean.

P. Well, my boy, I will endeavor to explain them. The Bible is the best gift of God to man, and it is our duty to study it with all our power. We must never pass over difficulties without trying to remove them. In many cases, we may not be fully able to understand the subject; but if we do our best, God will never be angry with us for our ignorance. Above all, we must pray faithfully for the light and guidance of his Holy Spirit, without whose blessing our labor will be useless, and our search vain. Do you understand what I have said, Charles?

C. I think you mean to say, that since the Bible is

God's best gift, we ought to study it with great care, and try to understand what appears difficult, and to pray to God to help us in our search.

P. Quite right, my boy. The wisest man cannot employ his time and talents better than by so studying the Word of God as to be able to explain its difficulties, reconcile its apparent contradictions, make its doctrines clear to less favored minds, and enforce its precepts on all.

Mary. Papa, I have been thinking what was the reason, why, if God's book was written for us all, it was not so written as to be easily understood by all; why there should be any difficulties anywhere.

P. This, my dear child, is a very important point. I will try to show you plainly, that, if there are difficulties in the Bible which it requires our best labor and care to overcome, it is just the same with God's other gifts and blessings. You are well acquainted with the cultivation of a farm. Now just see, what is the case there. The soil is the gift of God; so is the seed; so are the sun, the rain, and the seasons. The very skill of the husbandman, the very hand with which he scatters the grain, are all the gifts of God; but unless he exerts himself, and applies his skill, and strength, and care, in preparing the ground, and sowing the seed, and preserving the growing crop from animals that would devour it, and in reaping and gathering the crop when ripe, he would be a madman to expect his barns to be full of corn in winter. These are difficulties,—they must be overcome; and, unless they are overcome, we all know, that the sun and the rain, acting on the soil, will never of themselves bring forth the full, ripe shocks of wheat in harvest time. So it is with the spiritual gifts of Heaven. It would be just as reasonable to deny that God is the gracious Giver of the productions of the earth, because the skill, and labor, and care of man are necessary in their cultivation, as it would be to deny that the Bible was his word, because it requires much study, and research, and prayer, before we can draw from it the truth and comfort which such honest labors, with God's blessing, will produce. Now, Charles, let me hear your difficulty.

C. Well, papa, you remember I said it was in the tenth chapter of Proverbs; in the fourth verse it is said, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" but in the twenty-second verse we read, that "the blessing of the Lord maketh

rich." I did not quite see how the same thing can possibly be said to be done by the hand of the diligent man, and by the blessing of the Lord. But I think I see it more plainly since I have heard your answer to Mary's question.

P. Well, my boy, I think I can reconcile the two passages without difficulty. But tell me first what you think of it yourself.

C. Why, papa, I think it means that the hand of the diligent and the blessing of God must go together —

P. Stay, Charles; — if I were to dwell upon it for an hour, I could not state the truth more clearly than you have done.

M. But, papa, pray go on; I am sure you have more to tell us on the subject, and I should like to hear you.

P. You observe, that Solomon is here speaking of the riches of this world; and he says, that, in acquiring them, we must be diligent, and God must also bless our endeavors.

M. But I have often heard you say, papa, that riches are no proof of God's favor, and that poverty does not show his anger. I suppose God only blesses the riches of good men.

P. Exactly so. Solomon speaks to us very plainly of certain riches which lead to shame and want. It is only when they are gained honestly, and spent charitably, that they have God's blessing. The Christian is happy in possessing riches, because they enable him to do good; and he is contented, if they are taken away. Whilst he has them, he loves to employ them as a faithful steward of his heavenly Master; and, when they fail, he knows where he may take refuge, and still be happy. Do you know what I mean, Mary?

M. I think you mean religion, papa. You have often told me, that God is our only sure friend in sorrow and disappointment.

P. My children, I will give you the only safe rule of conduct. Trust in God, and rely upon him just as entirely as if you were expected to do nothing of yourselves; and labor to be good Christians, just as strenuously as if you had no grace of God to rely on at all. Trust in God, and do your best.

LESSON XVII. *The Winds.*

1. We come ! we come ! and ye feel our might,
As we 're hastening on in our boundless flight ;
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free !
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we,
Ye call us the winds ; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell ?
2. Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower ;
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower 's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent ;
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave ;
And ye say it is we, but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place ?
3. And, whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh, —
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, — still it is we ;
And ye list, and ye look ; but what do ye see ?
Can you hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease ?
4. Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand ;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back ;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him, who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

LESSON XVIII. *The False Witness Detected.*

THE scene of this sketch was in Germany. Therese, a young lady of excellent character, was suspected of having stolen a jewel, which was found in her trunk. She was on trial before the court. Count ——, her lover, with many friends, were present ; the court-room was crowded, and the intensest interest prevailed to know the issue of the trial. A female attendant of Therese was the chief witness ; she was suspected, however, of having stolen the ring, and opened the trunk of Therese, and put it there, for the sake of bringing the accusation upon her mistress, in order to revenge herself for having been detected in, and reproved for, an attempted theft. The following is the examination of this witness. The result shows the difficulty of concealing crime, and bearing false witness, with impunity.

1. "Do you entertain any ill-will toward the prisoner ?" asked Therese's counsel of the attendant.

"None," said the witness.

2. "Have you ever quarrelled with her ?"

"No."

"Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her trunk ?"

"I do not like to think ill of any one."

"That is not an answer to my question : — do you believe that she put it there ?"

"How else could it have come there ?"

"Answer me, Yes or No," said the advocate. "Do you believe that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk ? Yes or No ?"

"Yes ?" at last faltered out the attendant.

3. "Now, my girl," continued the advocate, "pay heed to what you say ; remember you are upon your oath ! Will you swear that you did not put it there yourself ?" There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed, "Well ?" said the advocate. Another pause ; while, in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts were throbbing, not an individual stirred, or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up.

4. "Well," said the advocate a second time ; "will you answer me ? Will you swear, that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk ?"

"I will !" at last said the attendant, boldly.

"You swear it ?"

"I do."

"And why did you not answer me at once?"

"I do not like that such questions should be put to me," replied the attendant.

5. For a moment the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half-suppressed sigh was heard, and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an eye, which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the Baroness looked as if her firmness was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, round whose waist she now had passed her arm.

6. "You have done with the witness?" said the advocate for the prosecution.

"No," replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, "Have you any keys of your own?" said he.

"I have!"

"I know you have," said the advocate. "Are they about you?"

"Yes."

"Is not one of them broken?"

After a pause, "Yes."

7. "Show them to me."

The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them.

"Let the trunk be brought into the court," said the advocate.

8. "Now, my girl," resumed the advocate, "attend to the questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well before you reply; because I have those to produce who will answer them truly, should you fail to do so. Were you ever in the service of a Monsieur St. Ange?"

"Yes," replied the attendant, evidently disconcerted.

"Did you not open, in that gentleman's house, a trunk that was not your own?"

"Yes," with increased confusion.

"Did you not take from that trunk an article that was not your own?"

"Yes; but I put it back again."

"I know you put it back again," said the advocate.

" You see, my girl, I am acquainted with the whole affair ; but, before you put it back again, were you not aware that you were observed ? "

The witness was silent.

9. " Who observed you ? Was it not your mistress ? Did she not accuse you of intended theft ? Were you not instantly discharged ? " successively asked the advocate, without eliciting any reply. " Why do you not answer, girl ? " peremptorily demanded he.

" If you are determined to destroy my character," said the witness, bursting into tears, " I cannot help it."

" No," rejoined the advocate ; " I do not intend to destroy a character ; I mean to save one,—one which, before you quit the court, I shall prove to be as free from soil, as the snow of the arm which is leaning upon that bar ! " continued the advocate, pointing towards Therese.

10. The trunk was here brought in. " You know that trunk ? "

" Yes."

" Whose is it ? "

" It belongs to the prisoner."

" And these are your keys ? "

" Yes."

" Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it ? "

" No."

" Nor the day before that again ? "

" No."

11. " Now mind what you are saying. You swear, that, for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched, those keys were never once out of your own possession ? "

" I do."

" Will not one of these keys open that trunk ? "

The witness was silent.

" Never mind ! we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it ! " resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

12. " There may be fifty keys in the court that would do the same thing," interposed the public prosecutor.

" True," rejoined his brother ; " but this is not one of them," added he, holding up the other key, " for she tried

this key first, and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt."

"How will you prove that?" inquired the prosecutor.

"By producing the separate part."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the lock!" emphatically exclaimed the advocate.

A groan was heard; the witness had fainted. She was instantly removed, and the innocence of Therese was as clear as the noonday!

LESSON XIX. *The Bob-O'Linkum.*

1. THOU vocal sprite,— thou feathered troubadour!

In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,

And play, in foppish trim, the masking stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature;
But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
The school-boy best has fixed thy nomenclature,
And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O'Linkum!

2. SAY! art thou, long 'mid forest glooms benighted,

So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,—
With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
It makes thee musical, thou airy rover?

Or are those buoyant notes the pilfered treasure
Of fairy isles, which thou hast learned to ravish
Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish?

3. They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks,

Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges;

And even in a brace of wandering weeks,

They say, alike thy song and plumage changes.
Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth,

And leafy June is shading rock and river,
Thou art unmatched, blithe warbler of the North,
When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

4. Joyous, yet tender, — was that gush of song
 Learned from the brooks, where 'mid its wild flowers,
 smiling,
 The silent prairie listens all day long,
 The only captive to such sweet beguiling ?
 Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
 And columned isles of western groves symphonious,
 Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
 To make our flowering pastures here harmonious ?
5. Caught'st thou thy carol from some Indian maid,
 Where, through the liquid fields of wild-rice plashing,
 Brushing the ears from off the burdened blade,
 Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing ?
 Or did the reeds of some savannahs south
 Detain thee, while thy northern flight pursuing,
 To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,
 The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing ?
6. Unthrifty prodigal ! — is no thought of ill
 The cadence of thy lay disturbing ever ?
 Or doth each pulse in choiring sequence still
 Throb on in music till at rest for ever ?
 Yet now, in wildered maze of concord floating,
 'T would seem, that glorious hymning to prolong,
 Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a-doting,
 And pause to listen to thy rapturous song !

LESSON XX. *Migration of Birds.*

1. THE velocity, with which birds are able to travel in their aerial element, has no parallel among terrestrial animals ; and this powerful capacity for progressive motion is bestowed in aid of their peculiar wants and instinctive habits. The swiftest horse may perhaps proceed a mile in something less than two minutes ; but such exertion is unnatural, and quickly fatal.

2. An eagle, whose stretch of wing exceeds seven feet, with ease and majesty, and without any extraordinary effort, rises out of sight in less than three minutes, and therefore

must fly more than three thousand five hundred yards in a minute, or at the rate of sixty miles in an hour. At this speed, a bird would easily perform a journey of six hundred miles in a day, since ten hours only would be required, which would allow of frequent halts, and the whole of the night, for repose.

3. Swallows, and other migratory birds, might, therefore, pass from Northern Europe to the Equator in seven or eight days. In fact, Adanson saw, on the coast of Senegal, swallows, that had arrived there on the 9th of October, or eight or nine days after their departure from the colder continent. A Canary falcon, sent to the Duke of Lerma, returned in sixteen hours from Andalusia to the Island of Teneriffe, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles. The gulls of Barbadoes, according to Sir Hans Sloane, make excursions in flocks to the distance of more than two hundred miles after their food, and then return the same day to their rocky roosts.

4. Superficial observers, substituting their own ideas for facts, are ready to conclude, and frequently assert, that the old and young, before leaving, assemble together for mutual departure ; this may be true in many instances, but, in as many more, a different arrangement obtains. The young, often instinctively vagrant, herd together in separate flocks, previous to their departure, and, guided alone by the innate monition of nature, seek neither the aid, nor the company, of the old ; consequently, in some countries, flocks of young, of particular species, are alone observed, and in others, far distant, we recognise the old.

5. From parental aid, the juvenile company have obtained all that nature intended to bestow, existence and education ; and they are now thrown upon the world among their numerous companions, with no other necessary guide than self-preserving instinct. In Europe it appears, that these bands of the young always affect even a warmer climate than the old ; the aeration of their blood not being yet complete, they are more sensible to the rigors of cold. The season of the year has also its effect on the movements of birds ; thus certain species proceed to their northern destination more to the eastward in the spring, and return from it to the south-westward in the autumn.

6. When untoward circumstances render haste necessary

certain kinds of birds, which ordinarily travel only in the night, continue their route during the day, and scarcely allow themselves time to eat; yet the singing-birds, properly so called, never migrate by day, whatever may happen to them. And it may here be inquired, with astonishment, how these feeble, but enthusiastic animals, are able to pass the time, thus engaged, without the aid of recruiting sleep? But so powerful is this necessity for travel, that its incentive breaks out equally in those which are detained in captivity; so much so, that, although during the day they are no more alert than usual, and only occupied in taking nourishment, at the approach of night, far from seeking repose, as usual, they manifest great agitation, sing without ceasing in the cage, whether the apartment is lighted or not; and, when the moon shines, they appear still more restless, as it is their custom, at liberty, to seek the advantage of its light for facilitating their route.

7. Some birds, while engaged in their journey, still find means to live without halting; the swallow, while traversing the sea, pursues its insect prey; those which can subsist on fish, without any serious effort, feed as they pass or graze the surface of the deep. If the wren, the creeper, and the titmouse rest for an instant on a tree, to snatch a hasty morsel, in the next, they are on the wing, to fulfil their destination.

8. Of all migrating birds, the cranes appear to be endowed with the greatest share of foresight. They never undertake to journey alone; throughout a circle of several miles, they appear to communicate the intention of commencing their route. Several days previous to their departure, they call upon each other with a peculiar cry, as if giving warning to assemble at a central point; the favorable moment being at length arrived, they betake themselves to flight, and, in military style, fall into two lines, which unite in such a manner as to form an extended angle, with two equal sides.

9. At the central point of the phalanx, the chief takes his station, to whom the whole troop, by their subordination, appear to have pledged their obedience. The commander has not only the painful task of breaking the path through the air, but he has also the charge of watching for the common safety; to avoid the attacks of birds of prey; to range

the two lines in a circle at the approach of a tempest, in order to resist with more effect the squalls, which menace the disposition of the linear ranks ; and lastly, it is to the leader, that the fatigued company look up to appoint the most convenient places for nourishment and repose.

10. Still, important as is the station and function of the aerial director, its existence is but momentary. As soon as he feels sensible of fatigue, he cedes his place to the next in file, and retires himself to its extremity. During the night, their flight is attended with considerable noise; the loud cries which we hear seem to be the marching orders of the chief, answered by the ranks, who follow his commands.

11. Wild geese, and several kinds of ducks, also make their aerial voyage nearly in the same manner as the cranes. The loud call of the passing geese, as they soar securely through the higher regions of the air, is familiar to all ; but, as an additional proof of their sagacity and caution, we may remark, that, when fogs in the atmosphere render their flight necessarily low, they steal along in silence, as if aware of the danger to which their lower path now exposes them.

LESSON XXI. *The Blind Musician.*

1. SILENT and still, Lucy and her lover sat together. The streets were utterly deserted, and the loneliness as they looked below, made them feel the more intensely not only the emotions which swelled within them, but the undefined and electric sympathy, which, in uniting them, divided them from the world.

2. The quiet around was broken by a distant strain of rude music ; and, as it came nearer, two forms of no poetical order, grew visible. The one was a poor blind man, who was drawing from his flute tones in which the melancholy beauty of the air compensated for any deficiency in the execution. A woman, much younger than the musician, and with something of beauty in her countenance, accompanied him, holding a tattered hat, and looking wistfully up at the windows of the silent street.

3. We said two forms ; we did the injustice of forgetful-

ness to another ; a rugged and simple friend, it is true, but one that both minstrel and wife had many and moving reasons to love. This was a little wiry terrier, with dark piercing eyes, that glanced quickly and sagaciously in all quarters, from beneath the shaggy covert that surrounded them. Slowly the animal moved forward, pulling gently against the string by which it was held, and by which he guided his master. Once his fidelity was tempted ; another dog invited him to play ; the poor terrier looked anxiously and doubtfully round, and then, uttering a low growl of denial, pursued

“The noiseless tenor of his way.”

4. The little procession stopped beneath the window where Lucy and Clifford sat ; for the quick eye of the woman had perceived them, and she laid her hand on the blind man's arm, and whispered to him. He took the hint, and changed his air into one of love. Clifford glanced at Lucy ; her cheek was dyed with blushes. The air was over,—another succeeded,—it was of the same kind ; a third,—the burden was still unaltered,—and then Clifford threw into the street a piece of money, and the dog wagged his abridged and dwarfed tail, and, darting forward, picked it up in his mouth, and the woman (she had a kind face !) patted the officious friend, even before she thanked the donor, and then she dropped the money with a cheering word or two into the blind man's pocket, and the three wanderers moved slowly on.

5. Presently, they came to a place where the street had been mended, and the stones lay scattered about. Here, the woman no longer trusted to the dog's guidance, but anxiously hastened to the musician, and led him with evident tenderness, and minute watchfulness, over the rugged way. When they had passed the danger, the man stopped, and before he released the hand which had guided him, he pressed it gratefully, and then both the husband and the wife stooped down and caressed the dog.

6. This little scene,—one of those rough copies of the loveliness of human affections, of which so many are scattered about the highways of the world,—both the lovers had involuntarily watched ; and now, as they withdrew,—those eyes settled on each other,—Lucy's swam in tears.

7. "To be loved and tended by the one I love," said Clifford, in a low voice, "I would walk blind and barefoot over the whole earth."

LESSON XXII. *Franklin's First Entrance into Philadelphia.*

DR. FRANKLIN was at first a printer, and had few opportunities for education: but by his industry, good sense, and discretion, he advanced to distinction, and became one of the most useful and celebrated men of his time. The following account is nearly in his own words.

1. I HAVE entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings, so little auspicious, with the figure I have since made.

2. On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress; my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it.

3. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably, because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty. I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me.

4. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds, of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of

some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third.

5. In this manner, I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

6. I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey.

7. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued, till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was, consequently, the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

LESSON XXIII. *Lake Superior.*

1. "FATHER of Lakes!" thy waters bend,
 Beyond the eagle's utmost view;
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
 Back to the sky its world of blue.
2. Boundless and deep the forests weave
 Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
 Their rugged forms along thy shore.

3. Pale Silence, 'mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.
4. Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide,
The spell of stillness deepening there.
5. Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all, a wild, strange aspect gives.
6. The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.
7. The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.
8. The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone,
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.
9. Wave of the wilderness, adieu !
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods !
Roll on, thou Element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes !
10. Thou hast no tale to tell of man,—
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves !

LESSON XXIV. *The Discontented Mole; a Fable.*

1. A YOUNG mole having crept out into the sun one day, met with its mother, and began to complain of its lot. "I have been thinking," said he, "that we lead a very stupid life, burrowing under the ground, and dwelling in perpetual darkness. For my part, I think it would be much better to live aboveboard, and caper about in the sunlight like the squirrels."

2. "It may seem so to you," said the wise old mole, "but beware of forming hasty opinions. It is an old remark, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Some creatures live upon the trees; but nature has provided them with claws, which make it easy and safe for them to climb. Some dwell in the water, but they are supplied with fins, which render it easy for them to move about, and with a contrivance by means of which they breathe where other creatures would drown.

3. "Some creatures glide through the air; but they are endowed with wings, without which, it would be vain to attempt to fly. The truth is, that every individual is made to fill some place in the scale of being; and he best seeks his own happiness in following the path which his Creator has marked out for him.

4. "We may wisely seek to better our condition, by making that path as pleasant as possible, but not attempt to pursue one which we are unfitted to follow. You will best consult your interest, by endeavoring to enjoy all that properly belongs to a mole, instead of striving to swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, or fly like a bird. Contentment is the great blessing of life. You may enjoy this in the quiet security of your sheltered abode; the proudest tenant of the earth, air, or sea, can do no more."

5. The young mole replied; "This may seem very wise to you, but it sounds like nonsense to me. I am determined to burrow in the earth no more, but dash out in style, like other gay people." So saying, he crept upon a little mound for the purpose of looking about, and seeing what course of pleasure he should adopt. While in this situation, he was snapped up by a hawk, who carried him to a tall tree, and devoured him without ceremony.

6. This fable may teach us the folly of that species of discontent, which would lead us to grasp at pleasures beyond our reach, or to indulge envy toward those who are in the possession of more wealth than we. We should endeavor to fulfil the duties of that situation in which we are placed, and not grumble, that some other lot is not assigned to us. We may lawfully seek to improve our fortunes, but this should be done rather by excelling in that profession which we have chosen, than by endeavoring to shine in one for which we are unfitted.

LESSON XXV. *Aphorisms from Shakspeare.*

1. Truth hath a quiet breast.
2. Take all the swift advantage of the hours.
3. There's small choice in rotten apples.
4. They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.
5. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
6. Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes.
7. In delay, there lies no plenty.
8. It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not he which burns in 't.
9. An honest man is able to speak for himself when a knave is not.
10. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.
11. Oaths are words, and poor conditions.
12. Fears attend the steps of wrong.
13. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.
14. When a fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon take means to make the body follow.
15. 'T is but a base, ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
16. A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
17. Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.
18. By medicines life may be prolonged, yet Death
Will seize the doctor too.
19. If money go before, all ways do lie open.
20. Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
21. Let them obey, that know not how to rule.

22. Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
23. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
24. Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.
25. Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak
26. All that glisters is not gold ;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
27. Wake not a sleeping wolf.
28. Kindness is nobler ever than revenge.
29. Do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
30. We call a nettle but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools but folly.
31. Things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.
32. Coronets are stars,
And, sometimes, falling ones.
33. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of
hares, are they not monsters ?
34. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
35. Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
36. Inconstancy falls off e'er it begins.
37. Nothing can come of nothing.
38. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer
39. Men in rage strike those that wish them well.
40. One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
41. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
42. Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
43. Vaulting ambition o'erleaps its sell (i. e. saddle).
44. Delight no less in truth, than life.
45. Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud.
46. False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
47. In a false quarrel there is no true valor.
48. 'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.
49. Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.
50. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and
ill together.
51. Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft
led by the nose with gold.

52. All difficulties are but easy, when they are known.
 53. Fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
 54. We are born to do benefits.
 55. Report is fabulous and false.
 56. Truth loves open dealing.
 57. There is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.
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LESSON XXVI. *The Departure of the Seasons.*

1. THE gay Spring

With its young charms has gone, — gone, with its leaves, —
 Its atmosphere of roses, — its white clouds
 Slumbering like seraphs in the air, — its birds
 Telling their loves in music, — and its streams
 Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
 To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

2. And Summer, with its dews and showers has gone, —
 Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
 Like Spirits of the Storm, — its peaceful lakes
 Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
 Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
 And overhanging sky, — and its bright mists
 Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
 Upon the heads of giants. 3. Autumn too
 Has gone, with all its deeper glories, — gone,
 With its green hills like altars of the world
 Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God, —
 Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
 To wake their thousand wind-harps, — its serene
 And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West
 Like banners from the battlements of Heaven, —
 And its still evenings, when the moonlight sea
 Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
 Of the great Universe. 4. Ay, — these are now
 But sounds and visions of the past, — their deep,
 Wild beauty has departed from the Earth,
 And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
 Their solemn herald to Eternity.

LESSON XXVII. *On Time.*

1. THERE are some insects who live but a single day. In the morning they are born; at noon they are in full life; at evening they die. The life of man is similar to that of these insects. It is true, he lives for a number of years, but the period is so short, that every moment is of some value. Our existence may be compared to a journey; as every step of the traveller brings him nearer to the end of his journey, so every tick of the clock makes the limited number of seconds allotted to us, still less.

2. Our life may be divided, like the day of the insect, into three parts; youth, or morning; noon, or middle age; and evening, or old age. In youth, we get our education, and lay up those stores of knowledge, which are to guide us in the journey before us. As this journey is of importance, we should be busy as the bee, that "improves each shining hour."

3. I do not mean, that we should never amuse ourselves; on the contrary, amusement is absolutely necessary to all, and particularly to the young. But what I mean is, that none of the time allotted to study, or business, or duty, should be allowed to pass in idleness. Every moment should be improved; for we have a journey before us, and, if we linger by the way, the time in which it is to be performed will pass, and, while we are yet unhoused, or unsheltered in the wilderness, the sun will set, and the shadows of night will fall upon us.

4. Middle age is a time of action, and it is important to lay up knowledge and wisdom in youth, that we may act well and wisely in these after days. Old age is the evening, or the winter, of life. It is dimmed by the shadows of coming night, or chilled by the frost of coming death. Yet it is not a period from which we should shrink, unless, indeed, we have wasted our time, and made no preparation against the season that is to follow.

LESSON XXVIII. *The American Autumn.*

1. This season is proverbially beautiful and interesting. Our springs are too humid and chilly ; our summers too hot and dusty ; and our winters too cold and tempestuous. But autumn, that soft twilight of the waning year, is ever delightfully temperate and agreeable. Nothing can be more rich and splendid, than the variegated mantles which our forests put on, after throwing off the light green drapery of summer.

2. In this country, autumn comes not in "sober guise," or in "russet mantle clad," but, as expressed in the beautiful language of Miss Kemble, like a triumphant emperor, arrayed in "gorgeous robes of Tyrian dye."

3. This is the only proper season in which one truly enjoys, in all its maturity of luxurious loveliness, an excursion into the country ;

"There, the loaded fruit-trees bending,
 Strew with mellow gold the land ;
Here, on high, from vines depending,
 Purple clusters court the hand."

Autumn now throws her many-tinted robe over our landscape, unequalled by the richest drapery which nature's wardrobe can furnish in any part of the world.

4. We read of Italian skies and tropical evergreens, and often long to visit those regions where the birds have "no sorrow in their song, no winter in their year." But where can we find such an assemblage of beauties as is displayed, at this moment, in the groves and forests of our native land? Europe and Asia may be explored in vain. To them has prodigal nature given springs like Eden, summers of plenty, and winters of mildness. To the land of our nativity alone has she given autumns of unrivalled beauty, magnificence, and abundance. Most of our poets have sung the charms of this season, — all varying from each other, and all beautiful, like the many-tinted hues of the foliage of the groves.

5. The pensive, sentimental, moralizing Bryant, says,

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year ;"
but his exquisite lines are so well known, that we must resist the temptation to quote them. The blithe, jocund,

bright-hearted Halleck sings in a strain of quite a different tone, in describing the country at this period. Who would not know these lines to be his;

“In the autumn time,
Earth has no holier, nor no lovelier clime.”

But we must not quote him either, for the same reason.

6. This objection, however, does not apply to the delicate *morceau* of poor Brainard, which has seldom been copied, and is in little repute, but which contains the true inspiration of poetry.

“‘What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?’
Have they that ‘green and yellow melancholy,’
That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October’s charms,—
When the dread fever quits us,—when the storms
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops,—he had not sighed.
The moon stays longest for the hunter now;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze, that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest’s pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
‘What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?’”

LESSON XXIX. *The Progress of Liberty.*

• 1. Why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty,—yet why mourn
That such is destiny? 2. Another year
Succeedeth to the past,—in their bright round
The seasons come and go,—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o’er us, will hang o’er us yet,—

The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
 Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
 Like lilies on the tomb of Day,— and still
 Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
 And mark the earth with passion. 3. Love will spring
 From the lone tomb of old Affections, — Hope,
 And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
 As they have risen, — and their deeds will be
 Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
 Of parted centuries. 4. Even now the sea
 Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
 Life's great events are heaving into birth,
 Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
 Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
 And struggling to be free.

5. Weep not, that Time
 Is passing on, — it will ere long reveal
 A brighter era to the nations. — Hark !
 Along the vales and mountains of the earth
 There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
 Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
 Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
 When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
 Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
 And hurries onward with his night of clouds
 Against the eternal mountains. 6. 'T is the voice
 Of infant FREEDOM, — and her stirring call
 Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
 From every hill-top of her Western home, —
 And lo, it breaks across old Ocean's flood, —
 And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
 Of nations, starting from the spell of years.

7. The day-spring !—see, — 't is brightening in the heavens !
 The watchmen of the night have caught the sign, —
 From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free, —
 And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
 That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
 Is sounding o'er the earth. 8. Bright years of hope
 And life are on the wing !— Yon glorious bow
 Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
 Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high Arch,

A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

LESSON XXX. *The Broken-hearted.*

1. Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

2. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be worshipped,—her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers,—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom,—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings.

3. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear,—and her eyelids at times closed heavily down; as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

4. I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl, of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream,—gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies as 't were from very sweetness.

5. It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It

cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon the wave, and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?

6. Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculties, — forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

7. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, — where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, — and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

LESSON XXXI. *Albania during the late Greek War.*

1. AFTER having crossed one more range of steep mountains, we descended into a vast plain, over which we journeyed for some hours, the country presenting the same mournful aspect which I had too long observed; villages in ruins and perfectly desolate, — khans deserted, and fortresses razed to the ground, — olive woods burnt up, and fruit-trees cut down.

2. So complete had been the work of destruction, that I often unexpectedly found my horse stumbling amid the foundations of a village, and what at first appeared the dry bed of a torrent, often turned out to be the backbone of the skeleton of a ravaged town.

3. At the end of the plain, immediately backed by very lofty mountains, and jutting into the beautiful lake that bears its name, we suddenly came upon the city of Yanina;

suddenly, for a long tract of gradually rising ground had hitherto concealed it from our sight.

4. At the distance at which I first beheld it, this city, once, if not the largest, one of the most thriving and brilliant, in the Turkish dominions, was still imposing; but when I entered, I soon found that all preceding desolation had been only preparatory to the vast scene of destruction now before me. We proceeded through a street, winding in its course, but of very great length.

5. Ruined houses, mosques with their towers only standing, streets utterly razed,—these are nothing. We met great patches of ruin a mile square, as if an army of locusts had had the power of desolating the works of man, as well as those of God. The great heart of the city was a sea of ruin,—arches and pillars, isolated and shattered, still here and there jutting forth, breaking the uniformity of the annihilation, and turning the horrible into the picturesque.

6. The great Bazaar, itself a little town, had been burned down only a few days before my arrival, by an infuriate band of Albanian warriors, who heard of the destruction of their chiefs by the Grand Vizier. They revenged themselves on tyranny by destroying civilization.

7. But, while the city itself presented this mournful appearance, its other characteristics were anything but sad. At this moment, a swarming population, arrayed in every possible and fanciful costume, buzzed and bustled in every direction. As I passed on, I myself of course not unobserved, where a Frank had not penetrated for nine years, a thousand objects attracted my restless attention and roving eye.

8. Everything was so strange and splendid, that for a moment I forgot that this was an extraordinary scene even for the East, and gave up my fancy to a full credulity in the now almost obsolete magnificence of Oriental life, and longed to write an Eastern tale.

9. Military chieftains, clothed in the most brilliant colors, and sumptuous furs, and attended by a *cortége* of officers equally splendid, continually passed us. Now, for the first time, a dervish saluted me; and now a delhi, with his high cap, reined in his desperate steed, as the suite of some pacha blocked up some turning of the street.

10. It seemed to me, that my first day in a Turkish city

brought before me all the popular characteristics of which I had read, and which I expected occasionally to observe during a prolonged residence. I remember, as I rode on this day, I observed a Turkish Scheik, in his entirely green vestments, a scribe with his writing materials in his girdle, an ambulatory physician and his boy. I gazed about me with a mingled feeling of delight and wonder.

11. Suddenly, a strange, wild, unearthly drum is heard, and, at the end of the street, a huge camel, with a slave sitting cross-legged on its neck, and playing upon an immense kettle-drum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large ; they moved slowly, and were many in number. There were not less than a hundred moving on, one by one.

12. To me, who had then never seen a caravan, it was a novel and impressive spectacle. All immediately hustled out of the way of the procession, and seemed to shiver under the sound of the wild drum. The camels bore corn for the Vizier's troops, encamped without the walls.

13. At length, I reached the house of a Greek physician, to whom I carried letters. My escort repaired to the quarters of their chieftain's son, who was in the city, in attendance on the Grand Vizier ; and, for myself, I was glad enough once more to stretch my wearied limbs under a Christian roof.

LESSON XXXII. *A Turkish Chief.*

1. THE next day, I signified my arrival to the Kehaya Bey of his Highness, and delivered, according to custom, a letter, with which I had been kindly provided by an eminent foreign functionary. The ensuing morning was fixed for my audience. I repaired, at the appointed hour, to the celebrated fortress palace of Ali Pacha, which, although greatly battered by successive sieges, is still inhabitable, and still affords a very fair idea of its pristine magnificence.

2. Having passed through the gates of the fortress, I found myself in a number of small dingy streets, like those in the liberties of a royal castle. These were all full of life,

stirring and excited. At length, I reached a grand square, on which, on an ascent, stands the palace.

3. I was hurried through courts and corridors, full of guards, and pages, and attendant chiefs, and, in short, every variety of Turkish population; for, among the Orientals, all depends upon one brain, and we, with our subdivisions of duty, and intelligent, responsible deputies, can form no idea of the labor of a Turkish premier. At length, I came to a vast irregular apartment, serving as the immediate ante-chamber of the hall of audience.

4. This was the first thing of the kind I had ever yet seen. In the whole course of my life, I had never mingled in so picturesque an assembly. Conceive a chamber of very great dimensions, full of the choicest groups of an Oriental population, each individual waiting by appointment for an audience, and probably about to wait forever.

5. It was a sea of turbans, and crimson shawls, and golden scarfs, and ornamented arms. I marked with curiosity, the haughty Turk, stroking his beard, and waving his beads; the proud Albanian, strutting with his tarragan, or cloak, dependent upon one shoulder, and touching with impatient fingers his silver-sheathed arms; the olive-visaged Asiatic, with his enormous turban and flowing robes, gazing, half with wonder, and half with contempt, at some scarlet colonel of the newly disciplined troops, in his gorgeous, but awkward imitation of Frank uniforms; the Greek, still servile, though no more a slave; the Nubian eunuch, and the Georgian page.

6. In this chamber, attended by the dragoman who presented me, I remained about ten minutes, — too short a time. I never thought I could have lived to wish to kick my heels in a ministerial ante-chamber.

7. Suddenly, I was summoned to the awful presence of the pillar of the Turkish empire; the man who has the reputation of being the mainspring of the new system of regeneration, the renowned Redsched, an approved warrior, a consummate politician, unrivalled as a dissembler, in a country where dissimulation is the principal portion of moral culture.

8. The hall was vast, entirely covered with gilding and arabesques, inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother of pearl. Here, squatted up in a corner of the large divan, I bowed

to a little ferocious-looking, shrivelled, care-worn man, plainly dressed, with a brow covered with wrinkles, and a countenance clouded with anxiety and thought.

9. I had entered the shed-like divan of the kind and comparatively insignificant Kalio Bey, with a feeling of awe; I now seated myself on the divan of the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, who, as my attendant informed me, had destroyed, in the course of the last three months, *not* in war, "upwards of four thousand of my acquaintance," with the self-possession of a morning visit.

10. At a distance from us, in a group on his left hand, were his secretary, and his immediate suite. The end of the saloon was lined with lackeys in waiting, with crimson dresses, and long silver canes.

11. Some compliments passed between us. I congratulated his Highness on the pacification of Albania, and he rejoined, that the peace of the world was his only object, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures his only wish. Pipes and coffee were brought, and then his Highness waved his hand, and in an instant the chamber was cleared.

LESSON XXXIII. *The Alpine Horn.*

1. THE Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of a cherry tree; and which, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells the highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord!"

2. As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sound lasts many minutes, for every echo of the mountains, and grot of the rocks, repeat the name of God.

3. How solemn the scene! imagination cannot picture to itself anything more sublime. The profound silence that succeeds,—the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest,—everything excites the mind to enthusiasm.

4. In the mean while, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

LESSON XXXIV. *Rules for Conversation.*

1. THAT conversation may answer the ends for which it is designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together with a determined resolution to please and be pleased. As the end of conversation is either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive benefit from it, you should not be eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted.

2. Give every one leave to speak in his turn, hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners; it shows contempt, and contempt is never forgotten.

3. Trouble not the company with your own private concerns. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you. Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person shall have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted; thus, he will be pleased, and you will be informed. When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never disturb it by an ill-timed jest.

4. In reflections on absent people, say nothing that you would not say if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." This is a golden rule, the observance of which, would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

LESSON XXXV. *Boat Song.*

1. BEND on your oars,— for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace!
For the waves they are white with their crests all so bright,
And they strive, as if running a race.

2. Tug on your oars,— for the day 's on the wane,
And the twilight is deepening fast;
For the clouds in the sky show the hurricane nigh,
As they flee from the face of the blast.

3. Stretch on your oars, —for the sun it is down,
 And the waves are like lions in play ;
 The stars they have fled, and no moon is o'erhead,
 Or to point, or to cheer our lone way.
4. Rise on your oars, — let the bright star of hope
 Be seen 'mid the tempest's wild roar ;
 And cheer, lads ! for we who were born on the sea,
 Have weathered such tempests before.
5. Rest on your oars, — for the haven is won,
 And the tempest may bluster till morn ;
 For the bold and the brave are now freed from the wave,
 Where they late roamed so lonely and lorn.

LESSON XXXVI. *Sketches of Syria.*

1. SYRIA is an immense chain of mountains, extending from Asia Minor to Arabia. In the course of this great chain, an infinity of branches constantly detach themselves from the parent trunk, forming, on each side, either towards the desert or the sea, beautiful and fertile plains.

2. Washed by the Levantine wave, on one side we behold the once luxurious Antioch, now a small and dingy Turkish town. The traveller can no longer wander in the voluptuous woods of Daphne. The palace and the garden pass away with the refined genius and the delicate taste, that create them; but Nature is eternal, and even yet the valley of the Orontes offers, under the glowing light of an eastern day, scenes of picturesque beauty that Switzerland cannot surpass.

3. The hills of Laodicea, once famous for their wine, are now celebrated for producing the choicest tobacco of the East. Tripoli is a flourishing town, embosomed in wild groves of Indian figs, and famous for its fruits and silks. Advancing along the coast, we reach the ancient Berytus, whose tobacco vies with that of Laodicea, and whose silk surpasses that of Tripoli.

4. We arrive at all that remains of the superb Tyre; a small peninsula, and a mud village. The famous Acre is

still the most important place upon the coast, and Jaffa, in spite of so many wars, is yet fragrant amidst its gardens, and groves of lemon-trees.

5. The towns on the coast have been principally built on the sites and ruins of the ancient cities, whose names they bear. None of them have sufficient claims to the character of a capital; but on the other side of the mountains, we find two of the most important of Oriental cities,—the populous Aleppo, and the delicious Damascus; nor must we forget Jerusalem, that city sacred in so many creeds!

6. In ancient remains, Syria is inferior only to Egypt. All have heard of the courts of Balbec, and the columns of Palmyra. Less known, because only recently visited, and visited with extreme danger, are the vast ruins of magnificent cities in the Arabian vicinity of the lake Asphaltites.

7. The climate of this country is as various as its formation. In the plains, is often experienced that intense heat so fatal to the European invader; yet the snow that seldom falls upon the level ground, or falls only to vanish, rests upon the heights of Lebanon; and in the higher lands, it is not difficult at all times to discover exactly the temperature you desire.

8. I travelled in Syria at the commencement of the year, when the short, but violent, rainy season had just ceased. It is not easy to conceive a more beautiful and fruitful land. The plains were covered with that fresh, green tint so rare under an Eastern sky, the orange and lemon-trees were clothed both with fruit and blossom, and then, too, I first beheld the huge leaf of the banana, and tasted for the first time the delicate flavor of its unrivalled fruit.

9. From the great extent of the country, and the consequent variation of climate, the Syrian can always command a succession, as well as a variety, of luxuries. The season of the pomegranate will commence in Antioch when it ends in Jaffa; and when you have exhausted the figs of Bairout, you can fly to the gardens of Damascus.

10. Under the worst government that perhaps ever oppressed its subjects, Syria still brings forth the choice productions of almost every clime; corn and cotton, maize and rice, the sugar-cane of the Antilles, and the indigo and cochenille of Mexico.

11. The plains of Antioch and of Palestine are covered

with woods of the finest olives, the tobaccos of the coast are unrivalled in any country, and the mountains of Lebanon are clothed with white-mulberry trees, that afford the richest silks, or with vineyards that yield a wine that justly bears the name of "Golden."

12. The inhabitants of this country are as various as its productions and its mutable fortunes. The Ottoman conqueror is now the Lord, and rules the posterity of the old Syrian Greeks, and of the Arabs who were themselves once predominant.

13. In the mountains the independent and mysterious Druses live in freedom under their own emir; and, in the ranges near Antioch, we find the Ansaree tribes, who, it is whispered, yet celebrate the most singular rites of paganism. In the deserts around Aleppo, wander the pastoral Kourd, and the warlike Turkman; and from Tadmor to Gaza, the whole Syrian desert is traversed by the famous Bedouin.

14. There is a charm in Oriental life, and it is—repose. Upon me, who had been bred in the artificial circles of corrupt civilization, and who had so freely indulged the course of my impetuous passions, their character made a very forcible impression. Wandering over those plains and deserts, and sojourning in those silent and beautiful cities, I experienced all that serenity of mind, which I can conceive to be the enviable portion of the old age of a virtuous life.

15. The memory of the wearing cares and corroding anxieties, and vaunted excitements of European life, filled me with pain. Keenly I felt the vanity and bitterness of all human plans and aspirations. Truly may I say, that, on the plains of Syria, I parted forever with my ambition.

16. The calm enjoyment of existence appeared to me as it now does, the highest attainable felicity; nor can I conceive that any thing could tempt me from my solitude, and induce me once more to mingle with mankind, with whom, I fear, I have too little in common, but the strong conviction that the fortunes of my race depended on my efforts, or that I could materially advance that great amelioration of their condition, in the practicability of which I devoutly believe.

LESSON XXXVII. *Hand Work and Head Work.*

THIS dialogue is supposed to take place in a new settlement. It is between Mr. Stone, who officiates as clergyman and schoolmaster, and who also does something at farming ; Mr. Hill, who is a physician, being obliged to get medicines chiefly among the native plants of the woods; and a boy named George.

Mr. Stone. You seem to think, Mr. Hill, that there is no labor but that of the hands, and that even that does not deserve the name, unless it be rough, and require bodily strength to a great degree.

Mr. Hill. No, I don't mean exactly so ; for I consider that I work pretty hard ; and yet my hands show it more by being dyed with my plants, than roughened by toil. And you, Sir, setting aside your farm, have done so much, that it would be a sin to say that you have not toiled day and night for us. If there has been a person sick or unhappy, or if your voice has been wanted any hour in the twenty-four, you have been always ready to help us. But you would not call yourself a laborer, would you ?

Mr. Stone. Certainly. ~There is labor of the head, as well as of the hands, you know. Any man who does any thing, is a laborer, as far as his exertion goes. A great deal of harm has been done by that notion of yours. In many places, it has been a received maxim, that commercial labor is inferior in value to agricultural ; and agriculture has, therefore, been favored with many privileges. The greatest good of society is attained by the union of both kinds of labor. The thresher, the miller, and the baker do not help to produce food like the ploughman ; but surely they are quite as useful as he, because we could not have food without their help. It would be absurd to say, that they are less valuable than the sower.

Mr. Hill. But, do you not think that a weaver is worth less than a ploughman in society ?

Mr. Stone. Suppose that in our society, consisting of fifty-four persons, fifty-three were engaged in tilling the ground every day, and all day long, and that the other was able to prepare flax, and weave it into cloth, and make it into clothes. Suppose you were that one. Do you not think, that you would always have your hands full of business, and

be looked up to as a very important person ; and do you not think that, if you died, you would be more missed than any one of the fifty-three ploughmen ?

Mr. Hill. (*Laughing.*) But what a folly it would be, Sir, to raise ten or twenty times as much corn as we could eat, and to be in want of every thing else.

Mr. Stone. I think it would ; and, in such a case, we should be ready to pass a vote of thanks to any man who would leave the plough, and turn tanner or weaver, and then we would spare another to be a tailor ; and, at length, we would thank another to set up a shop where we might exchange what we produce, and get the things we want Now, would it not be ungrateful and foolish for us to say, that the farmers were the most valuable to us.

Mr. Hill. To be sure. The natural consequence of such partiality would be to tempt the shop-keeper to give up his shop, and the weaver his loom, and the tailor his shears, to go back to the plough, and then we should be as badly off as we were before. I suppose all labor should be equally respected.

Mr. Stone. Nay, I was far from saying that. Our friend George, there, makes beautiful little boats out of walnut-shells, and must have spent a good deal of trouble in his art. But, if he were to work for a week, and make us each one, he would no more have earned his dinner every day than if he had spent his time in sleep. We do not want walnut-shell boats, and therefore his labor would be worth no more, being ill directed, than no labor at all.

George. The Captain was telling me, though, that if I were at some place in England, I might get a pretty living by my boats. He said, that the *quality*, as he called them, would give me five shillings apiece for them.

Mr. Stone. Very likely, and in that case your labor would not be ill directed. The rich in any country, who have as much as they want of food, and clothes, and shelter, have a right to pay money for baubles, if they choose ; and, in such a state of things, there are always laborers, who are ready to employ themselves in making luxuries. Lace-makers, jewellers, and glass-cutters are respectably employed in England ; but they would be sadly out of place here, and very ridiculous.

Mr. Hill. I am afraid, Sir, that your doctrine would go

far towards doing away the difference between productive and unproductive labor. I have been accustomed to think productive laborers more valuable than unproductive.

Mr. Stone. This depends upon what you mean by the word *valuable*. If you mean that productive laborers add more to the wealth of society, you are right; but, in every civilized country, a mixture of productive and unproductive laborers is the best for the comfort and prosperity of society. What would a nation do without household servants, physicians, clergymen, and lawyers? Would it not be a savage nation.

George. But, Sir, ours is not a savage settlement, and yet we have no unproductive laborers. Everybody works very hard.

Mr. Stone. However hard our people work, they are divided into productive and unproductive laborers. Run over a few names, George, and divide them into classes.

George. Well; I will try. The laborers on Robertson's farm and yours, Sir, are productive laborers, because they produce corn for themselves, and hay for the horse, and flax for our clothes. Then, there are the other servants, who have wages paid them, the Captain's errand-boy, and your maid, Sir, who takes care of the child,— and —

Mr. Stone. Well, go on; tell us what they produce.

George. I really can't think of any thing they produce, Sir; I suppose, however useful they may be, that domestics are unproductive laborers. But there are some others. Fulton produces leather out of what was the hide of a beast; and Harrison makes bricks out of what was only clay; and Linby,— let me see; what does the farrier do? He shoes horses; that is not making any thing. He is unproductive, I suppose.

Mr. Stone. As a farrier;— but he is also a smith, and makes nails and implements of many kinds, out of what was only a lump of iron.

George. Then he is a laborer of both kinds. That is curious; and so are you, Mr. Hill. You make medicines; but when you bleed your patients, or give advice, you are an unproductive laborer. There is an end then to all objections to unproductive labor; for who works harder than Mr. Hill, and how should we get on without him.

Mr. Hill. And how do you class yourself, Mr. Stone?

Mr. Stone. Unproductive in my pulpit and in the school-room, but productive when I am working in the field. I leave it to my friends to say in which capacity I am most useful.

Mr. Hill. You have satisfied my mind completely. I am only sorry I ever understood any reproach by the word *unproductive*; but I shall never fall into the mistake again.

LESSON XXXVIII. *The Power of Conscience.*

1. SOME days since, a gentleman from the West, who was stopping at one of the principal hotels in Baltimore, had retired to rest, when some one entered his room, opened his pocket-book, and took from it seven hundred dollars. There were several thousand dollars in the book at the time, and it naturally excited wonder that any of it should have been left.

2. A few days after the theft, the owner received a note, stating that a person wanted to see him near the Western Bank after dark, on matters of importance, and it was requested that no one should accompany him. The last request was not, however, complied with; and the person robbed, taking a friend with him, went to the place indicated.

3. Upon arriving there, they found a young man, well-dressed, and apparently well-educated, who, at once, without reserve, stated that he had committed the robbery; that, being distressed for money, he had, in a moment of desperation, entered his room and taken the money from the pocket-book; that he had no idea at the time, of the amount he was taking; but, upon examining it, and finding that what he had taken was a five hundred and two one hundred dollar notes, and then reflecting on the infamy of the crime he had committed, he was confounded.

4. It was in vain that he sought to solace his mind by urging the necessity which prompted him to the act; sleep was banished from his eyes, and, a miserable being, he wandered about, shrinking from the gaze of every one he encountered, and expecting every moment to be arrested. Shame prevented him from returning the money, and he

took it several miles from the city and buried it. This brought no quiet to his disturbed conscience.

5. The thought of his guilt was ever uppermost in his mind, and he had determined to return the money through the post-office, and dug it up, and enclosed it in a blank sheet of paper for that purpose. His honesty having so far overcome the suggestions of pride, led him to go further. The return of the money would not relieve innocent persons who might be suspected; and it was this reflection that had forced him, as he said, to return the money in person.

6. Saying this, the young man placed the money in the hands of its true owner, and further remarked, that he was in his power, and desired to avoid no punishment which it might be supposed he merited. The gentleman took it, and bid him "go and sin no more."

LESSON XXXIX. *The Prodigal Son.* Luke, Chap. xv.

1. THEN drew near unto Jesus all the publicans and sinners, for to hear him.

2. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

3. And he spake this parable unto them, saying,

4. What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

5. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

6. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

8. Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

9. And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends

and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

10. Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

11. And he said, A certain man had two sons;

12. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

13. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

14. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

15. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

17. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

18. I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

19. And am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.

20. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

21. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

22. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;

23. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry;

24. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

25. Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing;

26. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

27. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy

father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

28. And he was angry, and would not go in ; therefore came his father out, and entreated him.

29. And he, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends ;

30. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

31. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

32. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.

LESSON XL. *To Seneca Lake.*

1. On thy fair bosom, silver lake !

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail ;
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

2. On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,

The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

3. The waves along thy pebbly shore,

As blows the north wind, heave their foam
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

4. How sweet, at set of sun, to view

Thy golden mirror, spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue,
Float round the distant mountain's side.

5. At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below ;
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.
6. On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
Oh ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

LESSON XLI. *A Syrian Desert.*

1. I GALLOPED over an illimitable plain, covered with a vivid, though scanty pasture, and fragrant with aromatic herbs. A soft, fresh breeze danced on my cheek, and brought vigor to my frame. Day after day I journeyed, and the land indicated no termination. At an immense distance, the sky and the earth mingled in a uniform horizon. Sometimes, indeed, a rocky view shot out of the soil; sometimes, indeed, the land would swell into long undulations; sometimes, indeed, from a dingle of wild bushes, a gazelle would rush forward, stare, and bound away.

2. Such was my first wandering in the Syrian desert! But, remember, it was the burst of spring. I could conceive nothing more delightful, nothing more unlike what I had anticipated. The heat was never intense, the breeze was ever fresh and sweet, the nocturnal heavens clear and luminous to a degree which it is impossible to describe.

3. Instead of that uniform appearance and monotonous splendor I had hitherto so often gazed on, the stars were of different tints and forms. Some were green, some white, and some red; and, instead of appearing as if they only studded a vast and azure vault, I clearly distinguished them, at different distances, floating in ether. I no longer wondered at the love of the Bedouins for their free and unsophisticated life.

4. It appeared to me, that I could live in the desert forever. At night, we rested. Our camels bore us water in goat-skins, and carried for us scanty, although sufficient, provisions. We lighted our fire, pounded our coffee, and

smoked our pipes, while others prepared our simple meal,—bread made at the instant, and on the cinders, a slice of dried meat, and a few dates.

5. I have described the least sterile of the deserts, and I have described it at the most favorable period. In general, the soil of the Syrian wilderness is not absolutely barren. The rains cover it with verdure, but these occur only for a very few weeks, when the rigor of a winter day arrests the clouds, and they dissolve in showers.

6. At all other seasons, the clouds glide over the scorched and heated plain, which has neither hills nor trees to attract them. It is, then, the want of water, which is the occasion of this sterility. In the desert, there is not even a brook; springs are rare, and generally brackish; and it is on the artificial wells, stored by the rains, that the wanderer chiefly depends.

7. From the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Red Sea; from the banks of the Nile to the Persian Gulf; over a spread of country three times the extent of Germany, Nature, without an interval, ceases to produce. Beneficent Nature! Let us not wrong her; for, even in a land apparently so unfavored, exists a numerous and happy race.

8. As you wander along, the appearance of the desert changes. The wilderness, which is comparatively fertile in Syria, becomes rocky when you enter Arabia, and sandy as you proceed. Here in some degree, we meet with the terrible idea of the desert prevalent in Europe; but it is in Africa, in the vast and unexplored regions of Lybia and Sahara, that we must seek for that illimitable and stormy ocean of overwhelming sand, which we associate with the popular idea of a desert.

LESSON XLII. *A Bedouin Encampment.*

1. THE sun was nearly setting, when an Arab horseman, armed with his long lance, was suddenly observed on an eminence in the distance. He galloped toward us, wheeled round and round, scudded away, again approached, and our guide, shouting, rode forward to meet him. They entered into earnest conversation, and then joined us. Abdallah, the

guide, informed me, that this was an Arab of the tribe I intended to visit, and that we were very near their encampment.

2. The desert was here broken into bushy knolls, which limited the view. Advancing, and mounting the low ridge on which we had at first observed the Bedouin, Abdallah pointed out to me, at no great distance, a large circle of low, black tents, which otherwise I might not have observed, or have mistaken them in the deceptive twilight, for some natural formation.

3. On the left of the encampment, was a small grove of palm-trees; and, when we had nearly gained the settlement, a procession of women, in long blue robes, covering with one hand their faces with their long veils, and, with the other, supporting on their heads a tall and classically formed vase, advanced, with a beautiful melody, to the fountain, which was screened by the palm-trees.

4. The dogs barked; some dark faces and long matchlocks suddenly popped up behind the tents. The Bedouin, with a shout, galloped into the encampment, and soon reappeared with several of his tribe. We dismounted; — I entered the interior court of the camp, which was filled with camels and goats. There were few persons visible, although, as I was conducted along to the tent of the chief, I detected many faces staring at me from behind the curtains of their tents.

5. The pavilion of the Sheik was of considerable size. He himself was a man advanced in years, but hale and lively; his long, white beard curiously contrasting with his dark visage. He received me sitting on a mat, his son standing on his right hand, without slippers, and a young grandchild squatting by his side.

6. He welcomed me with the usual Oriental salutation, touching his forehead, his mouth, and his heart, while he exclaimed, "Salam," thus indicating that all his faculties and feelings were devoted to me. He motioned that we should seat ourselves on the unoccupied mats, and taking from his mouth a small pipe of date wood, gave it to his son to bear to me. A servant instantly began pounding coffee.

7. I then informed him, through Abdallah, that, having heard of his hospitality and happy life, I had journeyed even from Damascus to visit him; that I greatly admired the Bedouin character, and I eulogized their valor, their in-

dependence, their justice, and their simplicity. He answered, that he liked to be visited by Franks, because they were wise men, and requested that I would feel his pulse.

8. I performed this ceremony with becoming gravity, and inquired whether he were indisposed. He said that he was well, but that he might be better. I told him that his pulse was healthy and strong for one of his age, and I begged to examine his tongue, which greatly pleased him; and he observed, that he was eighty years of age and could ride as well, and as long, as his son.

9. Coffee was now brought. I ventured to praise it. He said it was well for those who had not wine. I observed, that wine was not suited to these climes, and that, although a Frank, I myself had renounced it. He answered, that the Franks were fond of wine, but that for his part he had never tasted it, although he should like to do so once.

10. I regretted that I could not avail myself of this delicate hint, but Lausanne produced a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*, and I offered him a glass. He drank it with great gravity, and asked for some for his son, observing it was good *raki*, but not wine.

11. I suspected from this, that he was not totally unacquainted with the flavor of the forbidden liquor; and I dared to remark, with a smile, that *raki* had one advantage over wine, that it was not forbidden by the Prophet. Unlike the Turks, who never understand a jest, he smiled, and then said, that the book, meaning the Koran, was good for men who lived in cities, but that God was everywhere.

12. Several men now entered the tent, leaving their slippers on the outside, and some, saluting the Sheik as they passed, seated themselves. I now inquired after horses, and asked him whether he could assist me in purchasing some of the true breed. The old Sheik's eyes sparkled as he informed me, that he possessed four mares of pure blood, and that he would not part with one, not even for fifty thousand piastres. After this hint, I was inclined to drop the subject, but the Sheik seemed interested by it, and inquired if the Franks had any horses.

13. I answered, that some Frank nations were famous for their horses, and mentioned the English, who had bred a superb race from the Arabs. He said he had heard of the English, and asked me which was the greatest nation of

the Franks. I told him there were several equally powerful, but perhaps that the English nation might be fairly described as the most important. He answered, "Ay, on the sea, but not on land."

14. I was surprised by the general knowledge indicated by this remark, and more so, when he further observed, that there was another nation stronger by land. I mentioned the Russians. He had not heard of them, notwithstanding the recent war with the Porte. The French? I inquired. He knew the French, and then told me, that he had been at the siege of Acre, which explained all this intelligence.

15. He then inquired if I were an Englishman. I told him my country (Germany), but was not astonished that he had never heard of it. I observed, that when the old man spoke, he was watched by his followers with the greatest attention; and they grinned with pride and exultation at his knowledge of the Franks, showing their white teeth, elevating their eyes, and exchanging looks of wonder.

16. Two women now entered the tent, at which I was surprised. They had returned from the fountain, and wore small black masks, which covered the upper part of their faces. They knelt down at the fire, and made a cake of bread, which one of them handed to me. I now offered to the Sheik my own pipe, which Lausanne had prepared. Coffee was again handed, and a preparation of sour milk and rice, not unpalatable.

17. I offered the Sheik renewed compliments on his mode of life, in order to maintain conversation; for the chief, although, like the Arabs in general, of a very lively temperament, had little of the curiosity of what are considered the more civilized of Orientals, and asked very few questions.

"We are content," said the Sheik.

"Then, believe me, you are in the condition of no other people," I replied.

"My children," said the Sheik, "hear the words of this wise man! If we lived with the Turks," continued the chieftain, "we should have more gold and silver, and more clothes, and carpets, and baths; but we should not have justice and liberty. Our luxuries are few, but our wants are less."

18. "Yet you have neither priests nor lawyers."

"When men are pure, laws are useless; when men are corrupt, laws are broken."

"And for priests?"

"God is everywhere."

The women now entered with a more substantial meal. the hump of a young camel. I have seldom eaten anything more delicate and tender. This dish was a great compliment, and could only have been offered by a wealthy Sheik. Pipes and coffee followed.

19. The moon was shining brightly, when, making my excuses, I quitted the pavilion of the chieftain, and went forth to view the humors of the camp. The tall camels crouching on their knees in groups, with their outstretched necks and still and melancholy visages, might have been mistaken for works of art, had it not been for their process of rumination.

20. A crowd was assembled round a fire, before which a poet recited impassioned verses. I observed the slight forms of the men, short and meagre, agile, dry, and dark, with teeth dazzling white, and quick, black, glancing eyes. They were dressed in cloaks of coarse black cloth, apparently of the same stuff as their tents, and few of them, I should imagine, exceeded five feet, two or three inches, in height.

21. The women mingled with the men, although a few affected to conceal their faces on my approach. They were evidently deeply interested in the poetic recital. One passage excited their loud applause. I inquired its purport of Abdallah, who thus translated it to me. A lover beholds his mistress, her face covered with a red veil. Thus he addresses her;

"Oh! withdraw that red veil, withdraw that red veil! Let me behold the beauty that it shrouds! Yes! let that rosy twilight fade away, and let the full moon rise to my vision!"

22. Beautiful! yet more beautiful in the language of the Arabs, for in that rich tongue, there are words to describe each species of twilight, and, where we are obliged to have recourse to an epithet, the Arabs reject the feeble and unnecessary aid.

23. It was late ere I retired; and I stretched myself on my mat, musing over this singular people, who combined

primitive simplicity of habits with the most refined feelings of civilization, and who in a great degree appeared to me to offer an evidence of that community of property, and that equality of condition, which have hitherto proved the despair of European sages, and fed only the visions of their fancied Utopias.

LESSON XLIII. *The Fisherman.*

1. A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea ;
In the wild waters laboring, far from home,
For some poor pittance, e'er compelled to roam !
Few friends to cheer him in his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife.
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare ;
Without the comfort, hope, —with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees — its end !

 2. Eternal Ocean ! Old majestic Sea !
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide ;
But let me live on land, — where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun ;
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air ;
Where, whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear,
 Those eyes, which look away all human ill,
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light ;
And the little hearts I love, may, day and night,
 Be found beside me, safe and clustering still.
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LESSON XLIV. *The Clouds.*

1. O CLOUDS ! ye ancient messengers,
Old couriers of the sky,
Treading, as in primeval years,
Yon still immensity.

In march how wildly beautiful
 Along the deep ye tower,
 Begirt, as when from chaos dull
 Ye loomed in pride and power,
 To crown creation's morning hour.

2. Ye linger with the silver stars,
 Ye pass before the sun, —
 Ye marshal elements to wars,
 And, when the roar is done,
 Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
 And wave them to the world,
 Like victory flags o'er scattered fight,
 Brave banners all unfurled, —
 Still there, though rent and tempest-hurled.
 3. And then, in still and summer hours,
 When men sit weary down,
 Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
 With shadowy pinions on ;
 Ye hover where the fervent earth
 A saddened silence fills,
 And, mourning o'er its stricken mirth,
 Ye weep along the hills, —
 Then how the wakening landscape thrills !
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LESSON XLV. *The Village Bells.*

1. Who does not love the village bells ?
 The cheerful peal and solemn toll, —
 One of the rustic wedding tells,
 And one bespeaks a parting soul.
2. The lark in sunshine sings his song ;
 And, dressed in garments white and gay,
 The village lasses trip along,
 For this is Susan's wedding day.
3. Ah ! gather flowers of sweetest hue,
 Young violets from the bank's green side,

And on poor Mary's coffin strew,
For in the bloom of youth she died.

4. So passes life! — the smile, the tear,
Succeed, as on our path we stray;
“ Thy kingdom come; for we are here
As guests, who tarry but a day.”

LESSON XLVI. *Jerusalem.*

1. A SYRIAN village is very beautiful in the centre of a fertile plain. The houses are isolated, and each surrounded by palm-trees; the meadows are divided by rich plantations of Indian figs, and bounded by groves of olive.

2. In the distance rose a chain of severe and savage mountains. I was soon wandering, and for hours, in the wild, stony ravines of those shaggy rocks. At length, after several passes, I gained the ascent of a high mountain. Upon an opposite height, descending into a steep ravine, and forming, with the elevation on which I rested, a dark, narrow gorge, I beheld a city entirely surrounded by what I should have considered in Europe an old feudal wall, with towers and gates.

3. The city was built upon an ascent; and, from the height on which I stood, I could discern the terrace and the cupola of almost every house, and the wall upon the other side, rising from the plain; the ravine extending only on the side to which I was opposite. The city was in a bowl of mountains.

4. In the front was a magnificent mosque, with beautiful gardens, and many light and lofty gates of triumph; a variety of domes and towers rose in all directions from the buildings of bright stone.

5. Nothing could be conceived more wild, and terrible, and desolate, than the surrounding scenery; more dark, and stony, and severe; but the ground was thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that the mind, full of the sublime, required not the beautiful; and rich and waving woods, and sparkling cultivation, would have been mis-

placed. Except Athens, I had never witnessed any scene more essentially impressive.

6. I will not place this spectacle below the city of Minerva. Athens and the holy city in their glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime,—the holy city,—for the elevation on which I stood was the Mount of Olives, and the city on which I gazed was Jerusalem! The dark gorge beneath me was the vale of Jechoshaphat; further on was the fountain of Siloah. I entered by the gate of Bethlehem, and sought hospitality at the Latin convent of Terra Santa.

7. Easter was approaching, and the city was crowded with pilgrims. I had met many caravans in my progress. The convents of Jerusalem are remarkable. That of the Armenian Christians, at this time, afforded accommodation for four thousand pilgrims. It is a town of itself, and possesses within its walls streets and shops.

8. The Greek convent held perhaps half as many. And the famous Latin convent of Terra Santa, endowed by all the monarchs of Catholic Christendom, could boast only of one pilgrim, myself. The Europeans have ceased to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

9. As for the interior of Jerusalem, it is hilly and clean. The houses are of stone, and well built, but, like all Asiatic mansions, they offer nothing to the eye but blank walls and dull portals. The mosque I had admired was the famous mosque of Omar, built upon the supposed site of the Temple. It is perhaps the most beautiful of the Mahometan temples; but the Frank, even in the Eastern dress, enters it at the risk of his life.

10. The Turks of Syria have not been contaminated by the heresies of their enlightened Sultan. In Damascus, it is impossible to appear in the Frank dress without being pelted; and although they would condescend, perhaps, at Jerusalem, to permit an infidel dog to walk about in his national dress, he would not escape many a curse, and many a scornful exclamation of ‘Giaor!’

11. There is only one way to travel in the East with ease, and that is with an appearance of pomp. The Turks are much influenced by the exterior, and, although they are not mercenary, a well-dressed and well-attended infidel will command respect.

12. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is nearly in the middle of the city, and professedly built upon Mount Calvary, which it is alleged was levelled for the structure. Within its walls, they have contrived to assemble the scenes of a vast number of incidents in the life of the Saviour, with a highly romantic violation of the unity of place. Here, the sacred feet were anointed; there, the sacred garments parcelled; from the pillar of the scourging to the rent of the rock, all is exhibited in a succession of magical scenes.

13. The truth is, the whole is an ingenious fiction of a comparatively recent date, and we are indebted to that favored individual, the Empress Helen, for this exceedingly clever creation, as well as for the discovery of the true cross. The learned believe, and with reason, that Calvary is at present, as formerly, without the walls, and that we must seek for the celebrated elevation in the lofty hill, now called Sion.

14. The church is a spacious building, surmounted by a dome. Attached to it are the particular churches of the various Christian sects, and many chapels and sanctuaries. Mass, in some part or other, is constantly celebrating, and companies of pilgrims may be observed in all directions, visiting the holy places and offering their devotions.

15. Latin, and Armenian, and Greek friars are everywhere moving about. The court is crowded with the venders of relics and rosaries. The Church of the Sepulchre itself is a point of common union, and, in its bustle, and lounging character, rather reminded me of an exchange, than a temple.

LESSON XLVII. *Egypt.*

1. A RIVER is suddenly found flowing through the wilderness; its source is unknown. On one side are interminable wastes of sand, on the other, a rocky desert and a narrow sea. Thus it rolls on for five hundred miles, throwing up on each side, to the extent of about three leagues, a soil fertile as a garden. Within a hundred and fifty miles of the sea, it divides into two branches, which wind through

an immense plain, once the granary of the world. Such is Egypt!

2. From the cataracts of Nubia to the gardens of the Delta, in a course of twelve hundred miles, the banks of the Nile are covered at slight intervals with temples and catacombs, pyramids, and painted chambers. The rock temples of Ipsambol, guarded by colossal forms, are within the roar of the second cataract; avenues of sphinxes lead to Derr, the chief town of Nubia.

3. From Derr to the first cataract, the Egyptian boundary, a series of rock temples conduct to the beautiful and sacred buildings of Philæ; Edfou and Esneh are a fine preparation for the colossal splendor and the massy grace of ancient Thebes.

4. Even after the inexhaustible curiosity and varied magnificence of this unrivalled record of ancient art, the beautiful Dendera, a consummate blending of Egyptian imagination and Grecian taste, will command your enthusiastic gaze; and, if the catacombs of Siout, and the chambers of Benihassen prove less fruitful of interest after the tombs of the Kings, and the cemeteries of Gornou, before you are the obelisks of Memphis, and the pyramids of Gizeh, Saccarah, and Dashour!

5. The traveller who crosses the desert, and views the Nile with its lively villages, clustered in groves of palm, and its banks entirely lined with that graceful tree, will bless with sincerity that "Father of Waters." "T is a rich land, and indeed flowing with milk and honey. The Delta, in its general appearance, somewhat reminded me of Belgium. The soil everywhere is a rich, black mud, without a single stone.

6. The land is so uniformly flat, that those who arrive by sea do not detect it until within half a dozen miles, when a palm-tree creeps upon the horizon; and then you observe the line of land that supports it. The Delta is intersected by canals, that are filled with the rising Nile. It is by their medium, and not by the absolute overflowing of the river, that the country is periodically deluged.

7. The Arabs are gay, witty, vivacious, and very susceptible and acute. It is difficult to render them miserable, and a beneficent government might find in them the most valuable subjects. A delightful climate is some compensation

for a grinding tyranny. Every night, as they row along the moon-lit river, the boatmen join in a melodious chorus, shouts of merriment burst from each illumined village, everywhere are heard the bursts of laughter and of music, and, wherever you stop, you are saluted by the dancing-girls.

8. These are always graceful in their craft; sometimes very agreeable in their persons. They are gayly, even richly dressed; in bright colors, with their hair braided with pearls, and their necks and foreheads adorned with strings of gold coins. In their voluptuous dance, we at once detect the origin of the boleros, fandangos, and castanets of Spain.

9. I admire very much the Arab women. They are very delicately moulded. Never have I seen such little, twinkling feet, and such small hands. Their complexion is clear, and not dark; their features beautifully formed, and sharply defined; their eyes bright with intelligence.

10. The traveller is delighted to find himself in an Oriental country where the women are not imprisoned and scarcely veiled. For a long time, I could not detect the reason why I was so charmed with Egyptian life. At last, I recollect that I had recurred, after a long estrangement, to the cheerful influence of women.

11. Cairo is situate on the base of considerable hills, whose origin cannot be accounted for, but which are undoubtedly artificial. They are formed by the ruins and rubbish of long centuries. When I witness these extraordinary formations, which are not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Eastern cities, I am impressed with the idea of the immense antiquity of Oriental society.

12. There is a charm about Cairo, and it is this,—that it is a capital in a desert. In one moment, you are in the stream of existence, and in the other in boundless solitude, or, which is still more awful, in the silence of tombs. I speak of the sepulchres of the Mamlouk Sultans without the city. They form what may indeed be styled a city of the dead, an immense Necropolis, full of exquisite buildings, domes covered with fret-work, and minarets carved and moulded with rich and elegant fancy.

13. To me they proved much more interesting than the far-famed Pyramids, although their cones at a distance are indeed sublime,—their grey cones, soaring in the light blue

sky. The genius that has raised the tombs of the sultans, may also be traced in many of the mosques of the city,—splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture. In gazing upon these brilliant creations, and also upon those of ancient Egypt, I have often been struck by the felicitous system which they display, of ever forming the external ornaments of inscriptions.

14. How far excelling the Grecian and Gothic method! Instead of a cornice of flowers, or an entablature of unmeaning fancy, how superior to be reminded of the power of the Creator, or the necessity of governments, the deeds of conquerors, or the discovery of arts.

LESSON XLVIII. *Falls of the Niagara.*

1. THERE is a power and beauty, I may say a divinity, in rushing waters, felt by all who acknowledge any sympathy with nature. The mountain stream, leaping from rock to rock, and winding, foaming, and glancing through its devious and stony channels, arrests the eye of the most careless or business-bound traveller; sings to the heart, and haunts the memory, of the man of taste and imagination; and holds, as by some indefinable spell, the affections of those who inhabit its borders.

2. A waterfall, of even a few feet in height, will enliven the dullest scenery, and lend a charm to the loveliest; while a high and headlong cataract has always been ranked among the sublimest objects to be found in the compass of the globe.

3. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that lovers of nature perform journeys of homage to that sovereign of cataracts, that monarch of all pouring floods, the Falls of Niagara. It is no matter of surprise, that, although situated in what might have been called, a few years ago, but cannot be now, the wilds of North America, five hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, travellers from all civilized parts of the world have encountered all the difficulties and fatigues of the path, to behold this prince of water-falls amidst its ancient solitudes, and that, more recently, the broad highways to its dominions have been thronged.

4. By universal consent, it has long ago been proclaimed one of the wonders of the world. It is alone in its kind. Though a waterfall, it is not to be compared with other waterfalls. In its majesty, its supremacy, and its influence on the soul of man, its brotherhood is with the living ocean and the eternal hills.

5. I am humbly conscious, that no words of mine can give an adequate description, or convey a satisfactory idea, of Niagara Falls. But, having just returned from a visit to them, with the impression which they made upon my mind fresh and deep, I may hope to impart, at least, a faint image of that impression, to the minds of those who have not seen them, and retouch, perhaps, some fading traces in the minds of those who have. Our journey over, we approached the falls, but turned aside to have a near view of the rapids.

6. Here, all is tumult and impetuous haste. The view is something like that of the sea in a violent gale. Thousands of waves dash eagerly forward, and indicate the interruptions which they meet with from the hidden rocks, by ridges and streaks of foam. Terminating this angry picture, you distinguish the crescent rim of the British Fall, over which the torrent falls and disappears.

7. The wildness and the solitude of the scene are strikingly impressive. Nothing that lives is to be seen in its whole extent. Nothing that values its life ever ventures it there. The waters refuse the burden of man, and of man's works. Of this they give fair and audible warning, of which all take heed. They have one engrossing object before them, and they go to its accomplishment alone.

8. Returning to the road, we ride the last half mile, gradually ascending, till we come to the public house. A foot-path through the garden, at the back of the house, and down a steep and thickly-wooded bank, brings us upon Table Rock, a flat ledge of limestone forming the brink of the precipice, the upper stratum of which is a jagged shelf, no more than about a foot in thickness, jutting out over the gulf below.

9. Here the whole scene breaks upon us. Looking up the river, we face the grand crescent, called the British or Horse-Shoe Fall. Opposite to us is Goat Island, which divides the Falls, and lower down to the left, is the Ameri

can Fall. And what is the first impression made upon the beholder? Decidedly, I should say, that of beauty; of sovereign beauty, it is true, but still that of beauty, rather than of awful sublimity.

10. Everything is on so large a scale; the height of the cataract is so much exceeded by its breadth, and so much concealed by the volumes of mist which wrap and shroud its feet; you stand so directly on the same level with the falling waters; you see so large a portion of them at a considerable distance from you, and their roar comes up so moderated from the deep abyss, that the loveliness of the scene, at first sight, is permitted to take precedence of its grandeur.

11. Its color alone is of the most exquisite kind. The deep sea-green of the centre of the crescent, where, it is probable, the greatest mass of water falls, lit up with successive flashes of foam, and contrasted with the rich creamy whiteness of the two sides or wings of the same crescent; then the sober gray of the opposite precipice of Goat Island, crowned with the luxuriant foliage of its forest trees, and connected still further on with the pouring snows of the greater and less American Falls; the agitated and foamy surface of the water at the bottom of the falls, followed by the darkness of their hue as they sweep along through the perpendicular gorge beyond; the mist, floating about and veiling objects with a softening indistinctness; and the bright rainbow which is constant to the sun,—altogether form a combination of color, changing, too, with every change of light, every variation of the wind, and every hour of the day, which the painter's art cannot imitate, and which Nature herself, has, perhaps, only effected here.

12. And the motion of these falls, how wonderfully fine it is! how graceful, how stately, how calm! There is nothing in it hurried or headlong, as you might have supposed. The eye is so long in measuring the vast, and yet unacknowledged height, that they seem to move over almost slowly; the central and most voluminous portion of the Horse-Shoe even goes down silently.

13. The truth is, that pompous phrases cannot describe these Falls. Calm and deeply-meaning words should alone be used in speaking of them. Anything like hyperbole

would degrade them, if they could be degraded. But they cannot be. Neither the words nor the deeds of man degrade or disturb them.

14. There they flow ever, in their collected might. And dignified, flowing steadily, constantly, as they always have been pouring since they came from the hollow of His hand, you can add nothing to them, nor can you take anything from them.

15. As I rose, on the morning following my arrival, and went to the window for an early view, a singular fear came over me that the falls might have passed away, though their sound was in my ears. It was, to be sure, rather the shadow of a fear than a fear, and reason dissipated it as soon as it was formed.

16. But the bright things of earth are so apt to be fleeting, and we are so liable to lose what is valued, as soon as it is bestowed, that I believe it was a perfectly natural feeling which suggested to me for an instant, that I had enjoyed quite as much of such a glorious exhibition as I deserved, and that I had no right to expect that it would continue, as long as I might be pleased to behold it.

17. But the Falls were there, with their full, regular, and beautiful flowing. The clouds of spray and mist were now dense and high, and completely concealed the opposite shores ; but as the day advanced, and the beams of the sun increased in power, they were thinned and contracted. Presently a thunder shower rose up from the west, and passed directly over us ; and soon another came, still heavier than the preceding.

18. And now I was more impressed than ever with the peculiar motion of the Fall, not however because it experienced a change, but because it did not. The lightning gleamed, the thunder pealed, the rain fell in torrents ; the storms were grand ; but the Fall, if I may give its expression a language, did not heed them at all ! the rapids poured on with the same quiet solemnity, with the same equable intentness, undisturbed by the lightning and rain, and listening not to the loud thunder.

LESSON XLIX. *The Bashful Man.*

1. I HAD taken a letter of introduction from a friend to a genteel family at Paris, and, having delivered it, was, after a few days, invited to dinner. After various awkward mis-haps, arising from my bashfulness, we were finally seated at table, my place being next a young lady whom I was expected to entertain.

2. The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced; soup and *bouilli*, fish, and fowl, and flesh; while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wines, all under strings of names which I no more understood, than I understood their composition, or than they did my *gaucheries*. Resolved to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "*Oui*," to every thing that was offered me, and eating with most devoted application.

3. But "let no one call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he said wisely. The "ides of March" were not yet over. Before us was set a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately, my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, instead of cauliflower; and, so high was my panegyric on it, that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion.

4. Would to Heaven that the *chou-fleur* had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily; and, as I gazed despondingly at the huge mass, that loomed up almost as large and as burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on, against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base; and, shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhume as large masses as I could, without stopping to taste it. But my

stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even of expelling that which had already gained unwelcome admittance.

5. The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

6. The dinner-table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and *liqueurs* were served round. Meantime, I had sought out, what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dared not carry it longer in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in looking for his own hat, to look into mine.

7. On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady, by whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race-horse, up her arm. "Take it off, take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified tone.

8. I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over-her temple with rapid strides. Gracious Heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which was now plastered over her face, like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of soft butter, glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom.

9. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair. "Mon Dieu!" was echoed from every mouth. "Have you cut your head?" inquired one. "No! No!—The spider! the spider! The gentleman has killed a spider!" "What a quantity of bowels!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

10. Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable, had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents remained.

11. "What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower!" At that moment, I felt some one touch me; and, turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

12. "Look at your pantaloons," he whispered. Already half dead at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

13. Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but, before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

14. "*Sacr-r-r-r-e! bête! Sacr-r-r-e! Sacr-r-r-r-r-e!*" the *r* in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause,—a gurgling sound as of one swallowing involuntarily,—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized a hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. By mistake a Frenchman had taken my hat, and there he was, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held

drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore !

15. I stayed no longer ; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a hack, and arrived safely at home; heartily resolving, that, to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

LESSON L. *The Zenaida Dove.*

1. MR. AUDUBON, in his valuable work on American Ornithology, relates an anecdote illustrative of the deep impressions liable to be made on the mind from hearing the cooing of the Zenaida Dove, a pigeon which frequents the small islands in the Gulf of Florida. "The cooing of the Zenaida Dove," says he, "is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, 'What bird is that?'

2. "A man, who was once a pirate, assured me, that several times, while at certain wells, dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known island, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only, who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast.

3. "So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that, through those plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deplored his absence.

4. "After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what is said to be, 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties

and dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace, in the midst of his friends."

LESSON LI. *The Queen and the Quakeress.*

1. IN the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte of England, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome.

2. The illustrious traveller had perhaps never before had any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say "*thy* Majesty," or "*thy* Highness," or, at least "*Madam*."

3. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with, "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her Majesty — Go to your mistress, and say the Queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady; but Friend Rachel Mills expecteth thine; walk in."

4. The queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsy, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well! Rest and re-

fresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her Majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the Society to which Mistress Mills belonged.

5. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte; moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken.

6. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry, hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely answered, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

7. Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair," persevered the princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends and that which I denied to my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say, that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favor."

LESSON LII. *Adoration of the Deity in the Midst of His Works.*

1. THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine :
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.
2. My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee !
3. I 'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.
4. Thy Heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.
5. I 'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !
6. There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of thy Deity.
7. There 's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

LESSON LIII *What are Emblems? a Familiar Dialogue.*

Cecilia. Pray, papa, what is an *emblem*? I have met the word in my lesson to-day, and I do not quite understand it.

Papa. An emblem, my dear, is a visible image of an invisible thing.

C. An invisible image of,—I can hardly comprehend.

P. Well, I will explain it more at length. There are certain notions that we form in our minds without the help of our eyes or any of our senses. Thus, virtue, vice, honor, disgrace, time, death, and the like, are not sensible objects, but ideas of the understanding.

C. Yes,—we cannot feel them, nor see them, but we can think about them.

P. Now it sometimes happens, that we wish to represent one of these in a visible form,—that is, to offer something to the sight that shall raise a similar notion in the minds of the beholders. For instance, you know the Court-house, where trials are held. It would be easy to write over the door, in order to distinguish it, “This is the Court-house;” but it is a more ingenious and elegant way of pointing it out, to place upon the building a figure representing the purpose for which it was erected, namely, to distribute justice. For this end, a human figure is made, distinguished by tokens which bear a relation to the character of that virtue. *Justice* carefully weighs both sides of a cause; she is, therefore, represented as holding a pair of scales. It is her office to punish crimes; she therefore holds a sword. This is then an emblematical figure, and the sword and scales are emblems.

C. I understand this very well. I have a figure of *Death* in my fable-book. I suppose that is emblematical.

P. Certainly, or you would not know it meant death. How is it represented?

C. He is nothing but bones, and he holds a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other.

P. Well, how do you interpret these emblems?

C. I suppose he is all bones, because nothing but bones are left, after a dead body has lain long in the grave.

P. What does the scythe represent?

C. Is it not because Death mows down everything?

P. Yes. No instrument could so properly represent the wide-wasting sway of death, which sweeps down the race of animals, like flowers falling under the hands of the mower. It is a simile used in the Scriptures.

C. The hour-glass is to show people, I suppose, that their time is come.

P. Right. In the hour-glass that Death holds, all the sand has run from the upper to the lower part. Have you ever observed upon a monument, an old figure with wings, and a scythe, and with his head bald, all but a single lock before?

C. O yes, and I have been told it is *Time*.

P. Well, and what do you make of it? Why is he old?

C. O! because he has lasted a long time.

P. And why has he wings?

C. Because time is swift, and flies away.

P. What is his single lock of hair for?

C. I have been thinking, and cannot make it out.

P. I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time, as giving opportunity for doing anything. It is to be seized as it presents itself, or it will escape, and cannot be recovered. Thus, the proverb says, "Take Time by the fore-lock." I have here got a few emblematical pictures. Let us see if you can find out their meaning. Here is an old, half-ruined building, supported by props; and the figure of Time is sawing through one of the props.

C. That must be *Old Age*, surely.

P. Yes. Here is a man standing on the summit of a steep cliff, and going to ascend a ladder, which he has placed against a cloud.

C. Let me see, — that must be *Ambition*, I think. He is very high, already, but he wants to be higher still, though his ladder is only supported by a cloud.

P. Very right. Here is a walking-stick, the lower part of which is set in the water, and it appears crooked. What does that denote?

C. Is the stick really crooked?

P. No, but it is the property of the water to give it that appearance.

C. Then it must signify *Deception*.

P. It is. I dare say, you will at once know this fellow,

who is running as fast as his legs will carry him, and looking back at his shadow.

C. He must be *Fear or Terror*, I fancy.

P. Yes, you may call him which you please. What do you think of this candle held before a mirror, in which its figure is exactly reflected?

C. I do not know what it means.

P. It represents *Truth*. The object is a luminous one, to show the clearness and brightness of truth. You see here a woman disentangling and reeling off a very perplexed skein of thread.

C. She must have a great deal of patience.

P. True, she is *Patience* herself. What do you think of this pleasing female, who looks with such kindness upon the drooping plants she is watering?

C. That must be *Charity*, I believe.

P. Here is a lady sitting demurely with one finger on her lip, while she holds a bridle in her other hand.

C. The finger on her lip, I suppose, denotes *Silence*. The bridle must mean confinement. I should almost fancy her to be a schoolmistress.

P. Ha! ha! I hope indeed, many schoolmistresses are endued with her spirit, for she is *Prudence*, or *Discretion*. Well, we have now got to the end of our pictures, and, upon the whole, you have interpreted them very well.

LESSON LIV. *Naomi and Ruth.* Ruth, chap. i.

1. Now it came to pass, in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons.

2. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Bethlehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

3. And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons.

4. And they took them wives of the women of Moab;

the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth ; and they dwelled there about ten years.

5. And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them ; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

6. Then she arose, with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab ; for she had heard in the country of Moab, how that the Lord had visited his people, in giving them bread.

7. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her ; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

8. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house ; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

9. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them ; and they lifted up their voice and wept.

10. And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

11. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters, why will ye go with me ? It grieveth me much, for your sakes, that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.

12. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again ; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.

13. And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods ; return thou after thy sister-in-law.

14. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God ;

15. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

16. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

17. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them ; and they said, Is this Naomi ?

18. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara ; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

19. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty ; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me ?

20. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab ; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley-harvest.

LESSON LV. *Wealth and Fashion.*

THE following dialogue took place between a brother and sister, both unusually endowed with talent. Horace had just received his license as attorney at law ; Caroline had entered her eighteenth year, and was a belle in her own circle.

Caroline. What a pity it is, Horace, that we are born under a republican government.

Horace. Upon my word, that is a patriotic observation for an American.

C. O, I know that it is not a popular one ; we must all join in the cry of liberty and equality, and bless our stars that we have neither kings nor emperors to rule over us. If we don't join in the shout, and hang our hats on hickory trees, or liberty poles, we are considered unnatural monsters. For my part, I am tired of it, and I am determined to say what I think. I hate republicanism ; I hate liberty and equality ; and I don't hesitate to declare, that I am for monarchy. You may laugh, but I would say it at the stake.

H. Bravo ! why you have almost run yourself out of breath, Cara ; you deserve to be prime minister to the king.

C. You mistake me, Horace. I have no wish to mingle in political broils, not even if I could be as renowned as Pitt or Fox ; but I must say, I think our equality is odious. What do you think ? to-day the new chambermaid put her head into the door, and said, "Caroline, your *marm* wants you."

H. (*Clapping his hands.*) Excellent ! I suppose if ours were a monarchical government, she would have bent one knee to the ground, and saluted your little foot, before she spoke.

C. No, Horace, you know there are no such forms as

those, except in the papal dominions. I believe his Holiness the Pope requires such a ceremony.

H. Perhaps you would like to be a Pope.

C. No; I am no Roman Catholic.

H. May I ask your Highness, what you would like to be?

C. (*Glancing at the glass.*) I should like to be a countess.

H. You are moderate in your ambition. A countess, now-a-days, is the fag end of nobility.

C. O! but it sounds so delightfully. — The young Countess Caroline!

H. If sound is all, you shall have that pleasure; we will call you the young Countess Caroline!

C. That would be mere burlesque, Horace, and would make me ridiculous.

H. True; nothing can be more inconsistent than for us to aim at titles.

C. For us, I grant you; but if they were hereditary, if we had been born to them, if they came to us through belted knights and high-born dames, then we might be proud to wear them. I never shall cease to regret, that I was not born under a monarchy.

H. You seem to forget that all are not lords and ladies in the royal dominions. Suppose you should have drawn your first breath among plebeians; suppose it should have been your lot to crouch and bend, or be trodden under foot by some titled personage, whom in your heart you despised; what then?

C. You may easily suppose, that I did not mean to take those chances. No, I meant to be born among the higher ranks.

H. Your own reason must tell you, that all cannot be born among the higher ranks, for then the lower ones would be wanting, which constitute the comparison. Now Caroline, we come to the very point. Is it not better to be born under a government in which there is neither extreme of high or low; where one man cannot be raised preëminently over another; and where our nobility consists of talent and virtue.

C. This sounds very patriotic, brother, but I am inclined to think that wealth constitutes our nobility, and the right of abusing each other our liberty.

H. You are as fond of aphorisms as ever Lavater was, but they are not always true.

C. I will just ask you, if our rich men, who ride in their own carriages, who have fine houses, and who count by millions, are not our great men?

H. They have all the greatness money can buy; but this is a very limited one.

C. In my opinion, money is power.

H. You mistake, Caroline; money may buy a temporary power, but talent is power itself; and, when united to virtue, a Godlike power, one before which the mere man of millions quails. No; give me talent, health, and unwavering principle, and I will not ask for wealth, but I will carve my own way; and, depend upon it, wealth will be honorably mine.

C. Well, Horace, I heartily wish you the possession of all together, talent, principle, and wealth. Really, without flattery, the two first you have; and the last, according to your own idea, will come when you beckon to it. Now I can tell you, that I feel as determined as you do, to "carve my own way." I see you smile, but I have always believed we could accomplish what we steadily will. Depend upon it, the time is not distant, when you shall see me in possession of all the rank that any one can obtain in our plebeian country.

The brother and sister pursued the paths they had severally marked out; the former succeeded to the full extent of his wishes, and became a prosperous man; the latter prosecuted her schemes of ambition, but they only resulted in disappointment and mortification.

LESSON LVI. *Goffe the Regicide.*

CHARLES I. of England was beheaded according to the sentence of a court styled the High Court of Justice, in 1648. His son, Charles II. coming to the throne in 1660, the judges who had passed sentence upon his father, and were called regicides, fled the country. William Goffe, noticed in the following sketch, was one of these, and arrived at Boston in June, 1660.

1. IN the course of Philip's war, of 1675, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the first of September, 1675,

as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages.

2. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church; and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict, was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages.

3. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation.

4. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterwards, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known, that their deliverer was Goffe,—Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place.

LESSON LVII. *Melrose Abbey.*

THIS is a fine old ruin of an ancient Abbey in Scotland.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress alternately
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
 When silver edges the imagery
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go,— but go alone the while,—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

LESSON LVIII. *The Set of Diamonds.*

1. MR. E—, a physician of Paris, well known for his skill in curing mental disorders, saw arrive at his gate, one morning, a lady who seemed forty years old, although still young and fresh. She was admitted within the gate of the celebrated physician, and introduced herself as the Countess M—. She then spoke as a mother in desolation and despair, in the following terms :

2. "Sir, you see a woman a prey to the most violent chagrin. I have a son ; he is very dear to me as well as to my husband ; he is our only son." Tears here like rain fell, such as Artemisia shed over the tomb of Mausolus.

3. "Ah, yes! — Y—es, Sir !" said she, " and for some time we have suffered the most horrible fears. He is now at the age when the passions develope themselves. Although we gratify all his wishes, money, liberty, &c., he evinces many signs of dementation. The most remarkable is, that he is always talking about jewelry, or of diamonds which he has sold or given to some woman, all unintelligible. The father and I are lost in sounding the cause of this folly."

4. "Well, Madam, bring your son here."

" Ah, to-morrow, Sir, — by all means, at noon ? "

" That will do."

The doctor respectfully conducted the lady to her carriage, not forgetting to scan the coat of arms and the lackeys.

5. The next morning the Countess drove to a famous jeweller, and after having a long time cheapened a set worth thirty thousand crowns, she finally purchased it. She negligently drew a purse from her reticule, found there ten thousand francs in bank notes, and spread them out; but immediately gathering them up, she said to the jeweller, " You had better send a person with me. My husband will pay him. I find I have not the entire sum."

6. The jeweller made a sign to a young man, who proudly delighted to go in such an equipage, started off with the Countess. She drove to the doctor's door. She whispered to the doctor, " This is my son, I leave him with you." To the young man she said, " My husband is in the study,—walk in; he will pay you."

The young man went in. The Countess and the carriage went off at first slow, and noiseless; soon after the horses galloped.

7. " Ah, well, young man," said the physician, " you understand the business, I suppose.—Let us see; how do you feel? what is going on in this young head?"

" What passes in my head, Sir? Nothing, except settling for the set of diamonds."

8. " We understand all that," said the doctor, gently pushing aside the bill. " I know, I know."

" If the gentleman knows the amount, no more remains but to pay the cash."

" Indeed! indeed! Be calm, where did you get your diamonds? what has become of them?—Say as much as you will; I will listen patiently."

9. " The business is, to pay me, Sir, thirty thousand crowns."

" Wherefore?"

" How, wherefore?" said the young man, whose eyes began to glisten.

" Yes, why should I pay you?"

" Because Madame, the Countess, has just purchased the diamonds at our house."

10. " Good! here we have you. Who is the Countess?"

" Your wife;" and he presented a bill.

" But do you know, young man, that I have the honor to be a physician, and a widower?"

11. Here the young man became transported, and the doctor called his domestics, and bade them seize him by the hands and feet, which raised his transport to fury. He cried "Thief! murder!" but at the end of a quarter of an hour he calmed down, explained every thing soberly, and a terrible light began to dawn upon the doctor. He was not long in discovering that the Countess was a cheat, and had devised the whole scheme for the purpose of securing the jewels.

12. Notwithstanding all the search that could be made, this singular theft, so ingenious, so original, from the scene which took place between the physician and the young man, was never discovered. The pretended Countess had taken care to conceal every trace of herself. The drivers and lackeys were her accomplices; the carriage was hired; and this history remains a monument in the memoirs of jewellers.

LESSON LIX. *Fight with a Shark.*

1. THE following curious description of a conflict with a shark in the vicinity of Calcutta, in India, is related by an eyewitness, and is entitled to perfect credence.

2. "I chanced to be on the spot when this display of coolness and courage took place; and, had I not witnessed it, I confess I should have been skeptical in believing what, nevertheless, is plain matter of fact. I was walking on the bank of the river, at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes.

3. "A considerable number of Coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water,—returning again, as if eager yet afraid, to approach some object, and again retreating as before. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along, now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey.

4. "At this moment, a native, on the Choppah roof of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look

that evidently indicated that he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged in the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster.

5. "The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the man, who, in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other.

6. "The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea, that they had gone down grappling together.

7. "As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both hands over his head, and calling out, with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, "Tan,—tan!" The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore, and despatched.

8. "When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit, bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in con-

tact with the tail, or some one of the fins, of the animal. It did not occur to me to ask if this was the first shark fight in which he had been engaged; but, from the preparations and ready assistance he received from his companions in the boats, I should suppose that he has more than once displayed the same courage and dexterity which so much astonished me. The scene was altogether one I shall never forget."

LESSON LX. *Virginius and his Daughter Virginia.*

THIS is taken from a tragedy, the plot of which is laid in ancient Rome. Virginius is a Roman patriot, and has become offended with Icilius, for participating in a public act, unfriendly to the liberties of the people. At the same time he suspects that his daughter loves Icilius. His design is, to learn the truth; which is unwittingly betrayed by Virginia to her father.

Virginia. Well, Father; what's your will?

Virginius. I wished to see you,
To ask you of your tasks,— how go they on,—
And what your masters say of you,— what last
You did. I hope you never play
The truant?

Virg. The truant! No, indeed, Virginius.

V. I am sure you do not,— kiss me!

Virg. O! my father,
I am so happy, when you're kind to me!

V. You are so happy when I'm kind to you!
Am I not always kind? I never spoke
An angry word to you in all my life,
Virginia! You are happy when I'm kind!
That's strange; and makes me think you have some reason
To fear I may be otherwise than kind.
Is't so, my girl?

Virg. Indeed! I did not know
What I was saying to you!

V. Why! that's worse
And worse! What! when you said your father's kindness
Made you so happy, am I to believe
You were not thinking of him?

Virg. I —

V. Go fetch me
The latest task you did. (*She goes.*)
is enough.

Her artless speech, like crystal, shows the thing
'T would hide, but only covers. 'T is enough!
She loves, and fears her father may condemn.

Virg. (*Re-entering with a painting.*)
Here, Sir!

V. What's this?

Virg. 'T is Homer's history
Of great Achilles, parting from Briseis.

V. You have done it well. The coloring is good.
The figure's well designed. 'T is very well! —
Whose face is this you've given to Achilles?

Virg. Whose face?

V. I've seen this face! Tut! Tut! I know it
As well as I do my own; yet, can't bethink me
Whose face it is!

Virg. You mean Achilles' face!

V. Did I not say so? 'T is the very face
Of — No! No! Not of him. There's too much youth
And comeliness; and too much fire, to suit
The face of Lucius Dentatus.

Virg. O!

You surely never took it for his face!

V. Why, no; for now I look again, I'd swear
You lost the copy, ere you drew the head;
And, to requite Achilles for the want
Of his own face, contrived to borrow one
From Lucius Icilius.

(*Here Dentatus enters, and, after some conversation, he and Virginius retire.*)

Virg. How is it with my heart? I feel as one
That has lost every thing, and just before
Had nothing left to wish for! He will cast
Icilius off! I never told it yet;
But take from me, thou gentle air, the secret, —
And ever after breathe more balmy sweet, —
I love Icilius!

LESSON LXI. *Capture of a Whale.*

1. A FEW long and vigorous strokes run the boat of the whaleman directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The coxswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, Long Tom shouted with singular earnestness, " Stern all ! "

2. " Stern all ! " echoed Barnstable ; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance ; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

3. " Snub him ! " shouted Barnstable ; " hold on, Tom ; he rises already." " Ay, ay, Sir," replied the composed coxswain, seizing the line which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the logger-head, that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear.

4. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments seemed to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When Long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with

exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried;

5. "Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean!"

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one, whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

6. "'T is the creature's way, Sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

7. The seamen now seized their whale line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid, as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied, "There's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, Sir; starn off! the creature's in his flurry!"

8. The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies.

9. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these effects subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of

the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and, when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

LESSON LXII. *Life.*

1. WE toil for renown, yet we sigh for repose ;
We are happy in prospect, yet restless to-day ;
And we look back on life, from its dawn to its close,
To feel that we 've squandered its treasures away.

 2. Though bound by obstructions of clay to our sphere,
Our hearts may aspire to a better to rise ;
But evil the weight is that fixes them here,
For frail are our pinions, and far are the skies.

 3. We love,— but the object has withered and died,
We are left as a wreck on a desolate shore,
To remember with grief as we gaze on the tide,
That the cherished, the lost, and beloved, are no more.

 4. The lost,— the lamented ! Ye cannot return,
To learn how our souls were with yours interwove ;
To see the vain flowers that we strew on the urn,
Or behold from our sorrow how deep was our love.
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LESSON LXIII. *The River.*

1. RIVER ! River ! little River !
Bright you sparkle on your way ;
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

2. River ! River ! swelling River !
On you rush o'er rough and smooth, —

Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

3. River! River! brimming River!
Broad, and deep, and still as time;
Seeming still,—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

4. River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

5. River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

LESSON LXIV. *Reputation.*

1. THE desire of praise, when it is discreet and moderate, is always attended with emulation and a strong desire of excelling; and, so long as we can stop here, there is no harm done to ourselves or others.

2. St. Paul exhorts Christians to follow, not only whatsoever things are right, but whatsoever things are of good report. The love of reputation, therefore, if it be not joined to a bad disposition, will scarcely of itself lead us to immoral actions.

3. Yet the things, which the world generally admires and praises most, are not the things in their own nature most valuable. They are those bright abilities and fair endowments, which relate to the present life, and terminate with it.

4. Christian virtues are of a more silent and retired nature. God and good angels approve them; but the busy world overlooks them. So that he who principally affects

popular approbation, runs some danger of living and dying well known to others and little known to himself; ignorant of the state of his own soul, and forgetful of the account which he has to render up to God.

LESSON LXV. *Anecdote of Dwight and Dennie.*

1. SOME few years since, as Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord, that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the Reverend Doctor, perhaps I may bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself.

2. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. Struck with the physiognomy of his companion, he then unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation.

3. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished and literary characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the *Port Folio*," says the Doctor in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States,—the Father of American belles lettres. But, Sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing, that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl?"

4. "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," says the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right and you are wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking, that Abercrombie and Mason were among

the most distinguished divines ; " nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America has produced. But, Sir," continued Dennie, " there are traits in his character, unworthy of so wise and great a man, and of the most detestable description ; he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age ! "

5. " Sir," says the Doctor, " you are grossly mistaken ; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary." " Sir," says Dennie, " you are mistaken ; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who I am confident would not tell me an untruth." " No more slander !" says the Doctor ; " I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak !" " And I, too," exclaimed Dennie, " am Mr. Dennie, of whom *you spoke* ! "

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

LESSON LXVI. *On the Death of Professor Fisher,*

WHO was lost, with many other passengers, in the Albion, wrecked on the coast of Ireland, in 1822. He was a Professor in Yale College, and of distinguished abilities. The second verse refers to the fact that he was going to Europe to prosecute scientific inquiries.

1. THE breath of air, that stirs the harp's soft string,
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
The drops of dew, exhaled from flowers of spring,
 Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash.
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
 Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

2. So science whispered in thy charmed ear,
 And radiant learning beckoned thee away.
The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
 Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.

And they have wrecked thee ! — But there is a shore,
 Where storms are hushed, where tempests never rage ;
 Where angry skies and blackening seas no more,
 With gusty strength, their roaring warfare wage ;
 By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod, —
 Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

LESSON LXVII. *Incidents of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Death and Character of Warren.*

1. DURING the progress of this famous battle, which took place June 17th, 1775, a little incident occurred, in which General Putnam, and Major Small of the British army, were the parties concerned, and which throws over the various heroes of the day a halo of chivalry. These two officers were personally known to each other, and had, in fact, while serving together in the former wars, against the French, contracted a close friendship.

2. After the fire from the American works had taken effect, Major Small, like his commander, remained almost alone upon the field. His companions in arms had been all swept away, and, standing thus apart, he became immediately, from the brilliancy of his dress, a conspicuous mark for the Americans within the redoubt. They had already pointed their unerring rifles at his heart, and the delay of another minute would probably have stopped its pulses forever.

3. At this moment, General Putnam recognised his friend, and, perceiving the imminent danger in which he was placed, sprang upon the parapet, and threw himself before the levelled rifles. "Spare that officer, my gallant comrades," said the noble-minded veteran; "we are friends; we are brothers; do you not remember how we rushed into each others' arms, at the meeting for the exchange of prisoners?" This appeal, urged in the well-known voice of a favorite old chief, was successful, and Major Small retired unmolested from the field.

4. General Warren had come upon the field, as he said, to learn the art of war from a veteran soldier. He had

offered to take Colonel Prescott's orders; but his desperate courage would hardly permit him immediately to retire. It was not without extreme reluctance, and at the very latest moment, that he quitted the redoubt; and he was slowly retreating from it, being still at a few rods' distance only, when the British had obtained full possession. His person was of course in imminent danger.

5. At this critical moment, Major Small, whose life had been saved in a similar emergency by General Putnam, attempted to requite the service by rendering one of a like character to Warren. He called out to him by name from the redoubt, and begged him to surrender, at the same time ordering the men around him to suspend their fire. Warren turned his head, as if he recognised the voice, but the effort was too late. While his face was directed toward the works, ~~when~~ struck him on the forehead, and inflicted a wound

6. Had it been the fortune of Warren to live out the usual term of existence, he would probably have passed with distinction through a high career of usefulness and glory. His great powers, no longer limited to the sphere of a single province, would have directed the councils, or led the armies, of a vast confederate empire. We should have seen him, like his contemporaries and fellow-patriots, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, sustaining the highest magistracies at home, or securing the rights and interests of the country in her most important embassies abroad; and, at length, in declining age, illuminating, like them, the whole social sphere, with the mild splendor of a long and peaceful retirement. This destiny was reserved for them,—for others.

7. To Warren, distinguished, as he was, among the bravest, wisest, and best of the patriotic band, was assigned, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, the crown of early martyrdom. It becomes not human frailty to murmur at the will of Heaven; and, however painful may be the first emotions excited in the mind by the sudden and premature eclipse of so much talent and virtue, it may, perhaps, well be doubted, whether, by any course of active service, in a civil or military department, General Warren could have rendered more essential benefit to the country, or to the cause of liberty throughout the world, than by the single act of heroic self-devotion which closed his existence. The

blood of martyrs has been, in all ages, the nourishing rain of religion and liberty.

8. There are many among the patriots and heroes of the revolutionary war, whose names are connected with a greater number of important transactions; whose biography, correspondence, and writings fill more pages; and whose names will occupy a larger space in general history; but there is hardly one whose example will exercise a more inspiring and elevating influence upon his countrymen and the world, than that of the brave, blooming, generous, self-devoted martyr of Bunker's Hill.

9. The contemplation of such a character is the noblest spectacle which the moral world affords. It is declared by a poet, to be a spectacle worthy of the gods. It awakens, with tenfold force, the purifying emotions of admiration and tenderness, which are represented as the legitimate objects of tragedy.

10. A death like that of Warren, is, in fact, the most affecting and impressive catastrophe that can ever occur, in the splendid tragedy which is constantly going on around us,—far more imposing and interesting, for those who can enjoy it, than any of the mimic wonders of the drama,—the real action of life. The ennobling and softening influence of such events is not confined to contemporaries and countrymen. The friends of liberty, from all countries, and throughout all time, as they kneel upon the spot that was moistened by the blood of Warren, will find their better feelings strengthened by the influence of the place, and will gather from it a virtue in some degree allied to his own.

LESSON LXVIII. *Contending Passions.*

THIS scene from Shakspeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice," represents Shylock, a rich and covetous Jew, conversing with his agent Tubal, in respect to his daughter, who has eloped with Lorenzo, and gone to Genoa. He is distressed by the absence of his daughter, but still more at the loss of jewels she took with her; but his grief is soothed in some degree, by learning that Antonio, a rich Venetian merchant, to whom he owes a mortal grudge, has met with fatal misfortunes in his business.

Shylock. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now ; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? Why, so ; and I know not what 's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge ; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. — Is it true ? is it true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news ; ha ! ha ! — Where ? in Genoa ?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ; — I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it ; I 'll plague him ; I 'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal ; it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of

Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

LESSON LXIX. *Baffled Revenge and Hate.*

THIS scene is partly explained by the preceding lesson. Shylock, instigated by revenge, is determined to cause the death of Antonio, and seeks to effect it by claiming the literal fulfilment of a bond, the forfeiture of which is a pound of flesh near his heart, in case he, Antonio, is unable to pay the debt. Portia is the wife of Bassanio, disguised as a lawyer from Padua. The lesson taught by it is, that malice draws down evil on the head of him that designs it, be he Christian or Jew. It would convey a false moral, if it should be made to cast any reproach on a Jew, as such; for a Jew may be a good member of society; and, like every other man, ought to be judged according to his acts, and not according to any prejudice which current error or bigotry has established.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

(*To Antonio*)

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which, if thou follow this strict court of Venice,
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er.

Por. It must not be ; there 's no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established ;
 'T will be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state ; it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! Yea, a Daniel !
 O wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor ; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven ;
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
 No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful ;
 Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law ; your exposition
 Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment ; by my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is ;
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?
Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so expressed ; but what of that ?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Ant. But little ; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom ; it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth ;
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife ;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ,
Say, how I loved you ; speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Take then thy bond ; take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge ! — Mark, Jew ! — O, learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew ! a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;
The Jew shall have all justice ! soft ! no haste ;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh. If thou takest more
Or less than just a pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou standest;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayest have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state.

LESSON LXX. *A Slide in the White Mountains.*

1. ROBERT looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet, rose above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the very one over which

Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting forth of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass; and it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onwards with a force and velocity no human barrier could oppose, no created power resist.

2. One glance told Robert, that Mary must perish; that he could not save her. "But I will die with her!" he exclaimed; and, shaking off the grasp of Mendowit, as he would a feather, "Mary, oh, Mary!" he continued, rushing towards her. She uncovered her head, and made an effort to rise, and articulated "Robert!" as he caught and clasped her to his bosom. "O, Mary, must we die?" he exclaimed. "We must, we must," she cried, as she gazed on the rolling mountain in agonizing horror; "why, why did you come?"

3. He replied not; but, leaning against the rock, pressed her closer to his heart; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears, and, laying her head on his bosom, sobbed like an infant. He bowed his face upon her cold, wet cheek, and breathed one cry for mercy; yet, even then, there was in the hearts of both lovers a feeling of wild joy in the thought that they should not be separated.

4. The mass came down, tearing, and crumbling, and sweeping all before it! The whole mountain trembled, and the ground shook like an earthquake. The air was darkened by the shower of waters, stones, and branches of trees, crushed and shivered to atoms; while the blast swept by like a whirlwind, and the crash and roar of the convulsion were far more appalling than the loudest thunder.

5. It might have been one minute or twenty,—for neither of the lovers took note of time,—when, in the hush as of deathlike stillness that succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around, and saw the consuming storm had passed by. It had passed, covering the valley, further than the eye could reach, with ruin. Masses of granite, and shivered trees, and mountain earth, were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco, and exhibiting an awful picture of the desolating track of the avalanche.

6. Only one little spot had escaped its wrath; and there,

safe, as if sheltered in the hollow of His hand, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and locked in each other's arms, were Robert and Mary !

LESSON LXXI. *I 'm saddest when I sing.*

1. You think I have a merry heart
Because my songs are gay,
But, oh ! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird will breathe her silver note
Though bondage binds her wing, —
But is her song a happy one ?
I 'm saddest when I sing !
 2. I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A mournful turn for me.
Alas ! 't is vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf, —
I 'm saddest when I sing !
 3. Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone ;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo to my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think
I 'm saddest when I sing !
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LESSON LXXII. *The Planter's Home in Florida.*

1. FROM this point, our journey to St. Augustine was to be prosecuted over land. Throughout this southern tour, few things had afforded me a greater fund of amusement

than the singularly hap-hazard and disorderly way of living observable on the farms and plantations; and I cannot convey to you a better idea of what I mean, than by referring to what I saw here; and accordingly beg you, while the carriage in which we are to pursue our journey is preparing, to take a quiet peep upon the arrangements, both within and without.

2. The main dwelling was a frame house, supported above the level of the ground on stones or logs at the corners. It stood alone, without a single casement, but with a little covered gallery in front, from which you could cast your eye over an extended marshy flat, with an occasional oasis of tall cabbage-tree palmettos, or brushwood.

3. The interior was divided into two or three dwelling and sleeping apartments, and so furnished, as to admit of a degree of comfort in hot weather, but comfortless enough else.

4. The necessary adjuncts to a large dwelling-house and plantation, instead of being in orderly and convenient contiguity to the principal mansion, were dispersed within or about the fenced enclosure as follows. The safe and the pantry stood about five paces from the front door, overshadowed by a fine mulberry tree.

5. The smoke-house was three paces further to the right; the log-built kitchen as far, but rather more in front, to the left; the flour-mill and cart-shed still further in the rear under a palmetto thatch; the sugar-mill and boiling-house, and seven other sheds and out-houses, of all forms and dimensions, were to be seen scattered about, as though they had been shaken together in a blanket, and suffered to fall at random on the earth, at a moderate distance from each other.

6. Then there was the dove-cote, and a quadrangular paled enclosure overshadowed by trees, formed the place of a family sepulture at some distance beyond the outer gate. The vice and the anvil were each lying in a different place; the step-ladder was lodged in a fork of the mulberry tree; the wheelbarrow and chopping-machine were half hidden in the rank grass in a corner of the yard, where a fine fig-tree overhung the angle of the fence; the axe and chopping-block reposed in one corner, and the carpenter's table in another.

7. Bridles and a grease-pot hung in a tree, and the plough

was thrust behind the house under the flooring. A broken-down gig, without wheels, peered out from under the shed.

8. As to the rest, cocks and hens, and Muscovy-ducks, crowded the enclosure, and walked and waddled in and out of the house. Five or six dogs are still to be added to my inventory. They all seemed bitten beyond bearing by the musquetoes and sand-flies, and now and then came together to whine and to scratch each other.

9. Lastly, before the open gate to the south, stood our vehicle, the simplicity of whose springs would certainly have excluded it from paying the tax in England,—with the two beasts of draught, the one a stallion called Pound-cake, and the other a mule, who wagged his long ears at the call of John!

10. In this we took our seats, and, after a long and wearisome day's journey of forty miles, over horrible roads, through a wilderness of saw-palmetto, swamps, and groves of cabbage-palm, jolted almost to dislocation of our bones, and bitten by musquetoes to the utter loss of patience, we found ourselves rumbling, after dark, through the ruined gateways and narrow streets of St. Augustine.

LESSON LXXIII. *Irish Bulls.*

1. **BESIDE** the attachment of the Irish to old customs, their acknowledged pugnacity, and that improvident restlessness, which helps them rather to get into scrapes than out of them, common fame assigns to them another peculiar and striking characteristic. I mean a laughable confusion of ideas, which is expressed by the word "bull," — a term derived from the Dutch, and signifying a blunder.

2. Whether or not the Irish are more addicted than others to this species of *faux pas*, there cannot be a doubt, that much of what is attributed to them is imaginary, and, so far as it might seem to imply any intellectual imperfection, that it is the mere invention of ill-natured prejudice.

3. A person, in using another language than his own, frequently makes mistakes, and it should be remembered that English is not the mother tongue of an Irishman. A Frenchman once speaking to Dr. Johnson, and intending

to pay him a compliment by alluding to the Rambler, which at that time was the theme of universal admiration, addressed him as Monsieur Vagabond,—the word *vagabond* in French being synonymous with *rambler*. An Italian gentleman in speaking to an American lady, and intending to say that she had grown somewhat fleshy, since he had seen her, said, “Madam, you have gained very much beef since I saw you !”

4. Such mistakes as these are often made by foreigners; but good taste dictates, that they should be passed over without remark, or in that polite manner, in which a Frenchman is said to have noticed a blunder of Dr. Moore’s. “I am afraid,” said the Doctor, “that the word I have used is not French.” “No,” said the Frenchman, “it is not,—but it deserves to be.”

5. Such is the tolerance we extend to the blunders of foreigners, speaking a language with which they are imperfectly acquainted, unless, forsooth, they chance to be Hibernians. In that case the rule is reversed, of course. A poor Irishman, once being called upon to testify in court, was suddenly asked by the judge, “Who and what are you ?” Pat was fresh from Ballymoney, and his knowledge of English was limited, but he did the best he could. “Plase your honor,” said he, “I am a poor widow,” meaning widower.

6. Now this mistake was no worse than what we hear from others in similar situations; but, considering that the blunder was from an Irishman, who would consider himself restrained from laughter by any polite regard to the man’s feelings, or fail to discover in this instance, an unquestionable specimen of the genuine Irish bull? If a large portion of imputed Irish bulls are thus mere common-place blunders, such as all foreigners are liable to make in speaking any other than their native tongue, there is a still larger portion that are attributed to the Irish, which may claim a different paternity.

7. Many of our common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name, are in fact borrowed from other countries; “You carry coals to Newcastle,” might seem to claim John Bull for its father; but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. “You carry oil to a city of olives,” is a Hebrew

proverb, that has been in use for three thousand years, and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity.

8. The fact is nearly the same in regard to many of the pithy sayings, smart jokes, and witty repartees, which are in common use among us, and are attributed to well-known individuals. A large part of Joe Miller's jokes, pretending to have originated with Englishmen, are told in France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and China, and in like manner descend from generation to generation, being successively attributed to such characters as they may suit. Some scandalous story being told of Dr. Bellamy, a person asked him if it were true. "No;" said the Doctor; "some fellow invented it and laid it to me; but the rascal knew me."

9. It is this suitableness of an anecdote to an individual, that often gives it much additional point. The discreet story-teller, therefore, always seeks to find some hero, to whom he may impute his tale, in the hope, that he may give to it this adventitious zest. An American was once telling some anecdote of Ethan Allen of Vermont, to a German,— remarking, by the way, that it must be true, for his grandfather was present, and witnessed the fact. "It's a good story, certainly," said the German, "but I have heard the same told of my great-grandfather, Baron von Hottingen, ever since I was a boy."

10. This incident throws a great deal of light upon our subject. Let any one acquire a reputation for any particular thing, and every anecdote from the time of Confucius down to the present day, that may seem to be illustrative of the qualities of this individual, is told of him. Thus it is, that Ethan Allen is the hero of many wild adventures that he never achieved, and the witty Lord Norbury is credited for many a good joke, which he never uttered.

11. There is nothing like starting with a character beforehand, even though it may be the outright invention of ignorant prejudice. It is to this circumstance, that the New England Yankee is indebted for the credit among our Southern brethren of inventing wooden nutmegs, oak-leaf cigars, horn flints, and other ingenious modes of cheating in trade. It is from this circumstance, that the Irish are credited for every ludicrous blunder, to whomsoever it may properly belong.

12. It was an English, not an Irish orator, who said, in the British House of Commons, "that the proposed tax on leather would be an insupportable burden to the barefooted peasantry of Ireland!" It was an English, not an Irish poet, who says;

"A painted vest prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won."

13. It was a French philosopher, M. Joinville, who, being prepared to observe an eclipse of the sun, at which the king was to be present, said to M. Cassini, "Shall we not wait for the king before we begin the eclipse?" It was a French gentleman, who, hearing a lady exclaim against the inhumanity of Buffon, in dissecting his own cousin, remarked; "But, my dear Madam, the man who was dissected was dead!" It was also a Frenchman, who, being asked by a young man for his only daughter in marriage, exclaimed; "No, Sair; if I had fifty only daughters, I would not give you one of them."

14. Such are a few samples of genuine foreign bulls; but what story-teller, bringing them to market, and wishing to get for them the highest price,—a hearty laugh,—would fail of attributing them to the Irish?

LESSON LXXIV. *The Town Pump.*

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it. And, among all the town officers, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of

the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this solitary noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

5. It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs.

6. Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund Sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot throat, and is converted quite to steam, in the

miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

8. Who next? O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now!

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, Sir, no harm done, I hope.

10. Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my

spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. The TOWN PUMP and the cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-vresses, ruin the spirit trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself.

14. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war,—the drunkenness of nations,—perhaps will cease.

15. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy,—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying, especially to all unpractised orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, Sir.

17. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected

everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause.

LESSON LXXV. *Colloquial Powers of Dr. Franklin.*

1. NEVER have I known such a fireside companion as he was! Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house, during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows.

2. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us, when he so frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Dr. Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

3. It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary and despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, strong, and sublime, as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark-rolling sea beneath. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand, either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

4. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession, and use of all your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a

medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty.

5. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations, but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commoners or nobles, he was always the same plain man ; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orb of his genius forever clear and unclouded.

6. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an ambition so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker ; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

LESSON LXXVI. *To an East Indian Gold Coin*

1. SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !

What vanity has brought thee here ?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,

For twilight converse, arm in arm ;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,

When mirth and music wont to charm.

2. By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,

Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams

Of Teviot, loved while still a child ;

Of castled rocks, stupendous piled

By Esk or Eden's classic wave;
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave.

3. Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade! —
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts, that soared sublime,
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.
4. Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear. —
A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear! —
I cannot bear to see thee shine.
5. For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
 I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart; — the grave,
 Dark and untimely, met my view, —
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!
6. Ha! com'st thou now so late, to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn;
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn! —
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

LESSON LXXVII. *Eloquence of John Adams.*

THIS is given, in Mr. Webster's Eulogy, not as an actual speech of Mr. Adams, but as an imitation, illustrating his fervor, decision, and patriotic devotion.

1. SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor?

2. Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

3. I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

4. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my

tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us.

5. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they can never do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain, that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge, that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

6. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

8. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor.

9. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it,

and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker's Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

10. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration will be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

11. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

12. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

LESSON LXXVIII. *To the Rainbow*

1. TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art ; —
2. Still seeni as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station, given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.
3. Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?
4. When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold, material laws !
5. And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
6. When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.
7. And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.
8. Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

9. Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
 Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
 Be still the poet's theme!
10. The earth to thee her incense yields,
 The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
 The snowy mushroom springs.
11. How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!
12. As fresh, in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark,
 First sported in thy beam.
13. For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds its span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

LESSON LXXIX. *Scene on the Mississippi.*

1. IN the spring, one hundred boats have been numbered, that landed in one day at the mouth of the Bayou, at New Madrid. I have strolled to the point in a spring evening, and seen them arriving in fleets.
2. The boisterous gayety of the hands, the congratulations, the moving picture of life on board the boats in the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry, their different loads, the evidence of the increasing agriculture of the country above, and, more than all, the immense distances which they have already come, and those which they have still to go, afforded to me copious sources of meditation.
3. You can name no point from the numerous rivers of

the Ohio and the Mississippi, from which some of these boats have not come. In one place there are boats loaded with planks from the pine forests of the south-west of New York. In another quarter, there are the Yankee notions of Ohio; from Kentucky, pork, flour, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, bagging, and bale-rope.

4. From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with great quantities of cotton. From Missouri and Illinois, are cattle and horses, and the same articles generally as from Ohio, together with peltry and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in the ear and in bulk; others with barrels of apples and potatoes.

5. Some have loads of cider, and what they call "cider royal," or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing. There are dried fruits, every kind of spirit manufactured in these regions, and, in short, the products of the ingenuity and agriculture of the whole upper country of the West.

6. They have come from regions, thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union. The surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as an invariable appendage. Chanticleer raises his piercing note. The swine utter their cries. The cattle low. The horses trample, as in their stables.

7. There are boats fitted on purpose, and loaded entirely with turkeys, that, having little else to do, gobble most furiously. The hands travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other, on their descent from this place to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore to raise the wind in town.

8. It is well for the people of the village, if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case, I have often seen the most summary and strong measures taken. About midnight the uproar is all hushed. The fleet unites once more at Natchez, or New Orleans; and, although they live on the same river, they may, perhaps, never meet each other again, on the earth.

9. Next morning, at the first dawn, the bugles sound. Everything in and about the boats, that has life, is in motion. The boats, in half an hour, are all under way. In a little

while, they have all disappeared, and nothing is seen, as before they came, but the regular current of the river.

10. In passing down the Mississippi, we often see a number of boats lashed and floating together. I was once on board a fleet of eight, that were in this way moving on together. It was a considerable walk, to travel over the roofs of this floating town. On board of one boat they were killing swine. In another they had apples, cider, nuts, and dried fruit. One of the boats was a retail or drain shop. It seems, that the object, in lashing so many boats, had been to barter, and obtain supplies.

11. These confederacies often commence in a frolic and end in a quarrel, in which case the aggrieved party dissolves the partnership by unlapping, and managing his own boat in his own way. While this fleet of boats is floating separately, but each carried by the same current, nearly at the same rate, visits take place from boat to boat in skiffs.

12. While I was at New Madrid, a large tinner's establishment floated there in a boat. In it all the different articles of tin-ware were manufactured, and sold by wholesale and retail. There were three large apartments, where the different branches of the art were carried on in this floating manufactory.

13. When they had mended all the tin, and vended all that they could sell, in one place, they floated on to another. A still more extraordinary manufactory, we were told, was floating down the Ohio, and shortly expected at New Madrid. Aboard this were manufactured axes, scythes, and all other iron tools of this description; and in it horses were shod.

14. In short, it was a complete blacksmith's shop of a higher order; and it is said that they jestingly talked of having a trip-hammer, worked by a horse-power, on board. I have frequently seen in this region a dry-goods shop in a boat, with its articles very handsomely arranged on shelves. Nor would the delicate hands of the vender have disgraced the spruce clerk behind our city counters.

15. It is now common to see flat-boats worked by a bucket-wheel, and a horse-power, after the fashion of steamboat movement. Indeed, every spring brings forth new contrivances of this sort, the result of the farmer's meditations over his winter's fire.

LESSON LXXX. *The Cap of Liberty.*

THE following passage from the drama of "William Tell," represents a piece of authentic history. Gesler, the Austrian governor of Switzerland, about the year 1300, caused his hat or cap to be placed on a pole, and the people were ordered to bow down to it. William Tell, a gallant Swiss patriot, refused, and was consequently imprisoned. He afterwards escaped, and, in conjunction with other patriots, freed his country from the Austrian dominion.

(Enter Sarnem, with soldiers, bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole, which he fixes into the ground, the people looking on in silence and amazement; the guards station themselves near the pole.)

Sarnem. Ye men of Altorf!

Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your Governor; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of the bondage
Till they're instructed. 'T is no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.

Tell. Have I my hearing?

(Peasants pass, taking off their hats, and bowing to Gesler's cap as they pass.)

Verner. Away! Away!

Tell. Or sight? They do it, Verner!

They do it! — Look! — Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with baser animals! They keep
Their stations. Still the dog's a dog. The reptile
Doth know his proper rank, and sinks not to
The uses of the grade below him. — Man!
Man! that doth hold his head above them all,
Doth ape them all. He's man, and he's the reptile.
Look! Look! Have I the outline of that caitiff,
Who to the servile earth doth bend the crown
His God did rear for him to Heaven?

Verner. Away,
Before they mark us.

Tell. No ! no ! since I 've tasted,
I'll e'en feed on.
A spirit 's in me likes it. Draw me not
Away ! I swear I will not leave off yet ;
I would be full, — full, — full ! I will not budge,
Whatever be the cost !

(*Pierre passes the cap, smiles, and bows slightly.*)

Sar. What smiled you at ?

Pierre. You saw I bowed as low as he did.

Sar. But

You smiled. How dared you smile ?

Tell. Good ! good !

Sar. (*Striking him.*) Take that ;
And learn, when you do smile again, to do 't
In season.

Verner. (*Takes hold of Tell's arm.*) Come away.

Tell. Not yet, — not yet.

Why would you have me quit the fare, you see,
Grows better and better ?

Verner. You change color.

Tell. Do I ?

And so do you.

Sar. (*Striking another.*) Bow lower, slave !

Tell. Do you feel
That blow. My flesh doth tingle with 't. Well done !
How pleasantly the knave doth lay it on !
Well done ! well done ! I would it had been I !

Ver. You tremble, William. Come, you must not stay.

Tell. Why not ? What harm is there ? I tell thee, Verner,
I know no difference 'twixt enduring wrong
And living in the fear on 't. I do wear
The tyrant's fetters, when it only wants
His nod to put them on ; and bear his stripes
When, that I suffer them, he needs but hold
His finger up. Verner, you 're not the man
To be content because a villain's mood
Forbears. You 're right, — you 're right ? Have with you,
Verner.

(*Enter Michael through the crowd.*)

Sar. Bow, slave. (*Tell stops and turns.*)

Michael. For what? (*Laughs.*)

Sar. Obey, and question then.

Mic. I 'll question now, perhaps not then obey.

Tell. A man! a man!

Sar. 'T is Gesler's will, that all
Bow to that cap.

Mic. Were it thy lady's cap
I 'd curtsey to it.

Sar. Do you mock us, friend?

Mic. Not I. I 'll bow to Gesler, if you please,
But not his cap, nor cap of any he
In Christendom!

Tell. A man! I say a man!

Sar. I see you love a jest; but jest not now;
Else you may make us mirth, and pay for 't too.
Bow to the cap.

Tell. The slave would honor him.
Holds he but out!

Sar. Do you hear?

Mic. I do.

Tell. Well done!

The lion thinks as much of cowering
As he does!

Sar. Once for all, bow to that cap.

Tell. Verner, let go my arm!

Sar. Do you hear me, slave?

Mic. Slave!

Tell. Let me go!

Ver. He is not worth it, Tell;
A wild and idle gallant of the town.

Tell. A man! I 'll swear, a man! Don't hold me,
Verner.

Verner, let go my arm! Do you hear me, man?
You must not hold me, Verner.

Sar. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap.

Mic. No! not to Gesler's self!

Sar. Seize him!

Tell. (*Rushing forward.*) Off, off, you base and hireling
pack!

Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing

God made in his own image. Crouch yourselves!
 'T is your vocation, which you should not call
 On freeborn men to share with you, who stand
 Erect, except in presence of their God
 Alone!

Sar. What! Shrink you, cowards? Must I do
 Your duty for you?

Tell. Let them but stir! I've scattered
 A flock of wolves that did out-number them,—
 For sport, I did it. Sport! I scattered them
 With but a staff, not half so thick as this.

(Wrests *Sarnem's* weapon from him. — *Sarnem flies.* — *Soldiers fly.*)

What! Ha! Beset by hares! Ye men of Altorf,
 What fear ye? See what things you fear,—the shows
 And surfaces of men! Why stand you wondering there?
 Why look you on a man that's like yourselves,
 And see him do the deeds yourselves might do,
 And act them not? Or know you not yourselves?
 That ye are men? That ye have hearts and thoughts
 To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands
 To do them? You do say your prayers, and make
 Confession, and you more do fear the thing
 That kneels to God, than you fear God himself!
 You hunt the chamois, and you've seen him take
 The precipice, before he'd yield the freedom
 His Maker gave him; and you are content
 To live in bonds, that have a thought of freedom,
 Which Heaven ne'er gave the little chamois.
 Why gaze you still with blanched cheeks upon me?
 Lack you the manhood even to look on,
 And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands?
 Or is 't that cap still holds you thralls to fear?
 Be free, then! There! Thus do I trample on
 The insolence of Gesler! (Throws down the pole.)

Sar. (Suddenly entering with soldiers.) Seize him.

(All the people except *Verner* and *Michael* fly.)

Tell. Ha!

Surrounded?

Mic. Stand! I'll back thee!

Ver. Madman! Hence! (Forces *Michael* off.)

Sar. Upon him, slaves! Upon him all at once!

(*Tell, after a struggle, is secured and thrown to the ground, where they proceed to chain him.*)

Now raise him. (*They raise him, heavily chained.*)

Tell. Slave!

Sar. Rail on, thy tongue has yet its freedom.

Tell. Slave!

Sar. On to the castle with him, — forward!

Tell. Slave! (Exeunt.)

LESSON LXXXI. *Select Passages.*

The Mind.

1. THE mind of man is a curious thing, in some respects not unlike an old Gothic castle, full of turnings and windings, long, dark passages, spiral staircases, and secret corners. Among all these architectural involutions, too, the ideas go wandering about, generally very much at random, often get astray, often go into a wrong room and fancy it their own; and often, too, it happens, that when one of them is tripping along quite quietly, thinking that all is right, open flies a door; out comes another and turns the first back again,—sometimes rudely, blowing her candle out, and leaving her in the dark,—and sometimes taking her delicately by the tips of the fingers, and leading her to the very spot whence she set out at first.

Sleep of Infancy.

2. O! the sweet, profound sleep of infancy; how beautiful it is! that soft and blessed gift of a heart without a stain or a pang, of a body unbroken in any fibre by the cares and labors of existence, of a mind without a burden or an apprehension. It falls down upon our eyelids like the dew of a summer's eve, refreshing for our use all the world of flowers in which we dwell, and passing calm, and tranquil, and happy, without a dream, and without an interruption. But, alas! alas! with the first years of life, it is gone, and never returns. We may win joy, and satisfaction, and glory, and splendor, and power, we may obtain more

than our wildest ambition aspired to, or our eager hope could grasp ; but the sweet sleep of infancy, the soft companion of our boyish pillow, flies from the ardent joys, as well as the bitter cares, of manhood, and never, never, returns again.

An English Park.

3. The English park is one of those things peculiarly English, which are to be seen nowhere else on earth but in England ; at least, we venture to say, that there is nothing at all like it in three, out of the four quarters of this our globe ; the wide, grassy slopes, the groups of majestic trees, the dim flankings of forest ground, broken with savannas, and crossed by many a path and many a walk, the occasional rivulet or piece of water, the resting-place, the alcove, the ruin of the old mansion, where our fathers dwelt, now lapsed into the domain of Time, but carefully guarded from any hands but his, with here and there some slope of the ground, or some turn of the path, bringing us suddenly upon a bright and unexpected prospect of distant landscapes far beyond, — “ all nature, and all art.” There is nothing like it on the earth, and few things half so beautiful ; for it is tranquil without being dull, and calm without being cheerless ; but of all times, when we would enjoy the stillness and the serenity at its highest pitch, go forth into a fine old park by moonlight.

Association of Ideas.

4. In almost all cases of apprehension and uncertainty, the human mind has a natural tendency to connect the occurrence of the moment, whatever it may be, with the principal object of our feelings and wishes at the time. It matters not whether the two things be as distinct and as distant as the sun is from the moon ; association, in an instant, spins a thousand gossamer threads between them, forming a glistening sort of spider-like bridge, scarcely discernible to other people’s eyes, but fully strong enough for fancy to run backwards and forwards upon forever.

Domestic Ties.

5. A dissertation on the moral and physical nature of man might be given to prove to a demonstration, that domestic ties are a necessity of his existence; and let any man gaze forward into future years, and fancy that some cold barren is placed between him and domestic affection; that no kindred eye is to brighten at his presence, no affectionate lip smile at his happiness, no tear of sympathy to wash away one half of his griefs, no cheerful voice to dispel the thoughts of care, no assiduous hand to smooth the pillow of sickness, and close the eye of death,—let him picture his being solitary, his joys unshared, his sorrows undivided, his misfortunes unaided but by general compassion, his sickness tended by the slow hand of mercenaries, and his eyes closed, while the light has scarce departed, by the rude touch of some weary and indifferent menial,—let him fancy all this, and then he will feel, indeed, that domestic ties are a necessity of our existence.

Moonlight and Midnight.

6. Let any one who is fond of sublime sensations, take his hat and staff, and climb a high hill in a moonlit midnight. There is a part of that dust of earth which gathers so sadly upon our spirit, during our daily commune with this sordid world, cast off at every step. The very act of climbing has something ennobling in it, and the clearer air we breathe, the elevation to which we rise, all give the mind a sensation of power and lightness, as if it had partly shaken off the load of clay that weighs it down to the ground. But still more, when with solitude,—the deep solitude of night,—we rise up high above the sleeping world, with the bright stars for our only companions, and the calm moon for our only light,—when we look through the profound depth of space, and see it peopled by never-ending orbs,—when we gaze round our extended horizon, and see the power of God on every side,—then the immortal triumphs over the mortal, and we feel our better being strong within us. The cares, the sorrows, the anxieties of earth seem as dust in the balance weighed with mightier things; and the grandest

earthly ambition, that ever conquered worlds and wept for more, may feel itself humiliated to the dust in the presence of silence, and solitude, and space, and millions of eternal suns.

Uncertainty of Life.

7. It is a wonder, that man ever smiles ; for there is something so strange and awful in the hourly uncertainty of our fate, — in the atmosphere of darkness and insecurity that surrounds our existence, — in the troops of dangers to our peace and to our being, that ride invisible upon every moment as it flies, — that man is, as it were, like a blind man in the front of a great battle, where his hopes and his joys are swept down on every side, and in which his own existence must terminate at length in some undefined hour, and in some unknown manner, — and yet he smiles as if he were at a pageant.

The Rising Moon.

8. From sunset till about nine o'clock, there had been a light, refreshing rain, — not one of those cold, autumnal pours, which leave the whole world dark, and drenched, and dreary, but the soft falling of light, pellucid drops, that scarcely bent the blades of grass on which they rested, and through which, ever and anon, the purple of the evening sky, and, as that faded away, the bright glance of an evening star, might be seen among the broken clouds. Towards nine, however, the vapors, that rested upon the eastern uplands, became tinged with light; and, as gifted with the power of scattering darkness from her presence, forth came the resplendent moon, while the dim clouds grew pale and white as she advanced, and, rolling away over the hills, left the sky all clear. It required scarcely a fanciful mind to suppose that, — in the brilliant shining of the million of drops, which hung on every leaf, and rested on every bough, — in the glistening ripple of the river, that rolled in waves of silver through the plain, — in the checkered dancing of the light and shadow through the trees, and in the sudden brightening up of every object throughout the scene which could reflect her beams, — it required scarcely . Fanciful

mind to suppose, that the whole world was rejoicing in the soft splendor of that gentle watcher of the night, and gratulating her triumph over the darkness and the clouds.

LESSON LXXXII. *Traits of Irish Character.*

1. Who has not been struck with the natural eloquence of the Irish? We need not go to Grattan, Curran, or Burke for specimens of this gift of genius. The rudest Irish laborer among us seems to be endowed with it. If an Irishman really sets about persuading you of a thing, he seldom fails of his object, unless, indeed, it be to prove that black is white.

2. It is curious to see how an Irishman can embellish the most naked idea, and amplify the commonest topic. There is a picture called "The Sturdy Beggar," belonging to the Athenaeum in Boston. It is the portrait of an Irishman; and I have heard something like the following anecdote respecting it. One day a man presented himself at the artist's door, and begged for alms. "Walk in," said the painter, "and tell me your name." "My name, Sir," said the beggar, "is Patrick McGruger, and it's true what I tell ye."

3. "But," said the artist, "why don't you go to work, instead of begging about the streets in this fashion?" "Why don't I go to work, your honor? and is it that, ye'd like to know? When ye've threescore years and ten like myself, ye'll be more ready to answer such a question than to ask it."

4. "Well, well, my good fellow," said the artist, "you can at least sit down and let me paint your portrait." "Is it my handsome portrait you're wanting? and do you wish me to sit down there, and let you paint it? Faith! that's a thing I can do, though I was not brought up to it. The time has been, your honor, when Patrick McGruger could do better than sit for the portrait of a beggar. But I must do what I may; for these old limbs ask to be fed, though they refuse to work."

5. The author of the "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life" furnishes us with a characteristic, though fictitious, specimen of this natural eloquence of the common people,

in a poor woman who mourns, at a wake, over the dead body of her patron, Goodman Lee. She is described as seated on the floor, her eyes closed, her hands clasped around her knees, while, in a low and mournful tone, she spoke as follows.

6. "Kind and gentle were you, and lived through sorrow and tears,—frost and snow,—with an open house and an open heart. The sun of Heaven shone on you, and you reflected its warmth on others. The Flower of the Valley saw and loved you; and though she is of a strange country, you taught her to love the *Green and Weeping Island*,—to dry the widow's tears,—to feed the orphan,—to clothe the naked.

7. "O, why did you die, and leave behind you all the good things of life,—and, above all, the beautiful boy who will be the oak of the forest yet. O, the justice and the mildness were you of the country's side, and, while grass grows, and waters run, we will mourn for Goodman Lee. The beggar walked from his door with a full sack,—and he turned wormwood into sweetness with his smile. But now his wife is desolate, and his full and plentiful home has no master!"

8. The wit of the Irish is no less natural and striking than their eloquence. That very transposition of ideas, which sometimes produces a bull or a blunder, not unfrequently startles us as if with the scintillations of humor. "What are you doing there?" said one Irishman to another, who was digging away the dirt before a cellar-window. "I'm going to open this window," said Pat, "to let the dark out of the cellar!"

9. A few years ago, as several persons were standing on a wharf at Liverpool, one of them slipped into the dock. The first individual to move for the relief of the drowning man was an Irishman, who plunged into the water, and, after a severe struggle, rescued the person from the waves. When the man had at length recovered from his ducking, he took some change out of his pocket, and, selecting a sixpence, handed it to the Irishman who had saved his life. The latter looked an instant at the sixpence in the palm of his hand,—and then slowly measured with his eye the individual whom he had rescued, and observing, that he was a very thin, withered little man, he put the money into his

pocket, and turned on his heel, saying significantly, "It's enough!"

10. Wit is, in fact, the whole stock in trade of one half the Irish nation,—and, though it often leaves them destitute of a dinner, it seldom fails to make, even destitution and want, the occasion of its merry sallies. It is perhaps this playfulness of fancy, that is partly the source of that cheerfulness which forms a remarkable characteristic of the Irish people. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is an injunction literally construed and implicitly obeyed.

11. Cheerfulness seems, indeed, to be so natural to the Irish, as hardly to possess the self-denying ingredients of virtue. Not even poverty, want, oppression, can wholly shut out the genial light of cheerfulness from an Irishman's cabin. If it come not in at the door or the window, fancy will strike out the spark, hope cherish it, wit blow it into a blaze.

12. There is something even pathetic in the instances that are related of Irish wit and cheerfulness in the midst of poverty and desolation. A traveller in Ireland tells us, that on one occasion he went to an Irish cabin, where he found a peasant and his numerous family crowded into the only room in the building, which was scarcely more than twelve feet square. In one corner lay a pig, it being the custom among these poor people to fatten one of these animals every six months for the purpose of paying the rent.

13. The traveller describes the hut as exhibiting the most naked scene of relentless poverty that could be imagined. The gaunt form of the peasant, the sunken cheek of the wife, the pallid countenances of the children, all showed that the craving wants of nature were but half supplied. But the pig presented a remarkable contrast to this general aspect of want and woe. There it lay, luxuriously embedded in aristocratic straw, sleek, round, and pampered.*

14. As the stranger entered the hut, it did not even condescend to rise; but seemed to intimate, by a delicate and affected grunt, the sentiment of the fat lady in the play, "Don't be rude, for really my nerves wont bear it!"

15. The stranger felt his heart touched at this scene, for it seemed to show, that, day by day, the food that the peasant and his children needed, was doled out to this pampered animal, to provide for the payment of the rent, and thus

insure,—what was even more necessary than food beyond the point of mere starvation,—a shelter for the family from the elements. At length he said to the Irishman, “Pray, why do you keep this creature in the house?” “Sure,” said the peasant, with a smile, “your honor wouldn’t turn out the jintleman what pays the rint.”

16. Thus it is, that the Irishman’s cheerfulness is made to solace his poverty; thus it is, that the diamond can illuminate the darkness; that the playful light of a heavenly virtue may be drawn down to earth, even by the iron of which misery forges its fetters.

LESSON LXXXIII. *Anecdote of Dr. Chauncy.*

DR. CHAUNCY was a distinguished clergyman of Boston, who died in 1787.

1. DR. COOPER, who was a man of accomplished manners, and fond of society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe study that others engaged in. This, however, did not escape the envy and malice of the world, and it was said, with a kind of petulant and absurd exaggeration, that he used to walk to the South End of a Saturday, and, if he saw a man riding into town in a black coat, would stop, and ask him to preach the next day.

2. Dr. Chauncy was a close student, very absent, and very irritable. On these traits in the character of the two clergymen, a servant of Dr. Chauncy laid a scheme for obtaining a particular object from his master. Scipio went into his master’s study one morning, to receive some directions, which, the Doctor having given, resumed his writing, but the servant still remained. The master, looking up a few minutes afterwards, and supposing he had just come in, said, “Scipio, what do you want?” “I want a new coat, massa.” “Well, go to Mrs. Chauncy, and tell her to give you one of my old coats;” and was again absorbed in his studies.

3. The servant remained fixed. After awhile, the Doctor, turning his eyes that way, saw him again, as if for the first time, and said, “What do you want, Scip?” “I want

a new coat, massa." "Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my old coats;" and fell to writing once more. Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few moments, the Doctor looked towards him, and repeated the former question, "Scipio, what do you want?" "I want a new coat, massa."

4. It now flashed over the Doctor's mind, that there was something of repetition in this dialogue. "Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs. Chauncy to give you one? Get away." "Yes, massa, but I no want a black coat." "Not want a black coat! why not?" "Why, massa, I 'fraid to tell you, but I don't want a black coat." "What's the reason you don't want a black coat? Tell me, directly." "O! massa, I don't want a black coat, but I 'fraid to tell you the reason, you so passionate." "You rascal! will you tell me the reason?" "O! massa, I'm sure you be angry." "If I had my cane here, you villain, I'd break your bones. Will you tell me what you mean?" "I 'fraid to tell you, massa; I know you be angry."

5. The Doctor's impatience was now highly irritated; and Scipio, perceiving, by his glance at the tongs, that he might find a substitute for the cane, and that he was sufficiently excited, said, "Well, massa, you make me tell, but I know you be angry,—I 'fraid, massa, if I wear another black coat, Dr. Cooper ask me to preach for him!" This unexpected termination realized the servant's calculation; his irritated master burst into a laugh,— "Go, you rascal, get my hat and cane, and tell Mrs. Chauncy she may give you a coat of any color, a red one if you choose." Away went the negro to his mistress, and the Doctor to tell the story to his friend, Dr. Cooper.

LESSON LXXXIV. *The Glory of God in the Beauties of Creation.*

1. Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.
4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

LESSON LXXXV. *Domestic Love.*

1. DOMESTIC Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along, through banks with harebells dyed:
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

2. O! love of loves! — to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key.
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;

And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed, forever closed, thy plume.

LESSON LXXXVI. *A Gypsy Encampment in England.*

1. THE road pursued by the two travellers, though sandy, was smooth and neat, and well tended, and came down to the slope of a long hill, exposing its course to the eye for nearly a mile. There was a gentle rise on each side, covered with wood ; but this rise, and its forest burden, did not advance within a hundred yards of the road on either hand, leaving between, except where it was interrupted by some old sand-pits, — a space of open ground, covered with short, green turf, with here and there an ancient oak standing forward before the other trees, and spreading its branches to the way-side.

2. To the right, was a little rivulet, gurgling along the deep bed it had worn for itself among the short grass, in its way towards a considerable river, that flowed through the valley, at about two miles' distance ; and, on the left, the eye might range far amid the tall, separate trees, — now, perhaps, lighting upon a stag at gaze, or a fallow deer tripping away over the dewy ground as light and gracefully as a lady in a ball-room, till sight became lost in the green shade and the dim wilderness of leaves and branches.

3. Amid the scattered oaks in advance of the wood, and nestled into the dry nooks of the sand-pits, appeared about half a dozen dirty, brown shreds of canvass, none of which seemed larger than a dinner napkin, yet which, spread over hoops, cross sticks, and other contrivances, served as habitations to six or seven families, of that wild and dingy race, whose existence and history are a phenomenon, not among the least strange of all the wonderful things that we pass by daily without investigation or inquiry.

4. At the mouths of one or two of these little dwelling-places, might be seen some Gypsy women, with their peculiar straw bonnets, red cloaks, and silk handkerchiefs ; some,

withered, shrunk, and witch-like, bore evidently the traces of long years of wandering, exposure, and vicissitude; while others, with the warm rose of youth and health glowing through the golden brown of their skins, and their dark, gem-like eyes, flashing, undimmed by sorrow or infirmity, gave the *beau idéal* of a beautiful nation, long passed away from thrones and dignities, and left but as the fragments of a wreck, dashed to atoms by the waves of the past.

5. At one point, amid white-wood ashes, and many an unlawful feather from the plundered cock and violated turkey, sparkled a fire and boiled a caldron; and, round about the ancient beldame who presided over the pot, were placed, in various easy attitudes, several of the male members of the tribe, mostly covered with long, loose great-coats, which bespoke the owners either changed or shrunk. A number of half-naked brats, engaged in many a sport, filled up the scene, and promised a sturdy and increasing race of rogues and vagabonds for after years.

6. Over the whole, — wood, and road, and stream, and Gypsy encampment, — was pouring, in full stream, the purple light of evening, with the long shadows stretching across, and marking the distances all the way up the slope of the hill. Where an undulation of the ground, about half way up the ascent, gave a wider space of light than ordinary, were seen two strangers, riding slowly down the road, whose appearance soon called the eyes of the Gypsy fraternity upon their movements; for the laws in regard to vagabondism had lately been strained somewhat hard, especially in that part of the country, and the natural consequence was, that the Gypsy and the beggar looked upon almost every human thing as an enemy.

7. As the travellers rode on, the Gypsy men, without moving from the places they had before occupied, eyed them from under their bent brows, affecting, withal, hardly to see them, while the urchins ran like young apes, by the side of their horses, performing all sorts of antics, and begging hard for halfpence; and, at length, a girl of about fifteen or sixteen, notwithstanding some forcible injunctions to forbear on the part of the old woman who was tending the caldron, sprang up the bank, beseeching the gentlemen, in the usual singsong of her tribe, to cross her hand with silver, and have their fortunes told; promising

them at the same time a golden future, and, like Launcelot, "a pretty trifle of wives."

8. In regard to her chiromantic science, the gentlemen were obdurate, though each of them gave her one of those flat, polished pieces of silver, which were sixpences in our young days; and having done this, they rode on, turning for a moment or two their conversation to the subject of the Gypsies they had just passed, moralizing deeply on their strange history and wayward fate, and wondering that no philanthropic government had ever attempted to give them a "local habitation and a name," among the sons and daughters of honest industry.

9. In the mean time, the Gypsies drew round their fire, and, scouts being thrown out on either side to guard against interruption, the pot was unswung from the cross-bars that sustained it, trenchers and knives were produced, and, with nature's green robe for a table-cloth, a plentiful supper of manifold good things was spread before the race of wanderers.

10. Nor was the meal unjoyous, nor were their figures,—at all times picturesque,—without an appearance of loftier beauty, and more symmetrical grace, as, with the fire and the evening twilight casting strange lights upon them, they fell into those free and easy attitudes, which none but the children of wild activity can assume. The women of the party had all come forth from their huts, and among them were two or three lovely creatures as any race ever produced, from the chosen Hebrew to the beauty-dreaming Greek.

11. In truth, there seemed more women than men of the tribe, and there certainly were more children than either; but due subordination was not wanting; and the urchins, who were ranged behind the backs of the rest, though they wanted not sufficient food, intruded not upon the circle of their elders.

12. The language which the Gypsies spoke among themselves was a barbarous compound of some foreign tongue, the origin and structure of which have, and most likely ever will, baffle inquiry, and of English, mingled with many a choice phrase from the very expressive language called jargon.

LESSON LXXXVII. *Eloquence and Humor of Patrick Henry.*

PATRICK HENRY was a distinguished orator and patriot of Virginia, who lent his powerful influence to the cause of the Revolution.

1. HOOK was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London.

2. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

3. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of fainted patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands, — but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, Gentlemen, are to judge."

4. He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence; — the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of

their trenches ;— they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of “ Washington and Liberty,” as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. “ But hark ! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory ? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *Beef! beef! beef!*”

5. The whole audience were convulsed ; a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. “ Jemmy Steptoe,” said he to the clerk, “ what the devil ails ye, mon ? ” Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that *he could not help it*. “ Never mind ye,” said Hook ; “ wait till Billy Cowan gets up ; he ’ll show him the law ! ”

6. Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligent or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form’s sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry’s speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef* ; it was the cry of *tar and feathers* ; from the application of which, it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

LESSON LXXXVIII. *The Angel of the Leaves; an Allegory.*

1. “ ALAS ! alas ! ” said the sorrowing Tree, “ my beautiful robe is gone ! It has been torn from me. Its faded

pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Woe is me! for my fair, green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the Angel of the Leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts.

2. "Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on the air. The sound of music cheers no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

3. "I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air: my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot now throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth.

4. "I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is ~~my~~ portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the Angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

5. The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation. "My beloved Tree," said he, "be comforted. I am with thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew."

6. "The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve into tears. It shall pass

into the ground, and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them; for I shall be here to use it.

7. "Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them."

8. "The sap, that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved Tree, fare thee well for a season."

9. The Angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the Angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. "My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost. Hope must prop you for a while, and the Angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you."

10. The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

11. The reign of Spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air;

they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new-created glory on the face of the heavens.

12. The tree was rewarded for her trust. The Angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The Tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty; she was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

LESSON LXXXIX. *Self-Cultivation.*

1. IT is a great mistake to suppose, that it is necessary to be a professional man in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. I believe the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge acquired from books. It is surprising how much may be effected, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written without the least view to publicity.

2. "I was the youngest," says the writer, "of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed.

3. "A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the Society library,— all the

historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin.

4. "Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek; at this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship.

5. "Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow apprentices. At evening I sat down unassisted, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter.

6. "I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labors of the day.

7. "I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew, with an awakened desire of examining another field; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast, each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

8. "After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature; and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged in by

the want of requisite books. I began immediately to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting, at different ports, such works in the modern and Oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge at my native place to carry this plan into execution.

9. "I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. I immediately bent my steps toward this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection in ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, Sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution.

10. "Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have added so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of FIFTY of them with more or less facility."

LESSON XC. *Sabbath Thoughts.*

1. DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2. And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
 3. And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
 4. And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art,
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.
 5. In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.
 6. Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.
 7. Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.
 8. Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken sabbaths sing the charms ;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.
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LESSON XCI. *The Sea.*

1. "THE sea is his, and he made it," cries the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of devotion, in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few sim-

ple words. Whose else, indeed, could it be, and by whom else could it have been made? Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest, and then speak to it again with a master's accents, and bid it be still?

2. Who else could have poured out its magnificent fullness round the solid land, and

“Laid, as in a storehouse safe, its watery treasures by?”

Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface; filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled it to the brim, with beauty, and mystery, and power? Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's; thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the workmanship are God's; thou art his, and he made thee.

3. “The sea is his, and he made it.” It bears the strong impress of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God, with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of its nature. How then can we be otherwise than profitably employed, while we are looking on this broad and bright mirror of the Deity? The Sacred Scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

4. “The sea is his and he made it.” Its majesty is of God. What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently-heaving, silent sea. What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea. Power, resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath.

5. It is awful, when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunder-bolt, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out, to

meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show, in the line of meeting, the vast rotundity of the world.

6. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing and never increasing.

7. There is majesty in its integrity, for its whole vast substance is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime; what fabric of man can resist it?

8. Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones, within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves; or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony; or dies away, with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore.

9. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea. What music is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?

10. "The sea is his and he made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it in richness of its own; it borrows it of earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet; the sun loves to visit it, and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty.

11. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars; and often does the ship, which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind

a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above.

12. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds, both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast.

13. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious, as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting, as those which stand by the reflecting sea? If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail, and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea-eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep, all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display!

14. Here, a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and, while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness,—for they do clap their hands, and justify, by the life and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist.

15. Here, again, on this self-same ocean, we should behold large tracts, where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for the swell of the sea, which never rests, motionless. Here, we should see a cluster of green islands, set like jewels in the midst of its bosom; and there, we should see the broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows, and threatening the mariner.

16. "There go the ships," the white-robed ships; some on this course, and others on the opposite one; some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed.

by the storm; some for traffic, and some for state; some in peace, and others, alas! in war.

17. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread.

18. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea-birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wing and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks, which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

19. How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one, for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly.

20. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and the grottos, of the cities and solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

21. "The sea is his and he made it." And when he made it, he ordained, that it should be the element and dwelling-place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous, and wealthy, and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man.

LESSON XCII. *The Psalms.*

1. PERHAPS there is no book in the sacred volume, which is so much read as the Psalms of David. The peculiar characteristics of their poetical merit have been already briefly noticed; their devotional beauty and fervor can never be felt with too much intensity, nor admired with too much veneration. The variety and contrast in the feelings of the Royal Psalmist, at different periods of his eventful life, and in different circumstances of prosperity or trial, render his productions beautifully adapted to every frame of mind to which the believer can be subject; while the extreme tenderness and pathos of his supplications is often sufficient, one would think, to subdue and soften even the hard heart of the infidel,

2. His compositions are a storehouse from whence almost all characters of men may derive something suitable to their own condition and peculiarities of mind. Their elevated intellectual and contemplative character, and the admiration of the beauty and glory of the created universe, which they express in such inimitable language,—inimitable both for its sweetness and sublimity,—will always render them delightful to the man of genius and cultivated taste; but it is their touching adaptation to all the varieties of religious feeling, which gives them such an enduring hold upon the heart.

3. Here the grateful worshipper will find such irrepressible and ardent strains of thanksgiving, as might elevate his soul even to the holy adoration of the world above; “O, come let us sing unto the Lord! let us heartily rejoice in the Rock of our salvation.” “I will sing to Jehovah as long as I live; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.” “O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!”

4. For the true penitent they afford the most humble and heartfelt expressions of sorrow for sin, and the most earnest prayers for restoration and forgiveness; “Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done evil in thy sight.” “Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.” For those that mourn in Zion, there is consolation in the sympathy of one, “whose tears were

his food day and night," when God had hidden his face from him.

5. For the bereaved, there are the most instructive pictures of calm and submissive affliction ; "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Here the desponding may learn, that others have been in the comfortless gloom before them, and that "to the upright, there ariseth light in darkness."

6. Here the youthful Christian finds an echo of encouragement to the energy and resolution of his hopes, and the aged and experienced one, a delightful exhibition of sure and confiding trust in the long-tried mercy of Jehovah. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger ; but they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing." "Thou hast been my support from my youth ; now, also, when I am old and grayheaded, forsake me not." "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

7. Happy would it be, could we all realize in our own bosoms, the love, the gratitude, the penitential sorrow, the sacred confidence, and the fervent aspirations after holiness and heaven, which here so faithfully and vividly delineate the inward life of the Christian.

LESSON XCIII. *God our Refuge.* Psalms, xlvi.

1. God is our refuge and strength ;
A powerful help in trouble.
Therefore we will not fear though the earth change,
Though the mountains tremble in the heart of the sea.
Its waters roar and are troubled ;
The mountains shake with its raging,

2. There is a river, whose brooks gladden the city of God ;
The holy dwelling-place of the Most High.
God is within her ; she shall not be moved.
God shall help her, earlier than the dawning.

- The heathen raged, the kingdoms were stirred ;
 He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
 Jehovah of hosts is with us ;
 The God of Jacob is our Refuge.
3. Come, behold the doings of Jehovah !
 What astonishments he hath wrought in the earth.
 He quieteth wars to the end of the earth ;
 The bow he breaketh in pieces, and cutteth asunder the
 spear ;
 The chariots he burneth in fire.
4. Be still, and know that I am God.
 I will be exalted among the nations,
 I will be exalted in the earth.
5. Jehovah of hosts is with us ;
 The God of Jacob is our Refuge.
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LESSON XCIV. *London.*

1. It is impossible, by any written description, to convey adequate ideas of the real magnificence of London. Indeed, it is not till after a person has been in the city for some months, that he begins to comprehend it. Every new walk opens to him streets, squares, and divisions, which he has never before seen. And even those places where he is most familiar are discovered, day by day, to possess archways, avenues, and thoroughfares within and around them, which had never been noticed before. People who have spent their whole lives in the city, often find streets and buildings, of which they had never before heard, and which they had never before seen.

2. If you ascend to the top of St. Paul's Church, and look down through the openings in the vast cloud of smoke, which envelopes the city, you notice a sea of edifices, stretching beyond the limited view that is permitted by the impending vapors. It is not until many impressions are added together, that this great metropolis is understood, even by one who visits and studies it.

3. It is not until the observer has seen the palace of the king and the hovel of the beggar ; the broad and airy streets inhabited by the rich, and the dark and dismal abodes of the

poor; the countless multitudes that ebb and flow like the tide, through some of the principal streets; the thousands that frequent the parks and promenades during the day, and other thousands that shun the light, and only steal forth in the hours of darkness.

4. It is not until all these, and many other spectacles have been witnessed, that he can understand the magnificence and meanness, the wealth and poverty, the virtue and the vice, the luxury and the want, the happiness and misery, which are signified by that brief word, London.

5. To one disposed to study this metropolis, we should recommend, that, at the approach of evening, he should take his station on Waterloo bridge, facing the north. On his right hand lies that part which is called the City, and which, during the day, is devoted to business. On his left is the West End, where fashion, luxury, and taste hold their empire. At evening, this part of the city is tranquil, or only disturbed by an occasional coach, while the eastern part of the metropolis yet continues to send forth its almost deafening roar. Coaches and carriages, carts and wagons of every kind, are still rolling through the streets, and, ere the busy scene closes, appear to send forth redoubled sound. But as the darkness increases, and long lines of lamps spring up around you as by enchantment, the roar of the city begins to abate. By almost imperceptible degrees, it decreases, and, finally, the eastern half of the city sinks into profound repose.

6. But the ear is now attracted by a hum from the west end of the city. At first, a distant coach only is heard, and then another, and another, until at length a pervading sound comes from every quarter. At midnight, the theatres are out, and the roar is augmented. At two o'clock, the routs, balls, and parties are over, and, for a short period, the din rises to a higher and a higher pitch. At length it ceases, and there is a half hour of deep repose.

7. The whole city is at rest. A million of people are sleeping around you. It is now an impressive moment, and the imagination is affected with the deepest awe. But the dawn soon bursts through the mists that overhang the City. A market woman is seen groping through the dim light to arrange her stall; a laborer, with his heavy tread, passes by to begin his task; a wagoner, with his horses, shakes the

earth around you as he thunders by. Other persons are soon seen ; the noise increases, the smoke streams up from thousands of chimneys, the sun rises, and while the west end of London remains wrapped in silence and repose, the eastern portion again vibrates with the uproar of business.

LESSON XCV. *The Nunnery.*

1. THERE are few monasteries in France, but scarcely a town of any note, where there are not one or more convents for nuns. Sometimes these convents are attached to the hospital, and the time of the nuns is exclusively devoted to attendance upon the sick. In this case they are not cloistered, as their duty frequently calls them to different parts of the town or country upon errands of charity. They merely wear a peculiar dress, divide their time between acts of benevolence and religious duties, and do not mix in society ; such are the Sisters of Charity, and Sisters of Providence, of whom there are societies all over the continent of Europe, and who may be seen with their downcast looks and folded arms, gliding along the streets of the populous cities, apparently unconscious of all that is passing around them.

2. Still more frequently, they devote themselves exclusively to the education of girls, and almost all the ladies, both of France and Italy, are brought up in these *Pensionnats*. There are also convents where the nuns employ themselves, both in attending the sick, and in the education of youth ; such, for example, is the convent of *Les Sœurs Hospitalières*, at Bayeux, a town which has now dwindled into comparative insignificance, but which is still the residence of a Bishop, and remarkable for the elegance of its Cathedral.

3. The streets of Bayeux are mean and dirty, and on arriving at the convent gates, the mind is totally unprepared for the quiet and beautiful scene of seclusion, which the interior presents, and which is rendered doubly striking from its existing in the very heart of a manufacturing town.

4. Upon ringing at the gate, the door is opened by the portress, and, after passing through a long, stone passage, the stranger is conducted into a small parlor, advancing from

the building with an iron grating in front, a few chairs, and a stone floor. Behind the grating is a dark-red curtain, which, by its air of mystery, excites a degree of impatient curiosity for its removal. In a few minutes, the curtain is drawn aside, and one of the nuns, probably a *Sœur Supérieure*, dressed in the habit of the order, and distinguished by the large bunch of keys hanging at her girdle, appears at the grating, and enters into conversation with the visitors.

5. No gentleman can be admitted into the interior; but an order from the Superior can be obtained for the admission of ladies, who wish to view the establishment. In the mean time, nothing can be more striking, than the scene which is visible through the grating, which seems like a glimpse into a world totally distinct from that which we have left behind us. In the large and beautiful garden, tastefully diversified with trees and flowers of every hue and variety, groups of nuns with long black veils, may be seen gliding among the trees and through the winding alleys.

6. Some are employed in teaching the *pensionnaires*, some are embroidering under the shade of the trees. All seem cheerful and contented; all are occupied, and pursuing their various tasks with assiduity. When the order for admission is obtained, the inner gates are opened, and the *Mère Supérieure*, a venerable old lady, leaning on a staff, receives the strangers, and conducts them into the garden, where a nearer view of the inmates tends to dissipate still more effectually those ideas of gloom, which seem connected with a conventional life.

7. The convent, formerly one of the wealthiest in France, is a large stone building, of great antiquity. It contains upwards of two hundred nuns, governed by a Superior, chosen from among their body, and at whose election is a solemn religious ceremony. The Superior is appointed for a certain number of years; but, at the end of that period, the same is usually re-elected. Of these nuns the greater part are cloistered, but there are some lay-sisters, and numerous novices.

8. Though there are many of their number belonging to the oldest families in France, and some of much lower rank, there are no distinctions of that nature among them. By turns they make the beds, sweep the floors, and attend upon the others at table.

9. The lay-sisters are permitted to walk with the boarders, and may be sent on errands, when anything is wanted for the use of the convent. The novices are strictly watched, and seldom allowed to leave the gates. They are distinguished from the others by their white veil. Their novitiate lasts three years, and a considerable sum is paid by them on entering, after which they are maintained by the establishment. The ceremony of taking the black veil is one of the most solemn and beautiful in the Roman Catholic religion.

10. High mass is celebrated in the chapel. The bishop officiates in his splendid robes. The novice appears dressed in white, and sometimes decked with jewels like a bride. She kneels before the altar, while the Bishop pronounces a discourse upon the solemnity of the vows, which she is about to pronounce. She then retires behind the altar. Her long hair is cut off, and she is invested with the nun's garment. She is then led forward to the bishop, and, having pronounced, upon her knees, her intention of abjuring the world, and devoting herself to the service of God, she receives his benediction. The black veil is then thrown over her. A solemn hymn is chanted to the notes of the organ, and the gates of the convent are henceforth closed upon her for ever.

11. It is true, that, by the order of the government, all nuns are now regarded as free from their vows after a certain period; but though a nun who breaks her vows is no longer built up in a wall as in days of old, yet there is a wall of public opinion which is almost as formidable to her; and it is probable that a long period will elapse before any female will have courage to break through this barrier, and expose herself to the scorn of her companions, and the indignation of the Church.

LESSON XCVI. *The Soldier's Dream.*

1. OUR bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

2. When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.
 3. Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
 4. I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
 5. Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
 6. "Stay, stay with us,— rest, thou art weary and worn;"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
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LESSON XCVII. *The Sabbath.*

1. How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, — the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
2. To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While, from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, — the simple song of praise.

3. With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods ;
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large ;
 And, as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

4. But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely ; the ground
 Both seat and board ; screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree ;
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With covered face, and upward, earnest eye.

5. Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air, pure from the city's smoke ;
 While, wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers, that bloom
 Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
 With elevated joy, each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

LESSON XCVIII. *Neatness.*

1. AMONG the minor virtues, cleanliness ought to be conspicuously ranked; and in the common topics of praise we generally arrange some commendation of neatness. It involves much. It supposes a love of order, and attention to the laws of custom, and a decent pride. My Lord Bacon says, that "a good person is a perpetual letter of recommendation."

2. This idea may be extended. Of a well-dressed man it may be affirmed, that he has a sure passport through the realms of civility. In first interviews we can judge of no one except from appearances. He, therefore, whose exterior is agreeable, begins well in any society.

3. Men and women are disposed to augur favorably rather than otherwise of him who manifests, by the purity and propriety of his garb, a disposition to comply and to please. As in rhetoric, a judicious exordium is of admirable use to render an audience docile, attentive, and benevolent, so, at our introduction into good company, clean and modish apparel is at least a serviceable herald of our exertions, though an humble one.

4. Should I see a man, though even a genius, totally regardless of his person, I should immediately doubt the delicacy of his taste and the accuracy of his judgment. I should conclude there was some obliquity in his mind, — a dull sense of decorum, and a disregard of order. I should fancy, that he consorted with low society, and, instead of claiming the privilege of genius to knock and be admitted at palaces, that he chose to sneak in at the back-door of hovels, and wallow brutishly in the sty of the vulgar.

5. The Orientals are particularly careful of their persons. Their frequent ablutions and change of garments are noticed in every page of their history. More than one precept for neatness can be quoted from the Bible. The wise men of the East supposed there was some analogy between the purity of the body and that of the mind, nor is this a vain imagination.

6. I cannot conclude these remarks better than by an extract from the works of Count Rumford, who, in few and strong words, has fortified my doctrine; "With what care

and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order! and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant, do they ever appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing-birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain."

LESSON XCIX. *Children.*

1. AMONG yonder children who are now playing together like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their faces like sunshine upon clear waters;—among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate, and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. "*The child is father of the man.*"

2. Among them, and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces, and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future,—the mothers of nations,—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and

vices of another age and of another world, and all playing together! “*Men are but children of a larger growth.*”

3. Pursuing the search, you would go further among the little creatures, as among the types of another and a loftier language, to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors, with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger, flying a kite with his future customer; there a physician, playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood: there a Cromwell, or a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin, higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the “old Parr” of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine, and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told, that “*just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.*”

4. Such are children. Corrupted, they are fountains of bitterness for ages. Would you plant for the skies? Plant in the live soil of the warm, and generous, and youthful; pour all your treasures into the hearts of children. Would you look into the future as with the spirit of prophecy, and read, as with a telescope, the history and character of our country, and of other countries? You have but to watch the eyes of children at play.

5. Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dewdrops or the playthings, of earth. Yet “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The kingdom of heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominions, and thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! they are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, each with a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it!

6. Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world,

whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dewdrops! They are dewdrops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment, we should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror.

7. What would be our feelings, to see a fair child start up before us a maniac, or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold, asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plumbs? Cuvier, laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his play-fellow's gingerbread? What should we say, to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Marat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday, or "puss puss in the corner," with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Mrs. Clark, or Alfieri?

8. Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps, of people no better than we are. But, if they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together, what a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! how their fingers would have tingled!

LESSON C. *Anecdotes of Children.*

1. I REMEMBER a little boy who was a lexicographer from his birth, a language-master, and a philosopher. From the hour he was able to ask for a piece of bread and butter, he never hesitated for a word, not he! If one would not serve,

another would, with a little twisting and turning. He assured me one day, when I was holding him by the hand rather tighter than he wished (he was but just able to speak at the time), that I should *choke* his hand; at another, he came to me, all out of breath, to announce, that a man was below *shaving* the wall. Upon due inquiry, it turned out that he was only *white-washing*. But how should he know the difference between white-wash and lather, a big brush and a little one? Show me, if you can, a prettier example of synthesis or generalization, or a more beautiful adaptation of old words to new purposes.

2. I have heard another complain of a school-fellow for winking at him *with his lip*; and he took the affront very much to heart, I assure you, and would not be pacified till the matter was cleared up. Other children talk about the *bones* in peaches,—osteologists are they; and others, when they have the toothache, aver that it *burns* them. Of such is the empire of poetry. I have heard another give a public challenge in these words, to every child that came near, as she sat upon the door-step, with a pile of tamarind-stones, nut-shells, and pebbles lying before her. “Ah! I ‘ve got *many-er* than you!” That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. And her wealth, in what was it unlike the hoarded and useless wealth of millions?

3. Never shall I forget another incident which occurred in my presence between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheel-barrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. “I ‘ll tell you what you can’t do,” said he. “Well, what is it?” “You can’t jump down your own throat.” “Well, *you* can’t.” “*Can’t I though?*” The simplicity of “Well, *you* can’t,” and the roguishness of “*Can’t I though?*” tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of sparring I had seen elsewhere,—I should not like to say where,—having a great respect for the temples of justice and the halls of legislation.

4. “I say *t* is white-oak.” “I say it’s red-oak.” “Well, I say it’s white-oak!” “I tell ye *t* aint white-oak.” Here they had joined issue for the first time. “I say *t* is.” “I say *t* aint.” “I ‘ll bet you ten thousand dollars of it.” “Well, I ‘ll bet you ten ten thousand dollars.” Such were the very words of a conversation I have just heard between two chil-

dren, the elder six, the other about five. Were not these miniature men? Stockbrokers and theologians?

5. "Well, my lad, you 've been to meeting, hey?" "Yes Sir." "And who preached for you?" "Mr. P——." "Ah! and what did he say?" "I can't remember, Sir, he put me out so." "Put you out?" "Yes Sir,—he kept lookin' at my new clothes all meetin' time!" That child must have been a close observer. Will any body tell me, that he did not know what some people go to meeting for?

6. It was but yesterday that I passed a fat little girl, with large hazel eyes, sitting by herself in a gateway, with her feet stretching straight out into the street. She was holding a book in one hand, and with a bit of stick, in the other, was pointing to the letters. "What's that?" cried she, in a sweet, chirping voice, "*hey*; look on! What's that, I say? F. No—o—o—oh!" shaking her little head with the air of a school-mistress, who has made up her mind not to be trifled with.

7. But children have other characters. At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give is a fact within my own observation. There are children, and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children, who after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beast, dropped in the wilderness, crafty and treacherous and cruel. And others I have known, who, if they live, *must* have dominion over the multitude, being evidently of them that from the foundations of the world have been always thundering at the gates of power.

8. Parents! Fathers! Mothers! if it be true, that "just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined," how much have you to answer for! If "men are but children of a larger growth," watch your children forever, by day and by night! pray for them forever, by night and by day! and not as children, but as *men* of a smaller growth; as men with most of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities, that go to make man terrible to his fellow-men.

LESSON CI. *Early Display of Genius.*

1. MANY striking instances have occurred, of the capacity and vigor of the human mind, even amidst the obscurities and the obstructions to mental activity which exist in the present state of things. The illustrious *Pascal*, no less celebrated for his piety than for his intellectual acquirements, when under the age of twelve years, and while immersed in the study of languages, without books and without an instructor, discovered and demonstrated most of the propositions in the first book of Euclid, before he knew that such a book was in existence,—to the astonishment of every mathematician; so that, at that early age, he was an inventor of geometrical science.

2. He afterwards made some experiments and discoveries on the nature of sound, and on the weight of the air, and demonstrated the pressure of the atmosphere ; and at the age of sixteen, composed a treatise on Conic Sections, which, in the judgment of men of the greatest abilities, was an astonishing effort of the human mind. At nineteen years of age, he invented an arithmetical machine, by which calculations are made, not only without the help of a pen, but even without a person's knowing a single rule in arithmetic ; and, at the age of twenty-four, he had acquired a proficiency in almost every branch of human knowledge, when his mind became entirely absorbed in the exercises of religion.

3. The celebrated *Grotius*, at the age of thirteen, only a year after his arrival at the university of Leyden, maintained public theses in mathematics, philosophy, and law, with universal applause. At the age of fourteen, he ventured to form literary plans which required an amazing extent of knowledge ; and he executed them in such perfection, that the literary world was struck with astonishment. At this early age, he published an edition of *Martianus Capella*, and acquitted himself of the task in a manner which would have done honor to the greatest scholars of the age.

4. At the age of seventeen he entered on the profession of an advocate, and pleaded his first cause at Delf, with the greatest reputation, having previously made an extraordinary progress in the knowledge of the sciences. The *Admira-*

ble Crichton, who received his education at Perth and St. Andrews, by the time he had reached his twentieth year, was master of ten languages, and had gone through the whole circle of the sciences as they were then understood.

5. At Paris he one day engaged in a disputation, which lasted nine hours, in the presence of three thousand auditors, against four doctors of the church, and fifty masters, on every subject they could propose; and, having silenced all his antagonists, he came off amidst the loudest acclamations, though he had spent no time in previous preparation for the contest.

6. *Gassendi*, a celebrated philosopher of France, at the age of four, declaimed little sermons of his own composition; at the age of seven, spent whole nights in observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, of which he acquired a considerable knowledge at sixteen; he was appointed professor of rhetoric at Digne, and, at the age of nineteen, he was elected professor of philosophy in the university of Aix. His vast knowledge of philosophy and mathematics was ornamented by a sincere attachment to the Christian religion, and a life formed upon its principles and precepts.

7. *Jeremiah Horrox*, a name celebrated in the annals of astronomy, before he attained the age of seventeen, had acquired, solely by his own industry, and the help of a few Latin authors, a most extensive and thorough knowledge of astronomy, and of the branches of mathematical learning connected with it. He composed astronomical tables for himself, and corrected the errors of the most celebrated astronomers of his time. He calculated a transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disk, and was the first of mortals who beheld this singular phenomenon, which is now considered of so much importance in astronomical science.

8. *Sir Isaac Newton*, the fame of whose genius has extended over the whole civilized world, made his great discoveries in geometry and fluxions, and laid the foundation of his two celebrated works, his "Principia" and "Optics," by the time he was twenty-four years of age; and yet these works contain so many abstract and sublime truths, that only the first-rate mathematicians are qualified to understand and appreciate them. In learning mathematics, he did not study the geometry of Euclid, which seemed to him too plain and simple, and unworthy of taking up his time.

9. He understood him almost before he read him; and a cast of his eye, upon the contents of his theorems, was sufficient to make him master of their demonstrations. Amidst all the sublime investigations of physical and mathematical science in which he engaged, and amidst the variety of books he had constantly before him, the *Bible* was that which he studied with the greatest application; and his meekness and *modesty* were no less admirable than the variety and extent of his intellectual acquirements.

10. *J. Philip Barratier*, who died at Halle in 1740, in the twentieth year of his age, was endowed with extraordinary powers of memory and comprehension of mind. At the age of five, he understood the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages; at the age of nine he could translate any part of the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin, and could repeat the whole Hebrew Psalter; and before he had completed his tenth year, he drew up a Hebrew Lexicon of uncommon and difficult words, to which he added many curious critical remarks.

11. In his thirteenth year he published, in two volumes octavo, a translation from the Hebrew of Rabbi Benjamin's "Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa," with historical and critical notes and dissertations; the whole of which he completed in four months. In the midst of these studies, he prosecuted philosophical and mathematical pursuits, and in his fourteenth year invented a method of discovering the longitude at sea, which exhibited the strongest marks of superior abilities. In one winter he read twenty great folios, with all the attention of a vast, comprehensive mind.

12. Such rapid progress in intellectual acquirement strikingly evinces the vigor and comprehension of the human faculties; and, if such varied and extensive acquisitions in knowledge can be attained, even amidst the frailties and physical impediments of this mortal state, it is easy to conceive, with what energy and rapidity the most sublime investigations may be prosecuted in the future world, when the spirit is connected with an incorruptible body, fitted to accompany it in all its movements; and when every moral obstruction which now impedes its activity shall be completely removed.

13. The flights of the loftiest genius that ever appeared on earth, when compared with the rapid movements and comprehen-

hensive views of the heavenly inhabitants, may be no more than the flutterings of a microscopic insect to the sublime flights of the soaring eagle. When endowed with new and vigorous senses, and full scope is afforded for exerting all the energies of their renovated faculties, they may be enabled to trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, to pursue the courses of the heavenly bodies, in their most distant and rapid career, and to survey the whole chain of moral dispensations in reference not only to the human race, but to the inhabitants of numerous worlds.

LESSON CII. *The Calumniator*

1. I AM one of those who believe that the heart of the wilful and deliberate libeller is blacker than that of the highway robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the highway, may have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act by the high mandate of imperative necessity.

2. The mild features of the husband and the father may intermingle with those of the robber, and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which "not enriches him," though it makes his neighbor "poor indeed." The man who, at the midnight hour, consumes his neighbor's dwelling, does him an injury, which, perhaps, is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may, indeed, descend upon him, until charity opens a neighboring door; the rude winds of heaven may whistle around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days; he has yet a hook to hang a hope on.

3. No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent, he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained to feel, that this world is to him a wilderness. For whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the

service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow, unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fireside? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him.

4. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathizing agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father? Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the ruthless hand of malice his character has been wantonly massacred; — and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress? Is character valuable?

5. On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things, to argue which, is treason against nature. The author of our being did not intend to leave this afloat at the mercy of opinion, but with his own hand has kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive *love of character*. This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul; and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the love of character.

6. It is the love of character for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the love of character which wrought miracles at ancient Greece; the love of character is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire. And it is the love of character animating the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce worth possessing.

7. We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property,—of that religion which enables the possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it, we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise,—but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world.



LESSON CIII. *Verses.*

1. If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

2. And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak, — thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

3. If thou wouldest stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene, —
I might still press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave, —
And I am now alone !

4. I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

LESSON CIV. *The Chamois of the Alps.*

1. CHAMOIS are very fearful, certainly not without sufficient cause, and, their sense of smell and sight being most acute, it is extremely difficult to approach them within the range of a shot. They are sometimes hunted with dogs, but oftener without, as dogs drive them away to places where it is difficult to follow them; when a dog is used, he is to be led silently to the track, which he never will afterwards lose, the scent being very strong; the hunter in the mean time chooses a proper station to lie in wait for the game, some narrow pass through which its flight will most likely be directed.

2. More frequently the hunter follows his dog, with which he easily keeps pace by taking a straighter direction, but calls him back in about an hour, when he judges the chamois to be a good deal exhausted, and inclined to lie down to rest; it is then approached with less difficulty. An old male will frequently turn against the dog, when pursued, and, while keeping him at bay, allows the hunter to approach very near.

3. Hunters, two or three in company, generally proceed without dogs; they carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, and in his pouch a short spy-glass, barley-cakes, cheese, and brandy made of gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those upper chalets, which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting-grounds at daylight.

4. There, on some commanding situation, they generally find a *luegi*, as it is called, ready prepared, two stones standing upon end, with sufficient space between to see through without being seen; there one of the hunters creeps unperceived, without his gun, and, carefully observing every way with his spy-glass, directs his companions by signs.

5. The utmost circumspection and patience are requisite on the part of the hunter, when approaching his game; a windward situation would infallibly betray him by the scent; he creeps on from one hiding-rock to another, with his shirt over his clothes, and lies motionless in the snow, often for

half an hour together, when the herd appears alarmed and near taking flight.

6. Whenever he is near enough to distinguish the *bending of the horns*, that is, about the distance of two hundred or two hundred and fifty steps, he takes aim ; but if, at the moment of raising his piece, the chamois should look towards him, he must remain perfectly still; the least motion would put them to flight before he could fire, and he is too far to risk a shot otherwise than at rest. In taking aim he endeavors to pick out the darkest coat, which is always the fattest animal ; this darkness is only comparative, for the color of the animal varies continually, between light bay in summer, and dark brown, or even black, in winter.

7. Accustomed as the chamois are to frequent and loud detonations among the glaciers, they do not mind the report of the arms so much as the smell of gunpowder, or the sight of a man ; there are instances of the hunter having time to load again, and fire a second time after missing the first, if not seen. No one but a sportsman can understand the joy of him, who, after so much toil, sees his prey fall ; with shouts of savage triumph he springs to seize it, up to his knees in snow, despatches the victim if he finds it not quite dead, and often swallows a draught of warm blood, deemed a specific against giddiness.

8. He then takes out the entrails of the beast to lessen its weight, ties the feet together, in such a manner as to pass his arms through on each side, and then proceeds down the mountain, much lighter for the additional load he carries. When the day is not too far spent, the hunters, hiding carefully their game, continue the chase. At home, the chamois is cut up, and the pieces salted or smoked ; the skin is sold to make gloves and leather breeches, and the horns are hung up as a trophy in the family. A middle-sized chamois weighs from fifty to seventy pounds.

9. Not unfrequently the best marksman is selected to lie in wait for the game, while his associates, leaving their rifles loaded by him, and acting the part of hounds, drive it towards the spot. Sometimes, when the passage is too narrow, a chamois, reduced to the last extremity, will rush headlong on the foe, whose only resource to avoid the encounter, which, on the brink of precipices must be fatal, is to lie down immediately and let the frightened animal pass over him.

10. There was once an instance of a herd of fourteen chamois, which, being hard pressed, rushed down a precipice to certain death, rather than be taken. It is wonderful to see them climb abrupt and naked rocks, and leap from one narrow cliff to another, the smallest projection serving them for a point of rest, upon which they alight, but only just to take another spring ; their agility made people believe formerly that they could support themselves by means of their hooked horns. They have been known to take leaps of twenty-five feet down hill, over fields of snow.

11. The leader of the herd is always an old female, never a male. She stands watching when the others lie down, and rests when they are up, and feeds listening to every sound, and anxiously looking round ; she often ascends a fragment of rock, or heap of drifted snow, for a wide field of observation, making a sort of gentle hissing noise when she suspects any danger. But when the sound arises to a sharper note, the whole troop flies at once like the wind to some more remote and higher part of the mountain. The death of this old leader is generally fatal to the herd.

12. Their fondness for salt makes them frequent salt springs and salt marshes, where hunters lie in wait for them. The latter practise also a very odd *ruse de guerre*; having observed the chamois are apt to approach cattle in the pastures, and graze near them, a hunter will crawl on all fours with salt spread on his back to attract the cattle, and is immediately surrounded and hid by them so completely, that he finds no difficulty in advancing very near the chamois, and taking a sure aim.

13. At other times, a hunter, when discovered, will drive his stick into the snow, and place his hat on the top of it ; then, creeping away, go round another way, while the game remains intent on the strange object, which it still sees in the same place.

14. The males generally live apart, and only come near the herd in November and December ; in May the females bring forth their young, which walk from the moment of their birth, and are very pretty and tame. When caught they are easily reared, but cannot live in a warmed stable in winter. The age of each individual is known by the number of rings marked on its horns, each year adding a new one ; in winter they subsist on the *lichen ciliaris* and the

lichen barbatus of the botanists, not unlike Iceland moss, and on the young shoots and the bark of pines.

15. By scratching away the snow, they also come at the grass and moss on the ground ; and it frequently happens, that a whole bed of snow sliding off a steep declivity, lays bare a great extent of pasture. Those that frequent forests, are generally larger and better fed than those which live mostly on the high and naked parts of the mountain, but none of them are lean in winter ; in spring, on the contrary, when they feed on new grass, they become sickly and poor.

LESSON CV. Dress.

1. IN no way has civilized man played more fantastic tricks than in the matter of dress. The clumsy and inconvenient dress of the savage is attributed to his ignorance of domestic arts ; but what can be said in excuse for civilized man, when he wears shoes, that project half a yard beyond his feet, or exchanges his own locks for an enormous periwig, filled with powder and pomatum ; or when a lady, by various absurdities in dress, renders it difficult for her either to walk or sit.

2. One extreme leads to another. I have seen full grown women with dresses on only a yard and a half wide ; while at another period, the ladies at court were so encased in hoops, constructed of millinet and whalebone, that it was almost impossible to avoid unpleasant and awkward encounters.

3. The influence of fashion is so strong in corrupting the eye, and perverting the taste, that it has led some persons to doubt the existence of any true standard of beauty in costume ; there are, however, some forms of dress which appear beautiful to us, after they have ceased to be the reigning mode. These are in general simple and unpretending. The occasional triumph of good taste over fashion is shown by the frequent returns of pretty shapes. I would have young people look at every thing with an eye of taste, and so modify their compliance with the prevailing mode, as not to sacrifice to it their sense of beauty.

4. Mere fashion should never be allowed to triumph over common sense or good taste. Neither do I mean to recommend a wide departure from it; ingenuity should be called up to invent a modification, which shall combine beauty with fashion. I have seen two young ladies with equal pretensions to personal beauty, one of whom was arrayed in a French embroidered pelerine, that cost twenty-five dollars; while the other was dressed in one made of plain cambric, edged with embroidery, that cost two dollars; and any person who had an eye for beautiful forms, would have preferred the latter, because the proportions of the lady's cape and figure were suited to each other, whereas the other had chosen a cape so much too large for her, that she seemed encumbered by her finery.

5. Conversing one evening at a brilliant party in one of our southern cities, with an ingenious gentleman, who had devoted much time to the fine arts, having studied architecture and practised modelling, and was also a great observer of female attire, I was amused to hear him compare the different modes of dress to the different styles of architecture.

6. When he saw a lady dressed with great simplicity, and her hair naturally arrayed, he called that style of dress Grecian. One more elaborately attired, but still in good taste, reminded him of the ancient Roman style. Anything cumbrous, however rich its material, or grand its form, was called Gothic. And when a lady approached us covered with finery, that looked as if it had been showered upon her from a band-box held over her head, he exclaimed, "Here is a specimen of the florid Gothic."

7. He never could bear to see bows that tied nothing, rows of buttons that fastened nothing, and little appendages that had no real or apparent use. He insisted, that in dress, as well as in architecture, all beauty was founded in utility, and asked me if I did not think, that columns which supported nothing would look very badly.

8. He said, he liked to see borders to papered walls, because they hid the terminating edge, and he liked to see ladies gowns trimmed round the bottom of the skirt, because the trimming hid the hem, and was a handsome finish to the figure; "but," he continued, "inasmuch as I should condemn the taste that made a paper bordering so wide as to

cover half the walls, so do I denounce the fashion of trimmings which extend half way up the skirt. It has no longer the effect of a border; it is an overload of ornament, cuts up the figure, and spoils any dress."

9. If this gentleman had lived to see the exaggeration of the present day, even his command of language would have been taxed to find terms of reprobation sufficiently strong for a leg of mutton, or a balloon, sleeve. The sight of a woman carrying a projection each side of her, larger than her body, would certainly look as preposterous to him, as an edifice in which the wings were larger than the main body.

10. Nothing can be truly beautiful which is not appropriate; all styles of dress, therefore, which impede the motions of the wearer, which do not sufficiently protect the person, which add unnecessarily to the heat of summer, or to the cold of winter, which do not suit the age and occupation of the wearer, or which indicate an expenditure unsuited to her means, are inappropriate, and therefore destitute of one of the essential elements of beauty.

11. Propriety, or fitness, lies at the foundation of all good taste in dressing. Always consider whether the articles of dress which you wish to purchase are suited to your age, your condition, or your means, and then let the principles of good taste keep you from the extremes of the fashion, and regulate the form so as to combine utility and beauty.

12. Some persons seem to have an inherent love of finery, and adhere to it pertinaciously; they cannot reason upon this preference; they can only say, that what others condemn as tawdry, looks pretty to them. No plainness of dress can ever be construed to your disadvantage; but ornamental additions, which, in their best state, are a very doubtful good, become a positive evil, when defaced, or soiled, or tumbled. Shabby feathers, and crushed or faded artificial flowers, are an absolute disgrace to a lady's appearance, whereas their total absence would never be remarked. Cleanliness is the first requisite in a lady's dress.

LESSON CVI. *I'm pleased and yet I'm sad.*

1. WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five ;
I at my study window sit,
And, wrapped in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.
2. But, though impressions, calm and sweet,
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I 'm pleased, and yet I 'm sad.
3. The silvery rack that flies away,
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast ?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest ?
4. Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way ?
No, surely no ! for give but me
My own fireside, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.
5. Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear ?
O, no ! O, no ! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in heaven,
Released from every fear.
6. Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell,
That holds me when I'm glad ;

And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why
Or wherefore I am sad.

LESSON CVII. *Scenes on the Hudson River in Early Times.*

1. WILDNESS and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river ; the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid down the dark forests, and tamed the features of the landscape ; nor had the frequent sail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages.

2. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam, perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere, but so loftily situated, that the whoopings of the savage children, gambolling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear, as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then, from the beetling brow of some rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below ; and then, tossing his branching antlers to the air, would bound away into the thickets of the forest.

3. Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves into the heavens ; and were fashioned, if traditions may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manito, to protect his frontier abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals.

4. Now did they career it gayly across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide-extended shores present a vast variety of delectable scenery ; here, the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay ; there, the long woodland slope, swelling up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice ; while, at a distance, a long, waving line of rocky heights threw their gigantic shades across the water.

5. Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating,

as it were, for protection, into the embraces of the neighboring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet-tufted lawn,—the bushy copse,—the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure,—on whose banks was situated some little Indian village, or, peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

6. The different periods of the revolving day seemed each, with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the hills and sprinkling the landscape with a thousand decoy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which, like midnight caitiffs, disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains.

7. At such times all was brightness and life and gayety; the atmosphere seemed of an indescribable pureness and transparency; the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes,—then, all was calm, and silent, and magnificent.

8. The late swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast,—the seamen with folded arms leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson, was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendor of the heavens, excepting that now and then, a bark canoe would start across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as, perchance, a lingering ray of the setting sun gleamed upon them from the western mountains.

9. But when the hour of twilight spread its magic mists around, then did the face of nature resume a thousand fugitive charms, which, to the worthy heart, that seeks enjoyment in the glorious works of its Maker, are inexpressibly captivating. The mellow, dubious light, that prevailed, just served to tinge with illusive colors, the softened features of the scenery. The deceived, but delighted eye sought vainly to discern, in the broad masses of shade, the separating

line between the land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos.

10. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing, with industrious craft, a fairy creation of her own. Under her plastic wand, the barren rocks frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers and high embattled castles; trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants; and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

11. Now broke forth from the shores the notes of an innumerable variety of insects, which filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert; while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore, now and then startled, perchance, by the whoop of some straggling savage, or the dreary howl of a wolf, stealing forth upon his nightly prowlings.

LESSON CVIII. *The Immortal Mind.*

1. WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
By steps, each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

2. Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall?
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

3. Before creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched, or system breaks ;
 Fixed in its own eternity.
4. Above all love, hope, hate, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure ;
An age shall fleet, like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

LESSON CIX. *Robert Emmett.*

1. THIS remarkable and interesting victim of enthusiastic but ill-directed patriotism was one of the leaders in the Irish rebellion of 1803. He was the brother of the late Thomas Addis Emmett, a distinguished Irish lawyer, who settled in New York, and died there in 1827. He was the son of a respectable physician, possessed a handsome fortune, was highly educated, and endowed with uncommon genius.

2. Having been seized and brought to trial, and knowing that his fate was decided, he sought not to save his life, but to shelter his name and fame from after infamy. The following is the closing part of his address to the court.

3. "Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks my views; from which no inference can be tortured to countenance barbarity or debasement at home,

or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid!

4. "If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life,—oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

5. "My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven.

6. "Be yet patient. I have but a few words more to say; I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me; and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

7. Such was the lofty and intrepid bearing of Robert Emmett, in the hopeless hour of condemnation, he being then but twenty-one years of age. In allusion to his last re-

quest, the "charity of the world's silence," the poet Moore thus beautifully mourns his fate.

8. "O breathe not his name,—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid,—
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head."
 9. "But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."
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LESSON CX. *The Broken Heart.*

1. In happier days and fairer fortunes, Robert Emmett, noticed in the preceding lesson, had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of Curran, a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth,—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

2. But, then, the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation,—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene,—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

3. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate at-

tachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But, could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation ; for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain.

4. There are some strokes of calamity, that scath and scorch the soul, — that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

5. The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

6. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a *happy* one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

LESSON CXI. *Apelles and Protogenes.*

APELLES was a Greek artist, in the time of Alexander the Great, and has been often called the “Prince of painters.” Protogenes was almost equally celebrated. The incidents here related took place about 325 years before Christ. No specimens of the paintings of either artist remain. It is probable the lines, here spoken of, were slight sketches. Cos and Rhodes are two Greek Islands.

1. “Is Protogenes at home?” inquired a young man, as he entered the painting-room of the artist Protogenes.

2. “No, master,” replied an old woman, who was seated near a panel prepared for painting; “No, master; he has gone forth to breathe the fresh air, and much does he need it, after toiling here all day. It is his custom, at the approach of evening, to go down to the sea-shore and snuff the breezes, that come skimming over the water from the Greecian isles.”

3. “Is he then so laborious?” said the stranger.

“Ay, to be sure he is. They say he is determined to excel Apelles of Cos. Be that as it may, he never thinks his pictures are *finished*; but it is no business of mine, else I might say life is too short, to spend three or four years in lingering, still unsatisfied, over the same picture.”

4. “Thy life does not seem to have been a short one, mother,” said the stranger, examining the lines of care and sorrow, which had strongly marked a face that might once have been handsome.

She looked earnestly at him, without replying.

“I have urgent business with Protogenes,” said the stranger.

5. “Very well; leave your name, and fix the time when you will come again. You cannot fail of finding him at home when the sun gets above yonder loop-hole, and that is about the tenth hour in the morning.”

The stranger drew a small tablet from under his robe, and seemed to be about writing his name; suddenly he approached the panel, and, taking a pencil which lay near, drew simply a line. As he looked up, he perceived the old woman looking intently upon it.

“Look, mother,” said he, smiling, “canst thou read that name?”

6. She fixed on him a steady look. “My eyes,” replied

she, "are dim with age, and I never was taught your Greek letters; but I can read your face."

"And what dost thou read there?"

"That which my master is seeking,—*Truth*."

"Dost thou think I am looking for it at the bottom of a well?" said the stranger, smiling.

"Ah," replied she, changing at once her air and manner into one of wild sublimity.—"Thou art not born to look *down* upon it, but *up, up!*" and she raised her hand and pointed upwards.

7. "Art thou a soothsayer, good mother?" said the youth, with reverence.

"Who," replied she, with solemnity, "that has lived to see the raven hair turn to snow,—who, that has watched the sapling as it grew into the sturdy oak, and has beheld generation after generation swept away,—who, that has seen all this, and yet stands blasted and alone, is not a soothsayer? Ay, young master, age and sorrow have the gift of reading the future by the past."

8. "Thou canst number many years?" said the youth, inquiringly.

She shook her head,—"I have outlived all that," said she,—"I count not by years. I know not how many times the winter has come round; life has been one long winter to me."

"May I ask," said the stranger, with increasing interest, "if you are a Greek?"

"I am of no nation, of no country," replied she; "I was once a Persian."

9. The stranger at once comprehended, that she might have been torn as a captive from her native land; for the bloody laurels of Asia were yet fresh upon Alexander's young brow, and he hastily changed a subject which seemed to awaken such bitterly painful feelings.

"My errand to Rhodes was to see Protogenes," said he; "I cannot depart without an interview."

10. The old woman arose, and going towards the lattice, looked at the sun, as it was fast sinking into the ocean. "He will be here directly, if you will have brief patience," said she. This information rather seemed to hasten the youth away, for he immediately disappeared.

11. When Protogenes returned, the old woman said to

him, "There has been a stranger inquiring for the master of the house."

"What name did he leave?" said Protogenes.

"That I may not say," replied she, "but he has written it there."

Protogenes drew near, and looked earnestly at the line. Suddenly taking the pencil, he drew another under it.

12. "He is well acquainted with the name of Protogenes," said the old woman, "it needs not to be written. He will be here to-morrow at the tenth hour."

"I shall not be at home at that hour," replied the master; "when he comes, show him this," and he pointed to the second line.

13. The next morning, as the old woman saw Protogenes go out, "Ah well," she exclaimed, "how can age calculate upon the caprice of youth? I could have sworn this was an hour he would be at home."

14. Again the stranger made his appearance. "It is not my fault," said she, "that Protogenes seeks the morning air; but he has written his name under thine."

The stranger stood before the panel, and gazed attentively upon it. Then seizing another pencil, he drew a third line.

"Father Zoroaster!" exclaimed the old woman with horror, "thou hast written thy name in blood."

15. "Nay, good mother," said the youth, "it is written with such a pencil as serves Protogenes;—look, I found it here, and here I leave it."

The emotion of the old woman subsided. "That is true," replied she. "I am old and failing, and sometimes everything around me seems written in characters of blood. I have seen that of my country and kindred flowing in rivers! Well may I shudder, even at the sight of it."

16. "Tell me, mother, what may I call thy name?" said the stranger.

"I tell thee, I have no nation and no name," replied she, wildly. "When I was young and had smiling babes about me, they called me Zara."

"Farewell," said the youth, as he quitted the dwelling. Protogenes returned immediately after his visiter had departed.

17. He again approached the panel, and observed the new character inscribed there.

"It is he," he exclaimed; "I knew it could be no other!"

"It is not well," said the old woman, "to have thy panel thus defaced;" and she took a piece of pumice stone, with the intention of erasing the lines.

18. "Not for a thousand worlds," exclaimed the artist, motioning her away, while he stood gazing, as if enraptured. "It will go down to posterity. Woman, if all the treasures of thine own Persepolis, with every monument of Grecian art, were heaped upon thee, thou couldst not purchase such a line as that; and were the whole circle of immortal sciences at thy command, thou couldst not draw it."

19. "Ay," said she in return; "a broader and a deeper one is drawn upon my heart, by a murderer's hand."

"Dwell not on thy melancholy history, good Zara," said the artist kindly; "it will make both thee and me too sad. But come, if thou hast any of the gifts of thy magic, come and divine the name of this stranger."

Zara slowly approached the panel. "Thou wilt not let me rub it out?" said she inquiringly.

"Not for the throne of Alexander," said he; "an empire could not replace it."

20. "In truth, then, I will read it to thee, — *Apelles of Cos.*"

21. "Thou art indeed a very soothsayer," said Protogenes, laughing; "but perhaps he revealed to thee his name?"

"Thinkest thou," said she, "that the mind has no knowledge but through the outer senses? Thinkest thou there are no signs of the spirit that animates the man? Whom hast thou called upon even in thy sleep, but Apelles of Cos? What has stimulated thee to labors of the pencil beyond thy strength, but the fame of Apelles? I behold thee thus enraptured at the tracery of these simple lines, and thou sayest this name will go down to posterity; — who can have drawn them but Apelles of Cos?"

LESSON CXII. *The Black Sheep.*

1. THE scale of human happiness is more equally balanced than might at first appear. Those who are deemed the most fortunate, and who, to a hasty observer, seem to

have no bitterness in the cup of life, on closer observation, have usually been found to have some settled sorrow, real or imaginary, which sinks them to the common level of other men. The story of the Black Sheep is perhaps to the point.

2. A philosopher, in search of one whom he could call perfectly happy, traverses the world. He traces the steps of kings in their palaces, — the business man in his walks, — the beggar in his hovel. Splendid care, anxiety, and want are depicted in many a face, and felt in many a heart. Returning in despair to find the object of his search, the philosopher is hurrying home to his solitude, when his steps are arrested by the appearance of a young shepherd reclining upon the declivity of a sun-lit hill, with his crook by his side, and his flocks grazing at his feet. The quiet depicted in his face added to the calm which an undisturbed sleep had spread upon his features.

3. The philosopher seats himself by the side of the shepherd, and waits till he should wake. The man of wisdom beholds a beautiful country beyond the mountains, and the waters which lay in perspective; he sees a neat cottage at the base of the hill on which the shepherd is reposing; the bleating of flocks and the song of birds make vocal the green valleys and the fruitful plain.

4. The youth starts from his slumbers. "Good day, father." "Good day, my son," was the reply. "This is your home, and these are your occupations, to tend your fleecy care?" says the sage. "Truly so," answered the youth. "That, too, is your wife, and those are your children," continues the philosopher. "They are," returns the shepherd. "What then, my son, have you to wish or to hope for, beyond the joys of your own threshold, and the possessions of your own lands?" "Nothing," says the youth. "You, then, are truly content, and your cup is full to overflowing. Thank heaven for your blessings, and may you live long to enjoy them."

5. The wise man is about to depart, satisfied that the man at last is discovered, whom he could pronounce to be perfectly happy. "Stay, father," exclaims the shepherd, "do you see that black sheep? He is the leader of the flock, but full of mischief, hurrying me in many and many a chase, over briers, through bogs, and along the far-off pathway of the

hills. He carries with him the whole tribe of followers; and it is often in the meridian heat or at the set of sun, when the toils of the day have exhausted me, that I am led many a weary mile to gather the scattered sheep within the folds. He is my constant trouble; I sleep but to dream of the vexations which he causes me, and wake, alas, but to find them real." "Enough," said the philosopher, and grasping his wand, with a hastening pace he resumes his homeward steps, murmuring by the way, "Every one has his black sheep."

6. This allegory teaches, that although life has many pleasures, yet it affords not perfect happiness. Something comes to mar the bliss of every one, and admonish him, that he must look for unalloyed bliss only in another world.

LESSON CXIII. *Sabbath Morning.*

1. EVERY Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple which stands opposite my chamber window. First, the weather-cock begins to flash; then a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out.

2. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, comes down the stone steps, one by one; and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath.

3. By dwelling near a church, a person soon contracts an attachment for the edifice. We naturally personify it, and conceive its massive walls, and its dim emptiness, to be instinct with a calm, and meditative, and somewhat melancholy spirit. But the steeple stands foremost in our thoughts, as well as locally. It impresses us as a giant, with a mind

comprehensive and discriminating enough to care for the great and small concerns of all the town.

4. Hourly, while it speaks a moral to the few that think, it reminds thousands of busy individuals of their separate and most secret affairs. It is the steeple, too, that flings abroad the hurried and irregular accents of general alarm; neither have gladness and festivity found a better utterance than by its tongue; and, when the dead are slowly passing to their home, the steeple has a melancholy voice to bid them welcome.

5. Yet, in spite of this connexion with human interests, what a moral loneliness, on week days, broods round about its stately height! It has no kindred with the houses above which it towers; it looks down into the narrow thoroughfare, the lonelier, because the crowd are elbowing their passage at its base. A glance at the body of the church deepens this impression.

6. Within, by the light of distant windows, amid refracted shadows, we discern the vacant pews and empty galleries, the silent organ, the voiceless pulpit, and the clock, which tells to solitude how time is passing. Time,—where man lives not,—what is it but eternity?

7. And in the church, we might suppose, are garnered up, throughout the week, all thoughts and feelings that have reference to eternity, until the holy day comes round again, to let them forth. Might not, then, its more appropriate site be in the outskirts of the town, with space for old trees to wave around it, and throw their solemn shadows over a quiet green?

8. But, on the Sabbath, I watch the earliest sunshine, and fancy that a holier brightness marks the day, when there shall be no buzz of voices on the Exchange, nor traffic in the shops, nor crowd, nor business, anywhere but at church. Many have fancied so. For my own part, whether I see it scattered down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hemmed in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognise the Sabbath sunshine.

9. And ever let me recognise it! Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but, so long as I imagine that the earth is hal-

lowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity; on the Sabbath,—while that blessed sunshine lives within me,—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return again.

LESSON CXIV. *The Friends or Quakers.*

1. LET it not be supposed, that the life of a Friend has no charms. It is the circle contracted, yet full of quiet comforts. It is the paradise of the peaceful and domestic,—of those who shrink from the vanities and the stir of the world, and who love to go through the earth in a plentiful tranquillity. The Indian, the prisoner, the penitent sinner, and the unhappy and sinned against, children and adults, who need instruction and reformation; who need food or clothing, employment in health, medicine in sickness, comfort in distress, all these are the objects of their care, and the subject of their conversation.

2. It is curious to go into some of their families and see the articles of dress that are making,—the books that are piled up for distribution,—the tracts and pamphlets that young women are stitching, or folding for the same purpose. There are no people who are oppressed in any part of the world,—the Africans, the Indians, the Caffres, the Poles,—but they are their friends; there is no national scheme in operation for the relief of misery, the dissipation of ignorance, the destruction of the grand fallacies of war and political expediency, but they are engaged in it; it is their business and their topic. If we except missionary projects,—from which their peculiar religious views have in a great degree restrained them,—there are scarcely any societies,—Bible, Tract, Peace, Temperance Societies,—that they are not active members and supporters of.

3. From the very origin of this society, this has been a feature of it, which has never, for a moment, become less prominent. It is of these things that they converse, and it is on these, and such as these, that they spend that money which is saved from theatres and operas,—from the clubs and gaming-tables; and it must be confessed, that there is something beautiful in the appropriation of that expense to the

soothing of human ills, and the raising of the human character, which they deny to fashion, splendor, and dissipation.

4. When I have been, on some occasions, induced to accuse them of unnecessary scrupulosity, of undue crushing down of the imagination, of injurious taming and contracting of the feelings,—here is the part of their character,—the breaking forth of their feelings again, in a noble, and perpetual stream,—the evidence of the clinging of their imaginations to the struggles and cries of humanity, in all its trials and its abodes, however distant,—which has induced me to give full testimony to these, as highly redeeming qualities; for they are full of the poetry of Christianity.

5. For this generous and unwearied philanthropy, they deserve the highest honor; and I am inclined to believe, after all, notwithstanding the apparent insipidity of their mode of life,—notwithstanding the energies they subdue, and the excitements they avoid,—that the purity and benevolence of their spirits bring them far nearer to happiness, than all the fascinations they renounce do those who embrace them.

LESSON CXV. *Adherence to Old Customs.*

1. THERE is more or less reverence for the past in all countries. It is the tendency of human nature, wherever it may be found, to fall into the beaten path, and follow it out. "Custom," says Lord Bacon, "is the principal magistrate of man's life." But there is something in the tenacity with which the Irish hold on to the thoughts, opinions, and usages of past ages, which appears to surpass anything of the kind to be found among other European nations.

2. This is strikingly illustrated by an adherence to their political system, for more than a thousand years, although experience had demonstrated that system to be destructive of the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the nation. This national trait is also displayed in the numerous relics of ancient superstitions which are still preserved by the people, although the systems upon which they were founded have been swept away for almost fifteen hundred years.

3. Many of the prevalent customs of Ireland, at the present day, many of the thoughts, feelings, and observances of the people are evidently the cherished fragments of paganism, saved from the wreck of Persian fire-worship, Carthaginian idolatry, or Druidical superstition. It would exceed my present limits to go into a detailed examination of these; it is, perhaps, only necessary to remark, that the perpetuation of the ancient Celtic tongue among the Irish, is not more plain and palpable, than the preservation of ideas and sentiments as ancient as that language itself.

4. It is easy to perceive the conservative tendency of this natural characteristic in the Irish; and we may readily believe, that this has had its share of influence in saving the people from that waste and disintegration which the shock of ages brings upon mankind. The direct operation of this adherence to old customs is to unite the people by a strong bond of common sympathy. Such a community will rally as one man to drive out any foreign people who come with new customs to overturn the old ones.

5. A slight examination of Irish history will show that facts have abundantly proved the truth of this theory. No foreign people have ever been able to sustain themselves in Ireland. The Carthaginian colonists were successively melted down and mingled in the mass of the nation.

6. The Danes, though they occupied certain portions of the country for more than two hundred years, being of too stubborn a stock to become assimilated with those among whom they dwelt, and over whom they exercised at least partial dominion, were the unceasing objects of hostility, and, at last, were expelled from a country which they could not subdue. England bowed to the iron sway of the Danes, and was only delivered from it by calling in foreign aid; but Ireland never yielded to their dominion, and, by her own arm, at last, freed herself from these ruthless oppressors.

7. It is now almost seven hundred years since Ireland was conquered by an English King; but for at least five centuries after that conquest, the dominion of England over Ireland was little more than nominal. From the time of Strongbow's invasion in the reign of Henry the Second, to the period of Elizabeth, though Ireland was regarded as an appendage to the British crown, two thirds of the Irish peo-

ple held themselves, at least in practice, almost wholly independent of foreign control.

8. And even down to the present day, though there be an ostensible submission to England, there is a perpetual struggle on the part of the nation to heave off the giant that has thrown her down. After seven hundred years of either nominal or real dominion, England has been unable to anglicize Ireland. Not only is the government still resisted by the Irish people, but the religion, the customs, the opinions, and feelings of England are obstinately kept at bay by a large part of the nation.

9. Among the many instances furnished by Miss Edgeworth in illustration of the adherence of the Irish to old customs, she tells us of a wealthy young nobleman, who built a neat cottage, with all the modern comforts and conveniences, for an old Irish woman. On going to the place a few weeks after she had taken possession, he found that she had converted it, as far as possible, into an Irish cabin. Even the fire-place was disregarded, and a fire was built in the middle of the brick floor, the smoke, of course, filling the room. The woman explained this by insisting, that she was so accustomed to smoke, she could not live without it!

10. It may be said, and with much justice, that this sturdy adherence to old customs partakes of obstinacy and prejudice, and it may be among the causes of that tardy march of improvement, which may be remarked in Ireland.

11. But, if the Irish people miss the true end of existence by adhering to old customs, permit me to suggest the caution, that we do not rashly run into the opposite extreme. In a country like ours, having no antiquity, and opening boundless fields of enterprise to all, we are apt to think only of the future, and, in our eagerness to lead in the race, to forget those more than golden treasures which consist of memories, and sentiments, and usages.

12. The truth is, man is not made wholly for action, but partly for contemplation. He is placed between two glorious mirrors, anticipation and retrospection; the one beckoning him forward, the other reflecting light upon the path he should follow, and breathing a cool and wholesome atmosphere over his passions. It is a departure from the just balance of his nature to dash either of these in pieces.

13. Whoever limits his existence to "that fleeting strip

of sunlight, which we call *now*," reduces himself like the ticking clock, to a mere measure of passing seconds. He who lives only in the future, never pausing to look back and take counsel of the past, never bending his gaze over the world of retrospection, softened with the mist and moonlight of memory,—lives the life of the restless settler of the far West, who never stops to secure or enjoy what has been won from the wilderness, but still pushes on and on, for scenes of new excitement and new adventure.

14. A wise man and a wise people will use the past as the prophet of the future, and make both of these subservient to the interests of each passing moment. The children of Israel would not stay in Egypt, but, in going to the land of Promise, they took the bones of their father Jacob with them. In pressing forward in the march of improvement, let us, in like manner, bear along with us the experience, the wisdom, the virtue, and the religion, of our fathers.

LESSON CXVI. *The Wild Violet.*

1. "VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land, wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue
With which your soft petals unfold ?
And how do you hold up your tender young head,
When rude, searching winds, rush along o'er your bed
And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed
Their waters, so heavy and cold ?
2. "No one has nursed you, or watched you an hour,
Or found you a place in the garden or bower ;
And they cannot yield one so lovely a flower,
As here I have found at my feet !
Speak, my sweet violet ! answer and tell,
How you have grown up and flourished so well ;
And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
And we thus by accident meet !"

3. "The same careful hand," the violet said,
 "That holds up the firmament, holds up my head !
 And He who with azure the skies overspread,
 Has painted the violet blue.
 He sprinkled the stars out above me by night,
 And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light.
 To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
 When formed of a drop of his dew ?
4. "I 've nought to fear from the black, heavy cloud,
 Or the breath of the tempest, that comes strong and
 loud,
 Where, born in the low-land, and far from the crowd,
 I know, and I live but for ONE.
 He soon forms a mantle about me to cast,
 Of long, silken grass, till the rain and the blast,
 And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly passed,
 As the clouds scud before the warm sun !"
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LESSON CXVII. *Poetry.*

1. **W**HAT is poetry? The common answer would be, that it is some peculiar gift, some intellectual affluence, distinct, not merely in form, not merely in rhyme, but essentially, and in its very nature, distinct from all prose writings. Its numbers are mystic numbers; its themes are far above us, and away from us, in the clouds, or in the hues of the distant landscape; it is at war with the realities of life, and it is especially afraid of logic.

2. It is using no extravagant language, it is committing no vulgar mistake, to say, that poetry is regarded as a kind of "peculiar trade and mystery"; nay, in a sense beyond that of this technical language, as a real and absolute mystery. In one of the most distinguished journals of the day, we find a writer complaining after this sort:—"Poetry," says he, "the workings of genius itself, which, in all times, and with one or another meaning, has been created inspiration, and held to be mysterious and inscrutable, is no longer without its scientific exposition."

3. And why, let us ask, why should it be without its ex-

position? Ay, and if there were any such thing as a science of criticism among us, (for the truth is, there is a great deal less of it than there was in the days of Addison and Johnson,) I would say its *scientific* exposition. What is poetry? What is this mysterious thing, but one form in which human nature expresses itself? What is it but embodying, what is it but "showing up," in all its moods, from the lowliest to the loftiest, the same deep and impassioned, but universal mind, which is alike and equally the theme of philosophy?

4. What does poetry tell us, but that which was already in our hearts? What are all its intermingled lights and shadows? what are its gorgeous clouds of imagery, and the hues of its distant landscapes? what are its bright and blessed visions, and its dark pictures of sorrow and passion, but the varied reflection of the beautiful and holy, and yet overshadowed, and marred, and afflicted nature within us? And how, then, is poetry any more inscrutable than our own hearts are inscrutable?

5. To whom or to what, let me ask again, does poetry address itself? To what, in its heroic ballads, in its epic song, in its humbler verse, in its strains of love, or pity, or indignation,—to what does it speak, but to human nature, but to the common mind of all the world? And its noblest productions, its Iliads, its Hamlets, and Lears, the whole world has understood,—the rude and the refined, the anchorite and the throng of men.

6. There is poetry in real life, and in the humblest life; and in this, if it may not misbecome me to say so, is one of the noblest of our English poets right; though in the application of his theory, I would venture to assert, with the same reservation for my modesty, that he has sometimes made the most lamentable, not to say ludicrous, mistakes. There is "unwritten poetry"; there is poetry in prose; there is poetry in all living hearts.

7. Let him be the true poet who shall find it, sympathize with it, and bring it to light. He that does so, must deeply study human nature. He that does so, must, whether he knows it or not, be a philosopher. Much there is, no doubt, of technical language, much about quiddities and entities, that he may not know.

8. But he must know, and that by deep study and obser-

vation, how feelings and passions rise in the human breast, what are those which coexist, what repel each other, what naturally spring one from another; he must know what within is moved, and how it is put in action by all this moving world around us; what chords are struck, not only by the rough touches of fortune, but what are swept by invisible influences; he must know all the wants, and sufferings, and joys of this inward being; what are its darkest struggles, its sublimest tendencies, its most soothing hopes, and most blessed affections; and all this is divine philosophy.

9. He must wait, almost in prayer, at the oracle within; he must write the very language of his own soul; he must write no rash response from the shrines of models; but asking, questioning, listening to the voice within, as he writes; and then will the deepest philosophy take the form of the noblest inspiration.

LESSON CXVIII. *The Coral Insect.*

THE vast beds of coral in the ocean are formed by minute insects. Many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean appear to be formed wholly by these ever-toiling creatures.

1. **Toil on!** toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock.
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.
2. Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king.
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

3. But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?
4. With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her finger's cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?
5. Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

LESSON CXIX. *Who are the truly Happy?*

1. SOCIETY is often spoken of as divided into three classes, — the high, the low, and the middling. These terms, I am persuaded, often bear a false signification, and are the foundation of infinite mischief. Wealth exerts a magical influence over the imagination; and those who possess it are honored with an epithet, which implies an enviable superiority of condition to the rest of mankind. But this is mere assumption, and that, too, in the face of fact and reason. Wealth is not happiness,—it is a mere instrument, and generally fails to accomplish the end for which it is designed.

2. In the hands of one who knows how to use it, and has that stern self-control which enables him to act according to knowledge, wealth is a blessing. But there are few men of this character. Most possessors of wealth are seduced by its blandishments from the straight and narrow way of peace; and that which Heaven gave for good, thus becomes the instrument of evil.

3. This classification of society, then, which assigns the first and highest place to the rich, is founded upon what might be, and not upon what is. The rich are not the happiest portion of mankind; for wealth is a two-edged sword, and too frequently wounds the hand that wields it. The only just sense in which the rich man can be said to be above his humbler neighbor, is, that he occupies a station of more responsibility. He has more influence, more power; for gold dazzles the eye, and mankind, like the moth, are disposed to follow the glare.

4. The rich man's actions, then, become efficient examples to those around him,—lectures of more power than those of the pulpit preacher. The rich set the fashion, and fashion is a goddess of unlimited sway. A wise and good man, who has riches, may therefore be, and often is, a light set on a hill; but a selfish, or even a reckless, rich man, either hides his light in a bushel, or uses it to dazzle and delude those who are around him, to their ruin.

5. The vices of the poor are generally hurtful only to themselves. The thief, the drunkard, the burglar, in the dirty streets of our cities, do little harm by their example to others; for vice, in rags, is disgusting to all. But the vices of those, who dwell in palaces of granite, seen through rose-colored plate glass, have a hue that turns the demon of deformity into an angel of light.

6. Indolence, voluptuousness, extravagance, haughtiness, exclusiveness, affectation, gossiping,—all these, amid many others, vices of the rich, as truly vicious as theft and burglary, as truly founded in selfishness, and as truly going to deface the image of God in the soul,—have a character of gentility, and are more greedily imitated, than if they were Scripture virtues.

7. They are imitated, too, with complacency; for that salutary fear, which attends other vices, and which may, soon or late, lead the soul to shake them off, does not exist.

The rich may, therefore, be considered as preachers ; their houses as temples, and the world around as their attentive auditory. Their situation is one of fearful responsibility. If a man goes into a pulpit and preaches atheism, every good mind is shocked, and starts back, as if that image, in which Satan seduced our common mother, had suddenly come before him.

8. But the rich man, who sets an example of indolence, or haughtiness, or voluptuousness,—who brings up his children in idleness, or tolerates them in what is called dandyism, or in exclusiveness, or an affectation of superiority,—is a worse enemy to society, if we regard practical consequences, than the infidel preacher. He sows, far and wide, the seeds of vice, and leaves society to reap the whirlwind.

9. In this point of view, the rich occupy a station of great eminence. They are the first or highest class of society, if we regard power and responsibility ; but not the first, in the common acceptation of the term,—that of being the happiest. Nor do the poor, as being the least happy, occupy the last station. Happiness, indeed, is independent of condition.

10. The terms, then, high and low, so often used as marking out society into classes, are false ; they are also mischievous, as tending to imbue the minds of some with conceit, and others with venomous discontent. They, at least, put into the hands of those who adopt the political doctrine, "Divide and conquer," a power, by which they may array one part of the community against the other ; and, when the war is waged, lead on their dupes to the accomplishment of their own purposes.

11. Let us, my friends, take a wiser view of this subject. The happy class of society is the industrious class,—be they rich, be they poor, or be they in that better condition, petitioned for by him who said, "Give me neither poverty or riches." It is in this middle station, that peace and dignity are most frequently found.

12. I know of no better test of happiness, than simplicity of manners. If you can show me a person, who is free from affectation, free alike from disguise, uneasiness, and pretence,—one who seems solicitous to hide nothing, and to display nothing,—one, in short, who bears upon him the

impress of truth,—you show me a man, who, in wealth or poverty, is happy.

13. Truth, in morals, is like gold among the metals; it is always valuable, it is always graceful. Whether rough in its native state, as in rustic life, or wrought up with the refinement of more artificial society, it is still truth, and constitutes the basis of all virtue, all happiness, all moral beauty. Everything is trashy and base without it. The false imitations of it,—affectation, pretence, assumption, arrogance, are brassy counterfeits, alike worthless to the possessor, and contemptible in the sight of true wisdom.

14. And in what condition of society is this simplicity or truth of character most frequently found? I hesitate not to declare, that it is with the middling class, who are kept by that admirable regulator of society,—industry,—between the extremes of poverty and riches.

15. And how happy is it,—thanks to our fathers, thanks to a beneficent Providence, thanks to this fair land, and this bountiful climate,—that this happiest condition of life is accessible to all! Every man may not have gainful talents, or the favoring tide of fortune, to aid him in the acquisition of wealth; but every man may attain a better eminence,—every one may be industrious, and acquire that middling independence, which is better than wealth.

16. I say, every one; for the exceptions arising from ill health, or casual misfortune, are exceedingly rare. A man may be industrious, and yet poor; in general, however, industry, patient, quiet industry, is a sure remedy for poverty.

LESSON CXX. *Hymn to the North Star.*

1. THE sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
 The glorious hosts of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

2. Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they ;
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen they follow in his flaming way ;
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

3. And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

4. There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

5. Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
 High towards the star-lit sky
 Towns blaze, — the smoke of battle blots the sun, —
 The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud, —
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

6. On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

7. And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
 The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

LESSON CXXI. *The Duty of Industry*

1. FROM what I have said, it is a plain inference, that industry is the duty of every man ; it is his duty, alike flowing from his obligations to society and to himself. No degree of wealth, no love of pleasure, no distaste for exertion, nothing but physical incapacity, can confer on any man the right to lead an idle life. Each individual has some gifts, and he is bound to use them wisely for himself and for mankind.

2. In these remarks, I have a primary reference to that industry which is practised in our village,—industry of the hands. I do not insist, however, that every one shall practise this species of industry ; for intellectual activity may produce the greatest benefits to society, and bring happiness to him who uses it. Mental toil may, as it regards its general effects, be considered of a higher nature than bodily toil.

3. But I believe no man can be happy without some habitual bodily toil ; and, surely, if I were to choose a plan of life, most likely to insure happiness, it would be among those who labor with their hands as a vocation. If envy could, for once, have her eyes freed from the scales of prejudice, she would not teach us to desire the high places of those who labor not ; but she would choose, as most desirable, a condition among farmers and mechanics.

4. Of all the delusions, with which man has been accustomed to cheat himself, the idea that freedom from labor confers bliss, is the most fallacious. To live without work, is the halcyon, but deceptive dream, of millions. It has inspired many a man to put forth painful efforts ; but when the bubble is caught, it vanishes into thin air. Go to our cities, and ask those who are looked upon as the successful men in life,—those who have risen to wealth by their own exertions.

5. Ask them, which is the best part of life, that of effort, or that of luxurious relaxation. They will all tell you, that the era of happiness, to which they look back with delight, is the humble period of industrious labor. They will tell you, that the remembrance of those days of small things,—dimmed, as it might seem, by doubts and difficulties,—is better than all their shining wealth.

6. How idle, then, is that sour dissatisfaction, with which some persons look upon their lot, because it involves the duty and necessity of habitual industry ! How unjust that poisonous envy, with which the laborer sometimes regards the other classes of society ! Be assured, that those who occupy what are often called, often falsely, the highest stations in life, pay dearly for their giddy elevation.

7. The rich have sorrows, which the poor know not of. There is often a bitter drug in the golden cup, which is never tasted in the clear glass of humble life. Let us think better of the ways of Providence ; and, with hearts free from vexing envy and embittering discontent, pursue the path of lawful labor, if that should chance to be our lot.

LESSON CXXII. *Weehawken.*

WEEHAWKEN is a high cliff on the shore of New Jersey, overlooking the Hudson, near the city of New York.

1. WEEHAWKEN ! In thy mountain scenery yet,

All we adore of nature, in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on, — when high,

2. Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs

O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
The breathless moment, — when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

3. Like the death-music of his coming doom,

And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life ; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling, — like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

4. In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him ;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him, —
The city bright below ; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.
 5. Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air ;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
 6. Its memory of this ; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.
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LESSON CXXIII. *The Triumphal Song of Moses after the Passage of the Red Sea.* Exodus xv.

1. I WILL sing unto Jehovah, for he is gloriously exalted ;
The horse and his rider hath he whelmed in the sea.
My praise and my song is Jehovah,
And he is become my salvation.
He is my God, and I will praise him ;
My father's God, and I will exalt him.
2. Jehovah is a man of war ; Jehovah is his name.
The chariots of Pharaoh and his host hath he thrown in
the sea ;
And his choicest leaders are thrown in the Red Sea.
The floods have covered them ; they went down ;
Into the abyss [they went down] as a stone.
3. Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath made itself glorious in
power ;
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath dashed in pieces the
enemy.

- And in the strength of thy majesty thou hast destroyed
thine adversaries.
4. Thou didst let loose thy wrath; it consumed them like
stubble.
- With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were heaped
together.
- The flowing waters * stood upright as an heap.
The floods were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said, " I will pursue, I will overtake;
I will divide the spoil, my soul shall be satisfied;
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them."
5. Thou didst blow with thy breath, the sea covered them.
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
6. Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah!
Who is like unto thee, making thyself glorious in holiness!
Fearful in praises, executing wonders.
7. Thou didst stretch out thy right hand,—the earth swal-
lowed them.
Thou hast led forth in thy mercy the people whom thou
hast redeemed;
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to the habitation
of thy holiness.
8. The people shall hear and be disquieted:
Terror shall seize the inhabitants of Philistia.
Then the nobles of Edom shall be confounded;
The mighty ones of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon
them.
All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away.
Terror and perplexity shall fall upon them:
Because of the greatness of thine arm they shall be as
still as a stone.
Till thy people pass over, O Jehovah,
Till thy people pass over whom thou hast redeemed.
Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the moun-
tains of thine inheritance,
The place for thy dwelling, which thou hast prepared,
O Jehovah!
The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.
Jehovah shall reign for ever and ever!

* In the original,—“ The *flowing* stood upright,” &c., the participle of
the verb *to flow* being the poetical form for waters.

LESSON CXXIV. *Select Passages.**Making Resolutions.*

1. NEVER form a resolution that is not a good one, and, when once formed, never break it. If you form a resolution, and then break it, you set yourself a bad example, and you are very likely to follow it. A person may get the habit of breaking his resolutions ; this is as bad to the character and mind, as an incurable disease to the body. No person can become great, but by keeping his resolutions ; no person ever escaped contempt, who could not keep them.

Ingratitude.

2. Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot ;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remembering not.

Impatience.

3. In those evils which are allotted us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped ; and that, with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which He, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon those who bear it well.

Ridicule.

4. He who indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may for the present concur in the general laugh, yet in a cool hour he will consider, that the same trick may be played against himself; but, when there is no sense of this danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who, by general censures, lays claim to general superiority.

Happiness.

5. Various, sincere, and constant are the efforts of men to produce that happiness which the nature of the mind requires; but most seem to be ignorant, both of the source and of the means of genuine felicity. Religion alone can afford true joy and permanent peace. It is this that inspires fortitude, supports patience, and, by its prospects and promises, throws a cheering ray into the darkest shades of human life.

“Where dwells this sovereign bliss ? where doth it grow ?
 Know, mortals, happiness ne'er dwelt below ;
 Look at yon heaven,— go, seek the blessing there ;
 Be heaven thy aim, thy soul's eternal care ;
 Nothing but God, and God alone, you 'll find,
 Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.”

Parental Affection.

6. As the vexations which parents receive from their children hasten the approach of age, and double the force of years, so the comforts which they reap from them are balm to all other sorrows, and repair, in some degree, the injuries of time. However strong we may suppose the fondness of a father for his children, yet they will find more lively marks of tenderness in the bosom of a mother. There are no ties in nature to compare with those which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderness with obedience and love.

Cruelty to Animals.

7. Even the meanest insect receives an existence from the author of our Being ; and why should we idly abridge their span ? They have their little sphere of bliss allotted them ; they have purposes which they are designed to fulfil ; and, when these are accomplished, they die. Everything that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel, though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to our senses. He, who delights in misery or sports with life, must have a disposition and a heart, neither qualified to make himself nor others happy.

Honor.

8. True honor, though it be a different principle from religion, is not contrary to it. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the law of God ; honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him ; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being ; the one, as what is unbecoming ; the other, as what is forbidden.

Friendship.

9. Without friendship, life has no charm. The only things which can render friendship sure and lasting, are virtue, purity of manners, an elevated soul, and perfect integrity of heart. Lovers of virtue should have none but men of virtue for their friends ; and on this point the proof ought principally to turn ; because, where there is no virtue, there is no security that our honor, confidence, and friendship, will not be betrayed and abused. The necessary appendages of friendship are confidence and benevolence.

Conduct to Equals.

10. Be kind, pleasant, and loving, not cross nor churlish, to your equals ; and, in thus behaving yourselves, all persons will naturally desire your familiar acquaintance, and every one will be ready and willing, upon opportunity, to

serve and assist you. Your friends will then be all those that know you and observe your sweetness of deportment. This practice, also, by inducing a habit of obliging, will fit you for society, and facilitate and assist your dealings with men in riper years.

Conduct to Inferiors.

11. Be courteous and affable to your inferiors, not proud nor scornful. To be courteous, even to the meanest, is a true index of a great and generous mind. But the insulting and scornful gentleman, who has been himself originally low, ignoble, or beggarly, makes himself ridiculous to his equals, and, by his inferiors, is repaid with scorn, contempt, and hatred.

LESSON CXXV. *Ode to Evening.*

1. If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales ;
2. O, Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed..
3. Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
4. As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,
5. Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;

As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return !

6. For, when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,
7. And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.
8. Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.
9. Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,
10. And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.
11. While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;
12. While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;
13. So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name !

LESSON CXXVI. *The Murderer.*

THIS is the opening of the argument of the counsel on the part of the Commonwealth, in the case of Francis Knapp, charged with being an instigator of the murder of Joseph White of Salem, an aged and respectable man, found dead in his bed, and proved to have been murdered by an assassin, who stabbed him while asleep. The important truth, that crime cannot be effectually concealed, that it struggles in the breast of its perpetrator till it is exposed and confessed, is set forth with eloquence and power.

1. I VERY much regret, that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you, that I am brought here to "hurry you against the law, and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and, were I to make such an attempt, I am sure, that, in this court, nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence.

2. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty, incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment, of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime, at the bar of public justice.

3. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation, springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance,

or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

4. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye, emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose*, rather than in *action*; not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and developement of his character.

5. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof:—a healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet,—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

6. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle, or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

7. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he

yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it, as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

8. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery.

9. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

10. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance or sympathy, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits, of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beat-

ing at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

LESSON CXXVII. *Importance of Keeping and Observing Good Rules of Behavior.*

1. If we look carefully into the history of great and good men, we shall find, in almost all cases, that in early life, they have been subjected to the influence of wholesome rules of conduct.

2. There is not, in the pages of human biography, a character more worthy of admiration than that of Washington. If the secret of his greatness were to be expressed in a single word, that word would be *self-control*. It was because he could govern himself, that he had the power to govern others. He could put aside his own selfishness, and beat down his own passions, and thus he was left to act without those temptations, which draw the mind and heart aside from truth and duty, as iron often makes the needle swerve from the polar star.

3. How did he acquire this art of self-government? He had, no doubt, the early guidance and counsel of a wise mother, and he had the grace and good sense to listen to her instructions. But besides this, his biographer tells us, that, in looking over his papers, he finds, in Washington's hand-writing, a series of Rules of Behavior, written at the age of thirteen, and preserved, of course, through his whole life. These rules are indeed excellent, and seem to be fitted to form such a character as Washington's really was. Who can doubt, that this is one of the secrets of his greatness?

4. In English history, there are few names more worthy

of respect than that of Sir Philip Sidney. He was born in 1554, and enjoyed various places of trust. In every situation he acquitted himself with credit. Such was his reputation, that he was offered the vacant crown of Poland; but the Queen, Elizabeth, would not consent, remarking, that England ought not to part with the jewel of the times. His death, by a wound at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, was deeply mourned in England, and even King James, the successor of Elizabeth, condescended to write his epitaph.

5. A brief anecdote shows at least one trait in the character of this great and good man. As he lay bleeding on the field of battle, and was going to take a bottle of wine, which his attendants had procured to refresh him, he saw a wounded soldier carried by, who cast a longing glance at the wine. He instantly ordered it to be given to the soldier, saying, "Take it, thy need is greater than mine."

6. As in the case of Washington, we find that Sir Philip Sidney had the advantage of excellent written rules of conduct. The following letter, addressed to him, when a boy, by his father, Sir Henry Sidney, a distinguished English statesman, no doubt was often perused, and reverently observed. It displays singular good sense, and is beautifully written in the simple English of the olden time. It is alike worthy of attention from the wisdom it displays, and from the light it affords as to the state of our language nearly three centuries ago.

7. "I have received two letters from you, the one in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for it will stand you in stead, in that profession of life which you were born to live in; and now, since this is the first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to with you, to follow as documents to you in this tender age. Let the first action be the lifting up of your hands and mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditations, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and use this at an ordinary or particular hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that thing, which you are accustomed to do in that time.

8. "Apply your study in such hours as your discreet master

doth assign you, earnestly ; and the time, I know, he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health ; and mark the sense and manner of that you read, as well as the words ; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter ; and judgment will grow, as you advance in age.

9. "Be humble and obedient to your master ; for, unless you frame yourself to obey, yea, and to feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you hereafter.

10. "Be courteous of behavior, and affable to all men, with universality of reverence, according to the dignity of the person ; there is nothing which winneth so much with so little cost.

11. "Use moderate diet, so as after your meal, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

12. "Use exercise of body ; but such as may in no wise endanger your bones or joints ; it will increase your strength, and enlarge your breath.

13. "Delight to be cleanly as well in all parts of your body as in your garments ; it shall make you graceful in each company, and otherwise you will become loathsome.

14. "Be you rather a hearer and a bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech ; otherwise you will be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak.

15. "Be modest in all companies, and rather be laughed at by light fellows for maiden shamefulness, than of your sober friends for pert boldness.

16. "Think upon every word you will speak, before you utter it ; and remember how nature hath, as it were, rampired up the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips ; and all betoken reins and bridle to the restraining of the use of that member.

17. "Above all things, tell no untruth ; no, not in trifles ; the custom of it is naught. And let it not satisfy you, that the hearers for a time take it for a truth, for afterwards it will be known, as it is, to shame, and there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

18. "Study, and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occu-

pied; so shall you make such a habit of well doing, as you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.

19. "Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended from, on your mother's side; and think that only, by a good life and virtuous actions, you may be an ornament to your illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you will be esteemed *labes generis* [a stain on your family], which is one of the greatest curses that can happen to a man.

20. "Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you, at this time; but yet, if I find that this light meat of digestion do nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same growing stronger, feed it with tougher food. Farewell. Your mother and I send you our blessing; and may God Almighty grant you his; nourish you with his fear, guide you with his grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country."

LESSON CXXVIII. *St. Patrick.*

1. THERE are so many absurd legends of this Irish Apostle, that his name has been brought into contempt, particularly among Protestants. But an examination of his true history, will lead every fair-minded person to a very different estimate of his character.

2. St. Patrick appears to have been a native of Boulogne, in France, and to have been born about the year 387 A. D. In his sixteenth year he was made captive in a marauding expedition by an Irish king, Nial of the Nine Hostages. Being carried to Ireland, he was sold as a slave to a man named Milcho, living in what is now called the county of Antrim. The occupation assigned him was the tending of sheep. His lonely rambles over the mountains and the forest are described by himself, as having been devoted to constant prayer and thought, and to the nursing of those deep devotional feelings, which, even at that time, he felt strongly stirring within him.

3. At length, after six years of servitude, the desire of escaping from bondage arose in his heart. "A voice in his dreams," he says, "told him, that he was soon to go to

his own country, and that a ship was ready to convey him thither." Accordingly in the seventh year of his slavery, he betook himself to flight; and, making his way to the southwestern coast of Ireland, was there received on board a merchant vessel, which, after a voyage of three days, landed him on the coast of Gaul.

4. He now returned to his parents, and, after spending some time with them, devoted himself to study, in the celebrated monastery of St. Martin, at Tours. During this period, it would appear that his mind still dwelt with fond recollection upon Ireland; for he had a remarkable dream, which, in those superstitious ages, was regarded as a vision from heaven. In this, he seemed to receive innumerable letters from Ireland, in one of which was written, "*The voice of the Irish.*"

5. In these natural workings of a warm and pious imagination, so unlike the prodigies and miracles with which most of the legends of his life abound, we see what a hold the remembrance of Ireland had taken of his youthful fancy, and how fondly he already contemplated some holy work in her service.

6. Having left the seminary at Tours, he spent several years in travelling, study, and meditation; but, at length, being constituted a bishop, and having at his own request been appointed by the See of Rome to that service, he proceeded on his long-contemplated mission to Ireland.

7. Let us pause a moment to consider the state of Ireland at this period, that we may duly estimate the task which lay before this apostle, and which we shall find he gloriously accomplished. The neighboring Island of Britain, it will be remembered, was still under the Roman yoke; but no Roman soldier had ventured to cross the narrow channel between Britain and Ireland, and set his foot upon Irish soil. To Ireland, then, Rome had imparted none of her civilization.

8. The country was, in fact, in a state of barbarism; the government was the same as that which had been handed down for centuries, and which continued for ages after. The territory was divided among a great number of petty chiefs, who assumed the title and claimed the sovereignty of kings, but who yet acknowledged a sort of nominal allegiance to the monarch of the realm. The disputes between

these sovereigns were incessant, and the people were engaged in almost constant war. Among the rapid succession of princes, history tells us of but few that did not die by violence.

9. In such a state of things, it is obvious that there could be little progress in the arts of peace, or in that culture which proceeds from the diffusion of intellectual light. A limited knowledge of letters existed in the country, and there was, no doubt, much mystical lore among the druidical priesthood, who, at this dark period of society, appear to have led both prince and people as their cheated and deluded captives, whithersoever they pleased.

10. The dominion, indeed, of these artful priests over the mind of the nation, seems to have been absolute, and they exercised it with unsparing rigor. The whole people were subjected to an oppressive routine of rites and ceremonies, among which the sacrifice of human victims, men, women, and children, was common. The details of these shocking superstitions, are, indeed, too frightful to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say, that the mission of St. Patrick contemplated the conversion of a nation, wedded to these unholy rites, to the pure and peaceful doctrines of the Gospel.

11. He came alone, armed with no earthly power, arrayed in no visible pomp, to overturn the cherished dynasty of ages ; to beat down a formidable priesthood ; to slay the many-headed monster, prejudice ; to draw aside the thick cloud which overspread a nation, and to permit the light of heaven to shine upon it.

12. There was something in the very conception of this noble enterprise, which marks St. Patrick as endowed with the true spirit of an apostle. We cannot follow him through the details of his mission. It is sufficient to say, that, exercising no power but persuasion, and using no weapon but truth, he proceeded from place to place, and, in the brief space of thirty years, introduced Christianity into every province in this land, and that without one drop of bloodshed. Everywhere, the frowning altars of the Druids fell before him, the superstitious prince did homage to the cross, and the proud priest of the Sun bent his knee to the true God. Christianity was thus introduced and spread over Ireland without violence, and by the agency of a single individual.

13. Where is there a brighter page in history, than this ? Where is there a life more ennobled by lofty purposes, more illustrious from its glorious results than this of St. Patrick ? Surely, such an individual is no proper theme for ridicule or contempt. If we Americans do homage to the memory of Washington, who aided in delivering our country from tyranny, the Irishman may as justly hold dear the recollection of him who redeemed his country from paganism.

14. Aside from the immediate benefits which St. Patrick secured to Ireland, he has left to all mankind the heritage of a glorious truth, and that is, that in contending with human power, human passions, and human depravity, the minister of Jesus Christ needs no other weapon than truth, enforced by holy example. He has left us an imperishable lesson of wisdom, that moral suasion can overturn that dominion of ignorance and prejudice, which might for ever hold the sword at bay.

15. He has also taught us another truth, worthy of universal remembrance, which is, that the Irish people, wedded as they may be to ancient customs, are still accessible to the gentle appeals of truth and reason. Would to Heaven that those, who attempt to deal with what they consider the superstitions of the Irish, would follow the example of St. Patrick, and treat them as rational beings.

LESSON CXXIX. *Departure of Adam and Eve from Paradise.*

1. *He ended, and they both descend the hill ;
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked ;
And thus, with words not sad, she him received.*
2. *"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know ;
For God is also' in sleep ; and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep ; but now lead on ;
In me is no delay ; with thee to go,
Is to stay here ; without thee, here to stay,*

Is to go hence unwilling. Thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
 Who, for my wilful crime, art banished hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
 Such favor, I unworthy am vouchsafed,
 By me the promised seed shall all restore."

3. So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh
 The archangel stood ; and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet ; which, with torrid heat,
 And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat,
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and, to the' eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.

4. They, looking back, all the' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon
 The world was all before them where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide !
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

LESSON CXXX. Sonnet, on his Blindness, by Milton.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning, chide ;
 " Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

LESSON CXXXI. *The Power of God, as illustrated by Astronomy.*

1. A very slight view of the planetary system is sufficient to impress our minds with an overpowering sense of the *grandeur* and *omnipotence* of the Deity. In one part of it we behold a globe fourteen hundred times larger than our world, flying through the depths of space, and carrying along with it a retinue of revolving worlds in its swift career. In a more distant region of this system, we behold another globe, of nearly the same size, surrounded by two magnificent rings, which would enclose five hundred worlds as large as ours, winging its flight through the regions of immensity, and conveying along with it seven planetary bodies larger than our moon, over a circumference of five thousand seven hundred millions of miles.

2. Were we to suppose ourselves placed on the nearest satellite of this planet, and were the satellite supposed to be at rest, we should behold a scene of grandeur altogether overwhelming ; a globe filling a great portion of the visible heavens, encircled by its immense rings, and surrounded by its moons, each moving in its distinct sphere and around its axis, and all at the same time flying before us in perfect harmony, with the velocity of twenty-two thousand miles an hour. Such a scene would far transcend everything we now behold from our terrestrial sphere, and all the concep-

tions we can possibly form of motion, of sublimity, and of grandeur.

3. Contemplating such an assemblage of magnificent objects moving through the ethereal regions with such astonishing velocity, we would feel the full force of the sentiment of inspiration ; " THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH. His power is irresistible ; his greatness is unsearchable ; wonderful things doth He, which we cannot comprehend." The *motions* of the bodies which compose this system convey an impressive idea of the agency and the energies of Omnipotence.

4. One of these bodies, eighty times larger than the earth, and the slowest-moving orb in the system, is found to move through its expansive orbit at the rate of fifteen thousand miles an hour ; another, at twenty-nine thousand miles in the same period, although it is more than a thousand times the size of our globe ; another, at the rate of eighty thousand miles ; and a fourth, with a velocity of more than a hundred thousand miles every hour, or thirty miles during every beat of our pulse.

5. The mechanical forces requisite to produce such motions, surpass the mathematician's skill to estimate, or the power of numbers to express. Such astonishing velocities, in bodies of so stupendous a magnitude, though incomprehensible and overwhelming to our limited faculties, exhibit a most convincing demonstration of the existence of an agency and a power which no created beings can ever counteract, and which no limits can control.

6. Above all, the central body of this system presents to our view an object which is altogether overpowering to human intellects, and of which, in our present state, we shall never be able to form an adequate conception. A luminous globe, thirteen hundred thousand times larger than our world, and five hundred times more capacious than all the planets, satellites, and comets taken together, and this body revolving round its axis and through the regions of space, extending its influences to the remotest spaces of the system, and retaining by its attractive power all the planets in their orbits, is an object which the limited faculties of the human mind, however improved, can never grasp, in all its magnitude and relations, so as to form a full and comprehensive idea of its magnificence.

7. But it displays in a most astonishing manner the grandeur of him who launched it into existence, and lighted it up, " by the breath of his mouth "; and it exhibits to all intelligences, a demonstration of his " eternal power and godhead." So that, although there were no bodies existing in the universe but those of the planetary system, they would afford an evidence of a *power* to which no limits can be assigned; a power which is infinite, universal, and uncontrollable.

LESSON CXXXII. *Ocean.*

1. ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,— roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

2. His steps are not upon thy paths,— thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth ; — there let him lay.

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts ; — not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime,—
 The image of Eternity, — the throne
 Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
6. And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers, — they to me
 Were a delight ; and, if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, — 't was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

LESSON CXXXIII. *Religion in the People necessary to good Government.*

1. Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, — these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity.

2. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

3. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

4. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous, and too novel, example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

5. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

LESSON CXXXIV. *Power of the Soul.*

1. — LIFE in itself, it life to all things gives.
For whatsoe'er it looks on that thing lives, —

Becomes an acting being, ill or good ;
 And, grateful to its Giver, tenders food
 For the Soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,
 Pours poison down to rankle in the breast.
 As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,
 And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

2. Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
 In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
 Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
 Now rests, now stirs, as if a breeze were there
 Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all !
 And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall ;
 The double strips of silvery sand unite
 Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
 — Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
 Peck not alone ; that bird below, as thou,
 Is busy after food, and happy, too.
 — They 're gone ! Both, pleased, away together flew.
3. And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
 Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood ?
 The world, O man, is like that flood to thee :
 Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
 Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
 Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,
 If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
 The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,
 Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
 That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams,
 Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
 Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,
 And one, still, sightless level make the earth,
 Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul, — a dearth.
4. The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
 No harmony within ; the south wind steals
 As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.
 Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
 Though all around is beautiful. Nay more,
 In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
 Of winds and flinging waves, — puts out the light,
 When high and angry passions meet in fight ;

And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world.
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems
'T is hate for hate; — as he, so each one seems.

5. Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into its likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast, —
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,
That so, they joy, or love, or hate impart,
As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.
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LESSON CXXXV. *The Voyage of Life.*

1. "LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuations of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sank into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

2. My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but, soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer

them ; and that we now were on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

3. I then looked round with anxious eagerness ; and first, turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure ; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

4. Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of water violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way, against the rocks.

5. The current was invariable and insurmountable ; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by an oblique direction.

6. It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed. Nor was it often observed, that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course ; if he turned aside for a moment, he

soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

7. This negligence did not proceed from indifference or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

8. The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that, how long soever he might, by favorable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

9. This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring; at least, to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labors; yet, in effect, none seemed less to expect destruction, than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves with playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

10. Yet all that Hope ventured to promise to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise, every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled their assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

11. In the midst of the current of life was the *Gulf of*

Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass.

12. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating, that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which, they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

13. Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and, with all her force, endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

14. Those few, whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulf of Intemperance.

15. There were artists, who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks, of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow. But I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists

themselves continued to float longer than those who had least of their assistance.

16. The only advantage, which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly! for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labors, that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

17. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power; “Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?” I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

LESSON CXXXVI. *The Coming of a Devastating Army.* Joel, Chapter ii. Verses 1—13.

1. Blow ye the trumpet in Sion ;
And sound an alarm in mine holy mountain ;
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble ;
For the day of Jehovah cometh, for it is near ;
A day of darkness and gloominess ;
A day of clouds and of thick darkness.
As the dusk spread upon the mountains,
Cometh a numerous people and a strong.
2. Like them there hath not been of old time,
And after them there shall not be,
Even to the years of many generations.
Before them a fire devoureth,
And behind a flame burneth ;
The land is as the garden of Eden before them,
And behind them a desolate wilderness ;
Yea, and nothing shall escape them.

3. Their appearance shall be like the appearance of horses,
 And like horsemen shall they run ;
 Like the sound of chariots on the tops of the mountains
 shall they leap ;
 Like the sound of a flame of fire which devoureth stubble.
 They shall be like a strong people set in battle array.
 Before them shall the people be much pained
 All faces shall gather blackness,
 They shall run like mighty men ;
 Like warriors shall they climb the wall ;
 And they shall march every one in his way ;
 Neither shall they turn aside from their paths ;
 Neither shall one thrust another ;
 They shall march each in his road ;
 And if they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.
4. They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon
 the wall, they shall climb up into the houses ;
 They shall enter in at the windows like a thief.
 Before them the earth quaketh, the heavens tremble ;
 The sun and moon are darkened ;
 And the stars withdraw their shining.
 And Jehovah shall utter his voice before his army ;
 For his camp is very great ;
 For he is strong that executeth his word ;
 For the day of Jehovah is great ;
 And very terrible ; and who shall be able to bear it ?
 Yet even now saith Jehovah,
 Turn ye unto me with all your heart ;
 With fasting and with weeping and with mourning ;
 And rend your hearts, and not your garments ;
 And turn unto Jehovah your God ;
 For he is gracious and merciful ;
 Slow to anger and of great kindness,
 And repenteth him of evil.

LESSON CXXXVII. *The Consequences of Atheism.*

1. FEW men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sen-

timents are fed from this fountain ; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God ; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence, to quicken and sustain it ; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

2. Once let men thoroughly believe, that they are the work and sport of chance ; that no Superior Intelligence concerns itself with human affairs ; that all their improvements perish forever at death ; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger ; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good ; that an oath is unheard in heaven ; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator ; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend ; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction, — once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow ?

3. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize, the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day ? and what is he more, if atheism be true ? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man.

4. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes !

LESSON CXXXVIII. *Character of a Good Parson.*

1. A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor ;
(As God had clothed his own ambassador)
For such on earth, his blessed Redeemer bore.
2. Of sixty years he seemed ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere ;
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity ;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
3. With eloquence innate his tongue was armed,
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky ;
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres ;)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and, after him, he sung the best.
4. He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw ;
For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.

LESSON CXXXIX. *Studies for the Statesman.*

1. ALL society is an affair of mutual concession. If we expect to derive the benefits which are incident to it, we must sustain our reasonable share of burdens. The great interests which it is intended to guard and cherish must be supported by their reciprocal action and reaction. The harmony of its parts is disturbed, the discipline which is necessary to its order is incomplete, when one of the three great and essential branches of its industry is abandoned and unprotected.

2. If you want to find an example of order, of freedom from debt, of economy, of expenditure falling below, rather than exceeding income, you will go to the well-regulated family of a farmer. You will go to the house of such a man as Isaac Shelby. You will not find him haunting taverns, engaged in broils, or prosecuting angry lawsuits.

3. You will behold every member of his family clad with the produce of their own hands, and usefully employed, the spinning-wheel and the loom in motion by daybreak. With what pleasure will his wife carry you into her neat dairy, lead you into her store-house, and point you to the table-cloths, the sheets, the counterpanes, which lie on this shelf for one daughter, or on that for another, all prepared in advance by her provident care for the day of their respective marriages.

4. If you want to see an opposite example, go to the house of a man who manufactures nothing at home, whose family resorts to the store for every thing they consume. You will find him perhaps in the tavern, or at the shop at the cross-roads. He is engaged, with the rum grog on the table, taking depositions to make out some case of usury or fraud.

5. Or, perhaps he is furnishing to his lawyer the materials to prepare a long bill of injunction in some intricate case. The sheriff is hovering about his farm to serve some new writ. On court days (he never misses attending them) you will find him eagerly collecting his witnesses, to defend himself against the merchant's and doctor's claims.

6. Go to his house, and, after the short and giddy period that his wife and daughters have flirted about the country in

their calico and muslin frocks, what a scene of discomfort and distress is presented to you there! What the individual family of Isaac Shelby is, I wish to see the nation in the aggregate become. But I fear we shall shortly have to contemplate its resemblance in the opposite picture. If statesmen would carefully observe the conduct of private individuals in the management of their own affairs, they would have much surer guides in promoting the interests of the state, than the visionary speculations of theoretical writers.

LESSON CXL. *The Puritans.*

1. THE first years of the residence of the Puritans in America, were years of great hardship and affliction. It is an error to suppose, that this short season of distress was not promptly followed by abundance and happiness. The people were full of afflictions, and the objects of love were around them. They struck root in the soil immediately. They enjoyed religion. They were, from the first, industrious, and enterprising, and frugal; and affluence followed of course. When persecution ceased in England, there were already in New England "thousands who would not change their place for any other in the world"; and they were tempted in vain with invitations to the Bahama Isles, to Ireland, to Jamaica, to Trinidad.

2. The purity of morals completes the picture of colonial felicity. "As Ireland will not brook venomous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." One might dwell there "from year to year, and not see a drunkard, or hear an oath, or meet a beggar." The consequence was universal health,—one of the chief elements of public happiness.

3. The average duration of life in New England, compared with Europe, was doubled; and the human race was so vigorous, that, of all who were born into the world, more than two in ten, full four in nineteen, attained the age of seventy. Of those who lived beyond ninety, the proportion, as compared with European tables of longevity, was still more remarkable.

4. I have dwelt the longer on the character of the early

Puritans of New England, for they are the parents of one third the whole white population of the United States. In the first ten or twelve years, — and there was never afterwards any considerable increase from England, — we have seen, that there came over twenty-one thousand two hundred persons, or four thousand families. Their descendants are now not far from four millions. Each family has multiplied on the average to one thousand souls. To New York and Ohio, where they constitute half the population, they have carried the Puritan system of free schools ; and their example is spreading it through the civilized world.

5. Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit ; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace ; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of Kings.

6. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes. Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy, the latter justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements, the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes ; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

LESSON CXLI. *Cesar's Funeral.*

It will be recollectcd, that Cesar was the chief ruler of ancient Rome, but being deemed ambitious, was slain by Brutus and other.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
 Cassius go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—
 Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cesar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS. BRUTUS goes
 into the Rostrum.

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;
 and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe ;
 censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that
 you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,
 any dear friend of Cesar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to
 Cesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand,
 why Brutus rose against Cesar, this is my answer. — Not
 that I loved Cesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had
 you rather Cesar were living and die all slaves ; than that
 Cesar were dead to live all freemen ? As Cesar loved me, I
 weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he
 was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew
 him : There are tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ;
 honor for his valor ; and death for his ambition. Who is
 here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for
 him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not
 be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who
 is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ;
 for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

(Several speaking at once.)

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no
 more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question
 of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated,
 wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for
 which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CESAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cesar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. (*Exit.*)

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him : Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones !
So let it be with Cesar ! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cesar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept .
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withdraws you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cesar might
 Have stood against the world : Now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 You hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar,
 I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dear Cesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ; we will hear Cesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
 It is not meet you know how Cesar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad ;
 'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;

You shall read us the will ; Cesar's will.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cesar put it on ;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent ;

That day he overcame the Nervii : —

Look ! in this place, ran Cassius's dagger through :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cesar followed it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cesar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cesar loved him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all :

For when the noble Cesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart ;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen ;

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle !

2 Cit. O noble Cesar !

LESSON CXLII. *Courtesy in Military Men.*

1. COURTESY is something more than a mere ornamental accomplishment. It has the high sanction of an apostolic precept, binding upon all men, and is peculiarly needful in the military profession, who should exhibit it towards mem-

bers of the same profession in the service of other countries and even towards enemies. It is especially due to the latter, when the fortune of war has placed them in the victor's hands.

2. The display of this quality during the middle ages, irradiated the darkness of the times, and gives, even now, to the institution of chivalry an enduring interest. We see in it as then exhibited, the relics of a high and sacred morality; the germs of a new and more perfect civilization. If, in these days of light and moral advancement, we have the aid of nobler and more efficacious principles, it is yet exceedingly useful in smoothing "the wrinkled front of grim-visaged war"; in mitigating its evils; and in conducting to its just termination.

3. During our last war with Great Britain, several instances occurred, of mutual courtesy between officers of the contending armies, the good effects of which have not been limited to the circumstances which gave them birth. In the arrangement recently concluded, by the intervention of Major General Scott between the Governors of Maine and New Brunswick, the ancient friendships which had grown out of relations of this nature, were successfully appealed to; and every part of the difficult negotiation was marked by a courtesy and judgment worthy of all praise.

4. Among associates in arms, it is only by a bland and gentlemanly deportment, that the tone of command can be divested of harshness, and the just and necessary authority of the superior be preserved without grating on the feelings of the subordinate. It is not less important among equals; it prevents collisions; secures harmony; and gives a graceful and imposing air to the intercourse of the garrison and the camp.

5. Toward persons in civil life, and especially in a republic, it is, for obvious reasons, a duty of great importance. It is pleasing to know, that this virtue is generally practised in the army of the United States; and particularly by those who have enjoyed the advantages of education in this place (West Point.) Let it be your aim my young friends, in every part of your deportment, to exhibit, in all sincerity, this crowning grace of the accomplished soldier.

6. Before quitting this division of my subject, permit me to remind you, that the ~~true foundations~~ of all pure morality,

the only one capable of sustaining, in well-balanced proportions, that difficult combination of the heroic and passive virtues, which forms the highest order of the military character, is solely to be found in the enlightened fear of God, and the diligent keeping of his commandments. The soldiers of heathen antiquity, whose names are yet held in honorable remembrance, were generally distinguished, according to the light they possessed, by their religious character; among the Jews piety and valor were commonly united; the Christian soldier has often exhibited these qualities; and in our day we have many shining proofs, that there is no incompatibility between them.

7. On the contrary, if there be any class of men, to whom, more than to all others, an abiding trust in the government and providence of God would seem to be important, the military profession, from the very nature of their duties, may, perhaps, be said to be that class. Exposed to peculiar temptations and perils, who can need, more than they, the guidance and support of the Lord of Hosts,—the God of wisdom, grace, and consolation?

LESSON CXLIII. *The Wounded Spirit.*

1. MAN is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright ;
The screws reversed (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
2. Then neither healthy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which art preceptress nature weds,
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And wast it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by ;

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals ;
 And thou sad sufferer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,
 Improve the kind occasion, understand
 A father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand.

3. To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
 The purple evening and resplendent moon,
 The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
 Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine :
 Yet seek him, in his favor life is found,
 All bliss beside a shadow or a sound.

4. Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
 Shall seem to start into a second birth ;
 Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
 Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
 Shall be despised and overlooked no more ;
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
 Impart to things inanimate a voice,
 And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice ;
 The sound shall run along the winding vales,
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

LESSON CXLIV. *Death of Lord Byron.*

1. AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His lordship died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April.

2. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to ter-

ror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness.

3. We are not about to become Byron's apologists, but we may note the part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of "Childe Harold," a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that petty precaution which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the contest again and again, and always came off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself, he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene.

4. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigor. Neither "Childe Harold," nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contains more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered amidst later verses, which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea,—scarce think that the voice is silent forever, which, bursting so often on our

ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest;—

“All that’s bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.”

5. With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor.

LESSON CXLV. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

1. His illness had been long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a distinct view of his dissolution, which he contemplated with that entire composure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his tenderness to his family had always merited.

2. Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time:—he was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of coloring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who profess them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appears not to

be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to have been derived from his paintings.

3. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher. In full happiness of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

4. His talents of every kind,—powerful from nature, and not merely cultivated in letters,—his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy; too much innocence to provoke any enmity.

LESSON CXLVI. *Advantages for Christianizing the Heathen.*

1. SHOULD any be still disposed to insist, that our advantages for evangelizing the world are not to be compared with those of the Apostolic age, let them reverse the scene, and roll back the wheels of time, and obliterate the improvements of science, and commerce, and arts, which now facilitate the spread of the Gospel. Let them throw into darkness all the known portions of the earth, which were then unknown. Let them throw into distance the propinquity of nations; and exchange their rapid intercourse for cheerless, insulated existence.

2. Let the magnetic power be forgotten, and the timid navigator creep along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and tremble and cling to the shore when he looks out upon the broad waves of the Atlantic. Inspire idolatry with the vigor of meridian manhood, and arm in its defence, and against

Christianity in every place of its dispersion, from Jerusalem to every extremity of the Roman empire.

3. Blot out the means of extending knowledge and exerting influence upon the human mind. Destroy the Lancasterian system of instruction, and throw back the mass of men into a state of unreading, unreflecting ignorance. Blot out our libraries and tracts; abolish Bible, and education, and tract, and missionary societies; and send the nations for knowledge to parchment, and the slow and limited productions of the pen. Let all the improvements in civil government be obliterated, and the world be driven from the happy arts of self-government to the guardianship of dungeons and chains.

4. Let liberty of conscience expire, and the Church, now emancipated, and walking forth in her unsullied loveliness, return to the guidance of secular policy, and the perversions and corruptions of an unholy priesthood. And now reduce the 200,000,000 nominal, and the 10,000,000 of real Christians, spread over the earth, to 500 disciples, and to twelve apostles, assembled, for fear of the Jews, in an upper chamber, to enjoy the blessings of a secret prayer-meeting. And give them the power of miracles, and the gift of tongues, and send them out into all the earth to preach the Gospel to every creature.

5. Is this the apostolic advantage for propagating Christianity which throws into discouragement and hopeless imbecility all our present means of enlightening and disenthraling the world? They comparatively, had nothing to begin with and every thing to oppose them; and yet, in three hundred years, the whole civilized, and much of the barbarous world, was brought under the dominion of Christianity.

6. And shall we, with the advantage of their labors, and of our numbers, and a thousand fold increase of opportunity and moral power, stand halting in unbelief, while the Lord Jesus is still repeating the injunction, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and repeating the assurance, "Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the world?" Shame on our sloth! Shame upon our unbelief!

LESSON CXLVII. *Character of Washington.*

1. THERE are accidental to the character of man two qualities, both developed by his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, and both belonging to the immortal part of his nature; of elements apparently so opposed and inconsistent with each other, as to be irreconcilable together; but yet indispensable in their union to constitute the highest excellence of the human character. They are the spirit of command, and the spirit of meekness.

2. They have been exemplified in the purity of ideal perfection, only once in the history of mankind, and that was in the mortal life of the Saviour of the world. It would seem to have been exhibited on earth by his supernatural character, as a model to teach mortal man, to what sublime elevation his nature is capable of ascending.

3. They had been displayed, though not in the same perfection by the preceding legislator of the Children of Israel:—

“That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;”

but so little were they known, or conceived of in the antiquity of profane history, that in the poems of Homer, that unrivalled delineator of human character in the heroic ages, there is no attempt to introduce them in the person of any one of his performers, human or divine.

4. In the poem of his Roman imitator and rival, a feeble exemplification of them is shadowed forth in the inconsistent composition of the pious Æneas; but history, ancient or modern, had never exhibited, in the real life of man, an example in which those two properties were so happily blended together, as they were in the person of George Washington. These properties belong rather to the moral than the intellectual nature of man.

5. They are not unfrequently found in minds little cultivated by science, but they require for the exercise of that mutual control which guards them from degenerating into arrogance or weakness, the guidance of a sound judgment,

and the regulation of a profound sense of responsibility to a higher power. It was this adaptation of the character of Washington to that of the institution over the composition of which he had presided, as he was now called to preside over its administration, which constituted one of the most favorable omens of its eventual stability and success.

LESSON CXLVIII. *Extension of Christianity by Missions.*

1. OUR object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

2. How changed will then be the face of Asia. Bramins, and Soodras, and Castes, and Shasters will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning; while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness, which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hear me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent the oil of peace and consolation.

3. In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian Kraal, and we tell you, that our object is to render that Caffrarian Kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village.

4. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell, and we tell

you, that our object is to render the whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier, than that neighborhood.

5. The object of the Missionary enterprise embraces every child of Adam. It is vast as the race to whom its operations are of necessity limited. It would confer upon every individual on earth all that intellectual or moral cultivation can bestow. It would rescue a world from the indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, reserved for every son of man that doeth evil, and give it a title to glory, honor, and immortality.

6. You see, then, that our object is, not only to affect every individual of the species, but to affect him in the momentous extremes of infinite happiness and infinite woe. And now, we ask, what object, ever undertaken by man, can compare with this same design of evangelizing the world. Patriotism itself fades away before it, and acknowledges the supremacy of an enterprise, which seizes, with so strong a grasp, upon both the temporal and eternal destinies of the whole family of man.

LESSON CXLIX. *A Traveller perishing in the Snow.*

1. As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt.

2. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blessed abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

3. Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smoothed up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

4. In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

LESSON CL. *Decay of the Indians.*

1. NEITHER the government nor the people of the United States have any wish to conceal from themselves, nor from the world, that there is upon their frontiers a wretched, forlorn people, looking to them for support and protection, and possessing strong claims upon their justice and humanity. Those people received our forefathers in a spirit of friendship, aided them to endure privations and sufferings, and

taught them how to provide for many of the wants with which they were surrounded.

2. The Indians were then strong, and we were weak; and, without looking at the change which has occurred in any spirit of morbid affectation, but with the feelings of an age accustomed to observe great mutations in the fortunes of nations and of individuals, we may express our regret that they have lost so much of what we have gained. The prominent points of their history are before the world, and will go down unchanged to posterity.

3. In the revolution of a few ages, this fair portion of the continent, which was theirs, has passed into our possession. The forests, which afforded them food and security, where were their cradles, their homes, and their graves, have disappeared, or are disappearing, before the progress of civilization.

4. We have extinguished their council-fires, and ploughed up the bones of their fathers. Their population has diminished with lamentable rapidity. Those tribes that remain, like the lone column of a falling temple, exhibit but the sad relics of their former strength; and many others live only in the names which have reached us through the earlier accounts of travellers and historians.

5. The causes, which have produced this physical desolation, are yet in constant and active operation, and threaten to leave us, at no distant day, without a living proof of Indian sufferings, from the Atlantic to the immense desert which sweeps along the base of the Rocky Mountains. Nor can we console ourselves with the reflection, that their physical condition has been counterbalanced by any melioration in their moral condition. We have taught them neither how to live, nor how to die.

6. They have been equally stationary in their manners, habits, and opinions,—in everything but their numbers and their happiness; and, although existing, for more than six generations, in contact with a civilized people, they owe to them no one valuable improvement in the arts, nor a single principle which can restrain their passions, or give hope to despondence, motive to exertion, or confidence to virtue.

LESSON CLI. *The Declaration of Independence.*

1. WHEN in the epic fable of the first of Roman poets, the goddess mother of *Aeneas* delivers to him the celestial armor, with which he is to triumph over his enemy, and to lay the foundations of imperial Rome, he is represented as gazing with intense but confused delight on the crested helmet, that vomits golden fires.
2. "His hands the fatal sword and corselet hold,
One keen with tempered steel,—one stiff with gold.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plated cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold."

For on that shield the heavenly smith had wrought the anticipated history of Roman glory, from the days of *Aeneas* down to the reign of Augustus Cæsar, contemporaneous with the poet himself.

3. Would it be an unlicensed trespass of the imagination to conceive, that on the night preceding that thirtieth of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, when from the balcony of your city hall, the chancellor of the State of New York, administered to George Washington the solemn oath, faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability, to preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States,—that, in the visions of the night, the guardian angel of the father of our country had appeared before him, in the venerated form of his mother, and, to cheer and encourage him in the performance of the momentous and solemn duties that he was about to assume, had delivered to him a suit of celestial armor,—a helmet, consisting of the principles of piety, of justice, of honor, of benevolence, with which, from his earliest infancy, he had hitherto walked through life, in the presence of all his brethren,—a spear, studded with the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence,—a sword, the same with which he had led the armies of his country through the war of freedom, to the summit of the triumphal arch of independence,—a corselet and cuishes of long experience and habitual inter-

course in peace and war with the world of mankind, his contemporaries of the human race, in all their stages of civilization,— and, last of all, the Constitution of the United States, a SHIELD embossed by heavenly hands, with the future history of his country.

4. Yes, gentlemen, on that shield, the Constitution of the United States, was sculptured (by forms unseen, and in characters then invisible to mortal eye,) the predestined and prophetic history of the one confederated people of the North American Union.

5. They had been the settlers of thirteen separate and distinct English colonies, along the margin of the shore of the North American continent; contiguously situated, but chartered by adventurers of characters variously diversified, including sectarians, religious and political, of all the classes which for the two preceding centuries had agitated and divided the people of the British Islands,— and with them were intermingled the descendants of Hollanders, Swedes, Germans, and French fugitives, from the persecution of the revoker of the Edict of Nantes.

6. In the bosom of this people, thus heterogeneously composed, there was burning, kindled at different furnaces, but all furnaces of affliction, one clear, steady flame of LIBERTY. Bold and daring enterprise, stubborn endurance of privation, unflinching intrepidity in facing danger, and inflexible adherence to conscientious principle, had steeled the energetic and unyielding hardihood of the characters of the primitive settlers of all these colonies. In a recent strife between two great European powers, the victorious combatant had been Britain.

7. She had conquered the provinces of France. She had expelled her rival totally from the continent over which, bounding herself by the Mississippi, she was thenceforth to hold divided empire only with Spain. She had acquired undisputed control over the Indian tribes, still tenanting the forests unexplored by the European man. She had established an uncontested monopoly of the commerce of all her colonies. But, forgetting all the warnings of preceding ages,— forgetting the lessons written in the blood of her own children, through centuries of departed time,— she undertook to tax the people of the colonies *without their consent.*

8. Resistance, instantaneous, unconcerted, sympathetic, inflexible resistance, like an electric shock, startled and roused the people of all the English colonies on this continent. This was the first signal of the North American Union. The struggle was for chartered rights, for English liberties, for the cause of Algernon Sydney and John Hampden, for trial by jury, the Habeas Corpus, and Magna Charta.

9. But, the English lawyers had decided, that Parliament was omnipotent,—and Parliament in their omnipotence, instead of trial by jury and the Habeas Corpus, erected admiralty courts in England to try Americans for offences charged against them as committed in America,—instead of the privileges of Magna Charta, nullified the charter itself of Massachusetts Bay; shut up the port of Boston; sent armes and navies to keep the peace, and teach the colonies, that John Hampden was a rebel, and Algernon Sydney a traitor.

10. English liberties had failed them. From the omnipotence of Parliament the colonists appealed to the rights of men, and the omnipotence of the God of battles. *Union!* *Union!* was the instinctive and simultaneous cry throughout the land. Their Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, once, twice, had petitioned the king; had remonstrated to Parliament; had addressed the people of Britain, for the rights of Englishmen, in vain. Fleets and armies, the blood of Lexington, and the fires of Charlestown and Falmouth, had been the answer to petition, remonstrance, and address.

11. Independence was declared. The colonies were transformed into States. Their inhabitants were proclaimed to be *one people*, renouncing all allegiance to the British crown; all copatriotism with the British nation; all claims to chartered rights as Englishmen. Thenceforth their charter was the Declaration of Independence; their rights, the natural rights of mankind; their government, such as should be instituted by themselves, under the solemn, mutual pledges of perpetual union, founded on the self-evident truths proclaimed in the Declaration.

LESSON CLII. *History of America.*

1. HAPPY was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius and the Theban Epaminondas, and, compared with whom, the conquerors of the world, the Alexanders and Cæsars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood, and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind.

2. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained ascendancy, supreme, unrivalled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

3. The deep interest, excited by the events of war, does not derive its intensest from the numbers engaged. The army of Xerxes astounds us with its embodied millions; but it is only with Leonidas, and his three hundred Spartans, that the heart minglest its sympathies, and is agitated with thrilling hopes and fears. Kings pursue the game of war, as men play at chess. They marshal their hosts, battles are fought, and there are conquest and defeat. We may follow their fortunes with a languid curiosity, but with no intense feeling. The reason is obvious. We can be wrought upon only by vivid impressions, and what in some way touches the springs of the human affections.

4. The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of these more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in their seats of valor, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one wide battle-field, in which, not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual were at stake.

5. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man

the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

6. The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit or with better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues.

7. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

8. They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example, portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example, that will console, in all ages, the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us, that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty.

9. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved, unimpaired, the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved.

LESSON CLIII. *Moral and Intellectual Efficacy of the Sacred Scriptures.*

1. As to the powerful, I had almost said miraculous, effect of the Sacred Scriptures, there can no longer be a doubt in the mind of any one on whom fact can make an impression. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent; that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficients in the science of self-government; and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalting, more suited to his nature, than any other which this world has ever known,—are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

2. That the distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon every man to whom the Gospel is announced, we pretend not to affirm. But we do affirm, that, besides producing this special renovation, to which we have alluded, upon a part, it, in a most remarkable degree, elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole community. Whenever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished; men begin to love justice, and to administer it by law; and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right, spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection. Whenever it has faithfully been brought to bear upon the human heart, even under the most unpromising circumstances, it has, within a single generation, revolutionized the whole structure of society, and thus, within a few years, done more for man than all other means have for ages accomplished without it.

3. But before we leave this part of the subject, it may be well to pause for a moment, and inquire whether, in addition to its moral efficacy, the Bible may not exert a powerful influence upon the intellectual character of man.

4. And here it is scarcely necessary that I should remark, that, of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. After the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced, through successive centuries, on the history of our species.

5. When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable ; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind ; who can tell what Greece owes to the first-born of song ? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist ; it was Homer who inspired the poet ; it was Homer who thundered in the senate ; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people ; and hence a nation was cast in the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birth-place of the arts.

6. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the Ilyssus, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy, and thus did he awaken a second nation into intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

7. But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament ? Where in the *Iliad* shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wis-

dom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel, that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him?

8. It is in the unseen world, where the master-spirits of our race breathe freely, and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle tales about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light, which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods and the gods men. To man, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries, of the gods eternal."

9. If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

LESSON CLIV. *Epigrams.*

1. WHAT is an Epigram ? — a dwarfish whole ;
Its body Brevity, and Wit its soul.

To a noted Liar.

2. Lie on ; while my revenge shall be
To tell the very truth of thee.

By Dean Swift.

3. You beat your pate, and fancy Wit will come
Knock as you will, there 's nobody at home.

On the Statue of Niobe.

4. To stone the gods have changed her, but in vain ;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

On a Bad Translation.

5. His work now done, he 'll publish it, no doubt ;
For sure I am, that murder will come out.

From Martial.

6. The verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine ;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

On a Bad Singer.

7. Swans sing before they die : 't were no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

8. Here lies my wife : poor Nelly, let her lie, —
She finds repose at last, and so do I.

9. Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say, —
“Like Samson I my thousands slay !”
“Yes,” cried a wag, “indeed you do, —
And with the self-same weapon too.”

10. A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets :

- “ Base men to take the wall I ne’er permit ! ”
 • The scholar said “ I do,” and gave him it.

By Harrington.

11. The golden hair that Galla wears
 Is hers ; who would have thought it ?
 She swears ’t is hers ; and true she swears,
 For I know where she bought it !

By Prior.

12. Sir, I admit your general rule,
 That every poet is a fool :
 But you yourself will serve to show it,
 That every fool is not a poet.

13. “ Oh, let me die in peace ! ” Eumenes cried
 To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
 “ How ? die ? ” roared Gripus ; “ thus your debts evade ?
 No, no, Sir ; you sha’n’t die till I am paid ! ”

Written soon after Dr. Hill’s Farce, called “ The Rout,” was acted.

14. For physic and farces
 His equal there scarce is ;
 His farces are physic,
 His physic a farce is.

Provoked by the words “ One Prior,” in Burnet’s History.

15. “ One Prior ! ” And is this, this all the fame
 The Poet from the Historian can claim ?
 No : Prior’s verse posterity will quote
 When ’t is forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

The Musical Contest.—Swift.

16. Some say, that Signor Bononcini,
 Compared with Handel, ’s a mere ninny ;
 And others say, that to him Handel
 Is hardly fit to hold a candle :
 Strange, that such difference there should be
 ’Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee !

LESSON CLV. *Spring.*

1. THE name of the season in which the sun returns to us from his cold recess, rising higher and higher above our heads, and bringing warmth and verdure with him for his welcome, is most expressively denominated by the pure English word *Spring*. For it is now that everything in nature to which life or motion belongs, the herbs and plants and trees, the fountains, the beasts and birds, the reptile and the insect tribes, are springing up from the bonds of frost, and stillness, and sleep, and death.

2. It is now that a fresh impulse seems to be communicated to the whole creation, and a spirit of youth to be infused throughout all the works of God. Spring is come; the springing of the earth; the spring-time of the year. And so great and manifest is the joy which we feel at this general renovation, and so vivid the delight which appears to possess even senseless and material creatures in this the springing and bounding season of their existence, that the blessing of the Creator may be said to rest upon it peculiarly; and we are reminded of the time when that blessing first came down upon the springing things of our young world, pronouncing them very good.

3. It is only in the temperate zones that the word *Spring*, as denoting a season of the year, can have any significance. Within the tropics, and near them, Summer holds a constant and oftentimes an oppressive sceptre. Growth and vegetation are indeed perpetual, but they have no spring, because they have no rest; they have no awakening, because they have no sleep; they do not burst forth in the gladness of an annual jubilee, because they have never been bound or restrained.

4. In our own climate the signs of Spring do not appear so early as they do in some others. Even the month of May is not generally to be recognised, in this part of our country, as the same which poetry has loved to draw with its brightest colors. And yet the three months which are called the spring months, deserve their name here as truly as in any other part of the world; for it is within their term that the real springing of the year takes place. Our breezes are not so soft and balmy, nor do our flowers bloom

so soon or so profusely, as in some other climes; but the winds are sensibly changed from the blasts of winter, and the rudiments of flowers and fruits are sprouting and budding everywhere around us. Our Spring is really the opening and leading season; that season of preparation and renewed growth and activity, which tells of the commencement of nature's year, and speaks the newly-uttered blessing of nature's God.

5. Let us contemplate, for a few moments, the animated scene which is presented by our Spring. The earth, loosened by the victorious sun, springs from the hard dominion of winter's frost, and, no longer offering a bound-up, repulsive surface to the husbandman, invites his cultivating labors. The streams are released from their icy fetters, and spring forward on their unobstructed way, full of sparkling waters, which sing and rejoice as they run on. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap," which now springs up into their before shrunk and empty vessels, causing the buds to swell, and the yet unclothed branches and twigs to lose their rigid appearance, and assume a fresher hue, and a more rounded form. Beneath them, and in every warm and sheltered spot, the wild plants are springing.

6. Some of these are just pushing up their tender, crisp, and yet vigorous sprouts, thrusting aside the dead leaves with their folded heads, and finding their sure way out into the light; while others have sent forth their delicate foliage, and hung out their buds on slender stems; and others still have unfolded their flowers, which look up into the air unsuspectingly and gayly, like innocence upon an untried world. The grass is springing for the scythe, and the grain for the sickle; for they grow, by commandment, for the service of man, and death is everywhere the fate and issue of life.

7. But it is not only senseless things, which are thus visibly springing at this their appointed season. The various tribes of animated nature show, that it is Spring also with them. The birds rise up on elastic wing, and make a joyous music for the growing plants to spring to. Animals, that have lain torpid through the benumbing winter, spring up from their secret beds and dormitories, and resume their habits of activity once more. Innumerable insects spring up from the cells which they had formed beyond the reach

of frost, and in new attire commence their winged existence. The hum of happy life is heard from myriads of little creatures, who, born in the morning, will die ere night. In that short term, however, they will have accomplished the purposes of their living; and, if brought to this test, there are many human lives which are shorter and vainer than theirs; and what is any life, when past, but a day?

8. Let us go abroad amidst this general springing of the earth and nature, and we shall see and feel, that God's blessing is there. The joy of recovery, the gladness of escape, the buoyancy of youth, the exultation of commencing or renewed existence, these are the happiness and blessing which are given from above, and the praise and the hymn which ascend from beneath. Another and a milder order of things seems to be beginning. The gales, though not the warm breathings of Summer, flow to us as if they came from some distant summer clime, and were cooled and moderated on their way; while, at no distant intervals, the skies, in their genial ministry, baptize the offspring of earth with their softest and holiest showers. "*Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.*"

9. Surely we cannot stand still in such a scene, and, when everything else is springing, let it be winter in our souls. Let us rather open our hearts to the renovating influences of Heaven, and sympathize with universal nature. If our love to God has been chilled by any of the wintry aspects of the world, it is time, it is time, that it should be resuscitated, and that it should spring up in ardent adoration to the Source of light and life. It is time, that our gratitude should be waked from its sleep, and our devotion aroused, and that all our pious affections, shaking off their torpor, should come out into the beams of God's presence, and receive new powers from their invigorating warmth. It is time, too, that our social charities, if any "killing frost" has visited them, should be cured of their numbness and apathy, and go forth among the children and brethren of the great family, and feel, as they rise and move, that the blessing of the Almighty Father is upon their springing.

LESSON CLVI. *Autumn.*

1. LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honor, or of happiness; and, in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed.

2. Let the scenes which they now may witness moderate, but not extinguish, their ambition; while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope; while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world; and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

3. Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises; and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads.

4. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach; it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and "that the spirit must return to Him who gave it." It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation; and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and to "swear that time shall be no more," seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men they ought to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

5. There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous ; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

6. If it be thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and, in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven, — it mingles its voice with that of revelation, — it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation ; and, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those “ green pastures, and those still waters,” where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

LESSON CLVII. *The Idiot.*

1. A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind, than confidence in

his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed.

2. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low, pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals, on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm. From morning till evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that, while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon, as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

3. A human creature so far below the standard of humanity, was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care.

4. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet; and, as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street; and, as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sung his sorrowful "pal-lal."

5. One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbors induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said.

6. On this occasion, when the neighbors spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye; and clasping the cold

hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful “pal-lal” into a softer and sadder key. The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body ; and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, “ Poor wretch ! what shall we do with him ? ” At that moment he resumed his chant ; and, lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung, with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, “ Pal-lal, — pal-lal.”

LESSON CLVIII. *Interview between Waverley and Fergus Mac-Ivor.*

1. “ ARE you to take the field so soon, Fergus,” he asked, “ that you are making all these martial preparations ? ”

“ When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all ; but, otherwise, the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you.”

2. “ But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government ? It is mere frenzy.”

“ Oh, I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however,” continued the chieftain, “ have you think me mad enough to stir till a favorable opportunity ; I will not slip my dog before the game’s afoot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all ? ”

3. “ How can I ? ” said Waverley ; “ I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it ? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government.”

4. “ A rash promise,” answered Fergus, “ is not a steel handcuff ; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and, ere you cross the Tweed, you will hear tidings that will make the world ring ; and if Sir

Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

5. "But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend!" replied the chief, laughing; "how vexest thou this man! — Speak'st thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend," said Waverley; "I feel, that the happiness of my future life must depend upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning."

"And is this your very sober earnest," said Fergus, more gravely "or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

6. "Then, in very sober earnest," answered his friend, "I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered. Your own family, — will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation," said Waverley, "his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connexion. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"Oh, nowhere!" replied Fergus, with a smile. "But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

7. "Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced, that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion, perhaps," said Fergus, "may make obstacles, though we are not bigoted Catholics."

"My grandmother was of the Church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family. Do not think of *my* friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles, — I mean with your lovely sister."

8. "My lovely sister," replied Fergus, "like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her

own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled ; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will give you one hint. — Loyalty is her ruling passion ; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles the Second, marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she made on his history and fate ; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is, — I think I saw Flora go up towards the waterfall a short time since, — follow, man, follow ! don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance. Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch-boxes."

LESSON CLIX. *A Ship Sinking.*

1. HER giant-form,

O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow !
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
— Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last

2. Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread,

Are hurried o'er the deck ;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,

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